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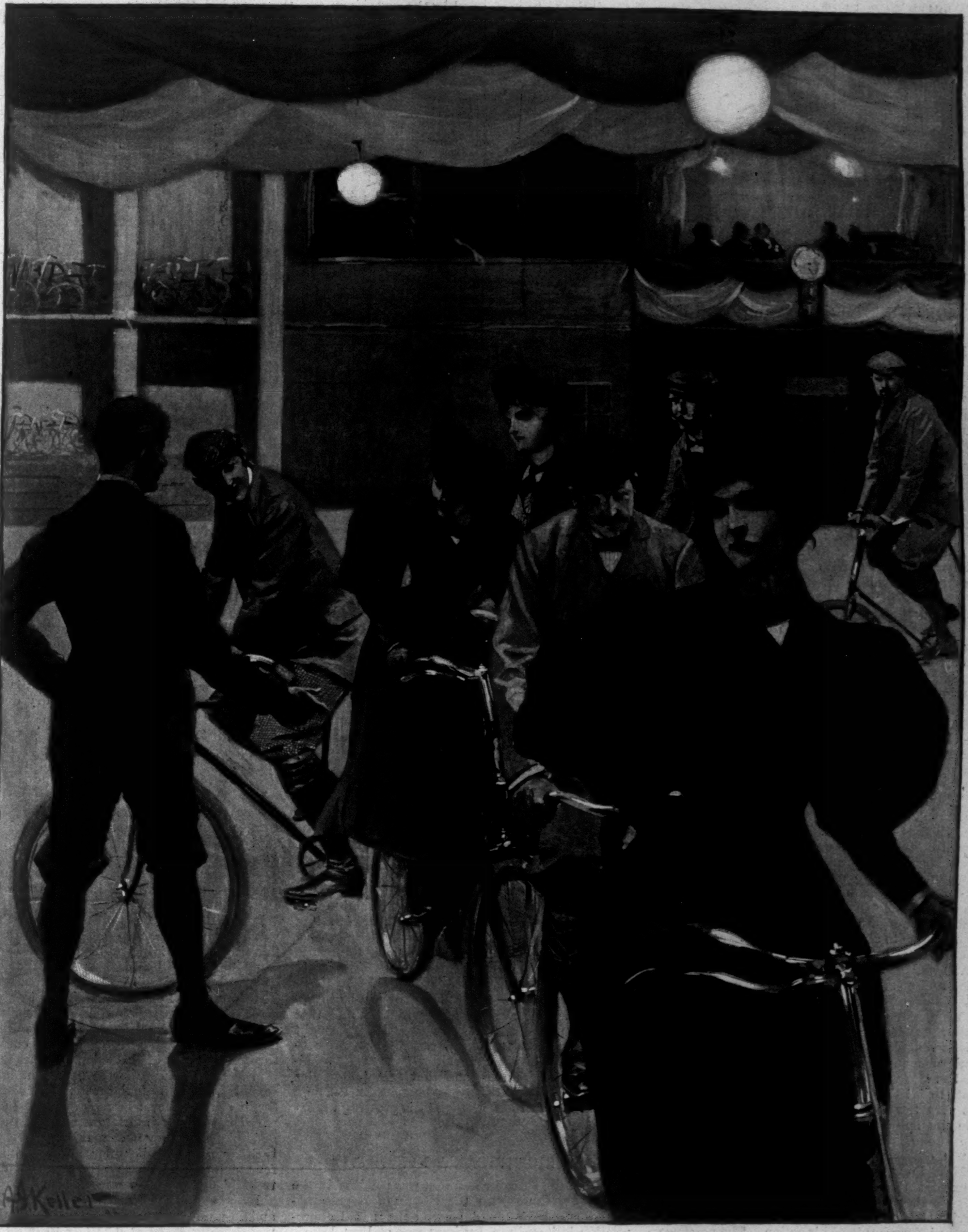

A DRILL RIDE AT THE MICHAUX CLUB, NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. J. Keller

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Fifty-two Pages with Illuminated Cover.)

New York City, April 11, 1896.

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MAYOR WURSTER AS A WARNING EXAMPLE.

When Mr. Frederick W. Wurster was a candidate for Mayor of the city of Brooklyn last autumn he enjoyed the reputation of an honorable man, and he gave the electors whose votes he solicited to understand that, if elected, he would conduct the affairs of the municipality not in the interest of a political party, but strictly for the benefit of all the people thereof. The honesty of his professions was trusted, and he was elected Mayor. As he had been nominated by a Republican party convention, it was perhaps not generally expected that in selecting the heads of the city departments he would act without any regard to party lines; but it might at least have been hoped that he would intrust with such places only men who could be depended upon not to use their power in the service of small politics. Those who, confiding in the sincerity of Mr. Wurster's professions, entertained such a hope have been grievously disappointed. He not only appointed as department chiefs several persons whose characters and record gave no such guaranty, but he actually, by an indiscriminating use of his official power, aided those persons in attempts to circumvent the civil service law for the purpose of putting party workers into office and of saddling them upon the taxpayers of the city.

Mayor Wurster intrusted Mr. Theodore B. Willis, a man known mainly, if not only, as a very active local politician, with the City Works Department, to succeed Mr. Alfred T. White, who, under Mayor Schieren, had made that department a model of efficiency, economy, thorough business method, and wise administration. What Mr. Willis would try to do with that department every well-informed person might have foreseen. He began by discharging about eighty employés—all Democrats except one or two. He pretended that this was done to save money. Nothing could have been more transparent than this pretext, for Mr. White had so carefully adjusted positions and duties, and so rigorously cut off every superfluity, that it seemed impossible to spare another man. Mr. Willis evidently made the dismissals only to create vacancies for party workers. He soon found himself obliged to reinstate about a dozen of the dismissed men to keep the public business going, and has since made a large number of appointments to fill the places of the others. He found that very few of the positions in his department were not subject to the civil service rules. He therefore created more than a dozen new offices—that is, offices in which the old duties were to be performed under new names—and asked the Mayor to exempt them from competitive examination. This Mayor Wurster did, not consulting the Civil Service Commission, as had been the custom, but merely informing it of his action. The persons so appointed were of course mainly taken from the ranks of active local politicians.

A large number of other places subject to the competitive rule were filled "temporarily" with hungry henchmen on the ground that no lists of "eligibles" evolved from examinations were available. To enlarge the opportunities for making such "temporary" appointments a trick was resorted to which in point of barefaced shamelessness could hardly be surpassed. It is instructive in showing what juggles spoils politicians will employ to "beat the law." The officers called meter-inspectors are under the competitive rule, and, some vacancies having been made, there was an ample list of "eligibles" who had passed the examination to choose from. But Mr. Willis wanted the places for his workers. So he created the office of "detective to investigate water frauds." For officers of that name the Civil Service Commission had, of course, no list of eligibles; and thus Mr. Willis put in thirteen of his men, although the "investigation of water frauds" was precisely one of the duties to be performed by the meter-inspectors, and although the men selected by Mr. Willis were almost all entire strangers to the duties to be performed. Five of the thirteen persons so smuggled into profitable places had been delegates in the primary conventions through which the nomination of a member of Mayor Wurster's administration, Park Commissioner Woodruff, as delegate to the Republican National Convention at St. Louis had been secured.

Such things have been done with Mayor Wurster's approval. Indeed, they could not have been done without his official sanction and support. There are also in other departments of the city government various places exempted from competitive examination by his authority. He is even said to be considering a plan to abolish the Labor Registration system—that system which secures to the laboring-man access to public employment without subjecting him to the tyranny of partisan control or making him the slave of a political machine. To abolish this system would be a vicious blow not only against good government, but against the self-respect and the best interests of the laboring population. But what may we not expect of Mayor Wurster now?

It is quite probable that Mr. Wurster, like some other men of his kind in official position, has never made quite clear to his mind the moral character of his doings. The evasions of the law by contemptible quirk and shuffle for which, by his official approval and sanction, he has made himself directly responsible, are distinctly and emphatically dishonorable. There are things the doing of which, in public as well as in private life, a gentleman should carefully avoid. When done by a man occupying the high position of a Mayor of a great city, they demonstrate not only a most lamentable lack of self-respect, but also a very low conception of the duties and the dignity of the office. Moreover, this flagitious disregard of the spirit of an important law by the most conspicuous officer of the municipality sets a very dangerous example to all those serving under him, and to the community at large.

It should bring Mayor Wurster to a realizing sense of what he has done, that the corporation counsel of the city of Brooklyn has felt himself obliged to declare some of the appointments to office here referred to to have been illegally made. And a number of the most reputable citizens of Brooklyn have instituted legal proceedings against Mayor Wurster and other city officials, to restrain them from paying the salaries or wages of no less than fifty-seven persons arbitrarily appointed to places in the city service, for several of which appointments Mayor Wurster is responsible. There is hardly any doubt that under the Constitution, as interpreted by the Court of Appeals, the injunction will be granted and sustained, and Mayor Wurster will then stand in the humiliating attitude of a high official who had to be compelled by the courts to obey the Constitution. It is to be hoped that Mayor Wurster, who no doubt would like to be respected as an honorable man, will not be insensible to the disgrace of such a position, and that the moral punishment he has so recklessly brought upon himself will serve as a warning example to other men similarly situated. It will make ambitious politicians understand that the civil service law is no longer a thing to be trifled with, and that the way of the transgressor is growing harder every day.

A SIGNIFICANT EPISODE.

While the Cuban resolution was pending in the Conference Committee the House of Representatives was debating and passing the naval appropriation bill, and the *Indiana* was at Port Royal, in a pocket, unable to get into the dry dock whither Secretary Herbert had sent her, or to get out of the harbor—a fact that would have been disastrous if Senator Morgan's desire to make war on Spain had been realized. Altogether the proceedings in Congress and the condition of things at Port Royal were striking coincidences, tending to throw light on the sincerity and intelligence of the law-making Jingoes who are spoiling for a fight.

Congress is willing to spend millions of dollars for new battle-ships, and to invite war with any European power that may be willing to engage with us in the game of slaughter, but it is not willing, and it has not been willing, to spend money for the maintenance of the new ships unless such expenditure will carry a district for "the party." With a glow of pride Mr. Boutelle described our new battle-ships—the *Indiana*, in commission, the *Massachusetts*, nearly ready, the *Iowa*, just launched, and the *Oregon*. We have also authorized, by a former act, the *Kearsarge* and the *Kentucky*. And before finishing the consideration of the navy bill, the House authorized the construction of four more battle-ships and fifteen torpedo-boats, to cost nearly $27,000,000. And all this while the *Indiana*, the only fully equipped battle-ship we have, was at Port Royal Harbor, unable to get into the dock to be cleaned, or to go to sea, because, forsooth, the wind had blown the water out of the harbor. It is true that she did get into the dock later; but it is nevertheless the fact that Congress has placed the only dock large enough to hold our new battle-ships at a harbor of such a character that large vessels can only enter it under what may be called fortuitous circumstances, while if they strike the hard bottom in their progress to the dock they will probably go to pieces.

During the debate on the navy bill there was some talk about building a new dry dock, but a Pennsylvania member wanted one at League Island, which lies up the Delaware River, now impassable to battle-ships. Another Congressman from the same State, Mr. Robinson, who is a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, opposed this, and in doing so he revealed the manner in which the defensive interests of the country are cared for by Congress. He said, "I believe I reveal no committee secrets—at least I do not wish to do so—when I say that there was a quasi-understanding that we would press none of these propositions for dry docks, because, if the general question should be raised, of course *each member who wished a dry dock in his district would naturally desire an item for one.*" This is frank, and it is explicatory. It shows that dry docks are built not for battle-ships, but for votes. Mr. Robinson went further, and admitted that "we have no dry dock to-day, unless it be at Port Royal (and I doubt the capacity of that one), whereby the best modern battle-ship that we have could be docked; and so lax, so dilatory, so short-sighted, has been the Congress of the United States in making appropriations in the past for the improvement of the approaches to the dry docks already existing that there is hardly a harbor on the coast, unless it be Portland, Maine, where one of our modern vessels—the *Indiana*, or any vessel of that style or class contemplated by this bill to be constructed—could approach the dry dock to be docked."

Notwithstanding all this, which is very true, if very cynical, the House went merrily on authorizing battle-ships and refusing to provide docking facilities—for the attempt to build a dock at the unapproachable League Island Navy-Yard was defeated, possibly because a member from Massachusetts threatened to demand a dock at Boston for his constituents if the member from Philadelphia was favored with one for his. At the same time, too, the House conferrees were agreeing to the Senate's buncombe resolution inviting war with Spain on account of the struggling Cubans.

It is well understood that the dock at Port Royal was built to help some one carry the district. In this respect its origin and history coincide with the confession made by Mr. Robinson, that docks are built to help struggling Congressmen. There are no workmen at Port Royal. When a ship is in the dock the men to work on her must be sent from Norfolk. It is in this way that the Jingo Congressmen make ready to defend the country from the consequences of their own speeches and resolutions. The *Indiana* is the only completed vessel we have that can alone meet the largest ship that Spain can send here; but she was in the pocket prepared for her by indifferent and unintelligent legislators, while they were making war speeches and inciting national dishonor and national disaster for much the same reason that they build, or refuse to build, dry docks—namely, for votes.

Every good American favors a sufficient navy, and does not begrudge the expense of building and maintaining it. But it is idle to build ships and refuse to take proper care of them; and in a few years, if Congress goes on in its present reckless and ignorant fashion, we shall have a fleet of battleships growing gradually useless because provision has not been made to clean them; for a dirty battleship cannot fight with full effect.

Was there ever such a spectacle of incompetence! An assembly of men fuming about war at the very moment that the naval arm is paralyzed by their own negligence! This is the body that has the power to declare war, but no one who knows how it is composed will regret that its power is limited, and that, Senator MORGAN to the contrary notwithstanding, it cannot command the squadrons in the field or the ships at sea. The truth is that Congress does not possess intelligence enough to provide properly for a navy; and, what is worse, a large majority of its members are apparently so indifferent to the real interests of the country that they will not be guided by what intelligence they have to the doing of anything that will not help their re-election.

THE LOUD BILL.

IT is to be hoped that Congress will not adjourn before passing the LOUD bill, which seeks to limit second-class matter strictly to newspapers and periodicals. A strong effort is being made to defeat the measure, and there seems to be some misconception at Washington as to the attitude towards it of some of the publishers of periodicals. The WEEKLY has favored this bill simply because it is for the general interest that it should become a law. The government is now losing annually between $18,000,000 and $19,000,000 as the result of a perversion of the law.

The law of 1885 fixing the rate of postage on newspapers and periodicals at one cent a pound is a liberal law, and was intended primarily for the benefit of readers of such publications. It is the policy of the government to extend the circulation of periodical literature, and to help to cheapen it to the people by reducing the charge for carrying it in the mails. Every abuse of this law which adds to the cost of maintaining the Post-office Department is a menace to the law itself, for if the abuse continue there will inevitably come a time when the government must fix the charge for carrying second-class matter at a rate which will cover the cost of transportation. It will be remembered that the enormous loss resulting from the second-class rate is not due to the charge to which the government is put for carrying real newspapers and periodicals, but for the inclusion among second-class matter of books, advertising circulars, enormous sample editions, and other publications not properly included in second-class matter. Recently the sample edition of one publication alone, as we learn from the report of the committee, weighed 300,000 pounds. Its carriage in the mails cost the government $24,000. As the postage paid was $3000, the government lost $21,000 on this one edition. We have the estimate of the department that if the perversion of the law should cease, the post-office could afford to carry periodicals for nothing, and this certainly indicates the extent of the abuse.

The abuse ought to be stopped not only because it is the cause of such enormous expense to the government, but because it interferes with the rights of the great majority of those who use the post-office. The post-office is established primarily for the carrying of letters. At the present rate of postage letters are carried for thirty-two cents a pound, giving the government a profit on this class of mail matter of twenty-four cents a pound. In other words, to take the estimate of the committee, the people who send letters through the mail, and they include practically the whole population of the country, pay to the government every year between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000 more than the cost of transmission. If letter postage were reduced one-half, the government would still make a yearly profit of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. But one of the stubborn facts in the way of reducing letter postage is the loss of $18,000,000 to $19,000,000 by reason of the abuse of the law relating to second-class matter. It is another evidence of the patience of the people of the United States that they permit those who pervert this law for their own profit to postpone the day of penny postage.

SENATORIAL BOORISHNESS.

FROM the establishment of our government until recently one of the most cherished traditions of American politics was our admiration for the wisdom which planned and organized the Senate of the United States. Just as we have been taught to consider our Supreme Court as the most exalted tribunal on earth, we once considered our Senate the most dignified legislative body. But painful instances of the disregard of the Senate for its own dignity have recently been growing in frequency, and have been especially prominent during the present session.

The characteristic remark of South Carolina's new-made Senator, TILLMAN, that he had brought with him a pitchfork to use in his first speech was promptly justified. He not only brought with him this useful implement of the stable-yard, but he also brought the language and the ideas, as well as the wit, the logic, and the eloquence of the stable-yard. His attack on the President, in a speech on a subject which had nothing to do with the President, left on the public mind the conviction that the pitchfork was his most appropriate weapon, and that in manner and method he was probably nearer to the stable-boy than any Senator on record.

A degradation of the Senatorial function equally unnecessary and equally offensive has since then been furnished by an older Senator, VEST of Missouri, in the same line of attack on the President. In a dignified and temperate speech before the Presbyterian Home Mission meeting in New York, President CLEVELAND had set forth the need and value of making the extension of religious influence keep pace with the material extension and new growth of the frontier. There is not one word in the address which the most ingenious malice could distort into a reflection upon any section of the country or on any community. There was no mistaking the kindly tone and generous purpose of the President's words.

Yet when Senator VEST found his first opportunity thereafter to address the Senate—on the subject of the title to the gilsonite deposits near the Uncompahgre reservation in the State of Utah—he also produced a pitchfork, with all the accompaniments. He went out of his way to select the President's mission address as a theme for his stump-oratory. He misquoted its language, misrepresented its sentiment, and, with equal disregard of truth and decency, poured over it and over its author a flood of that sarcasm which is considered humorous by stable-boys and by some Senators.

The courtesy of the Senate permits this, for the office of Senator is so dignified that its holder is supposed to be above the need of rules and restraints. Yet instances such as those we have quoted are exerting a powerful influence in compelling the decent citizenship of this country to ask itself whether a reform of the Senate would not be worth having at the cost of a Constitutional amendment.

SHALL THE OPPORTUNITY BE LOST?

THE memorial presented on the 25th of March to the Mayor of New York by the trustees of the Public Library is a frank and forcible statement of facts, and it exhibits clearly the remarkable poverty of this city in respect of library facilities, and the duty which rests upon the public authorities of devoting some part of the city's funds towards supplying the deficiency. By way of curing the evil the trustees propose, out of their general funds, to equip and maintain a truly popular library, with facilities for circulation, provided only the city will furnish a suitable home. This the municipalities have already done in Boston and in Chicago. Those cities are also under large and increasing expenses for maintenance, while in New York the ASTOR, LENOX, and TILDEN foundations stand ready to relieve the city of the latter burden if only the former can be assumed. The remedy will be effectual provided the city is able to comply with the conditions imposed.

So far as the grant of land is concerned, the only site owned by the city which possesses in any degree the essential requirements of spaciousness and convenience of access is the site of the present reservoir at Forty-second Street. If it be true that that reservoir is no longer an important part of the city's water-supply, there can be no very good reason why this land, or some portion of it, should not be devoted to the purposes of the Public Library. It is indeed suggested that the water stored at this point might, in certain contingencies, be of value in the event of extensive fires; and of course it is always possible to imagine cases where the existence of a large water-supply close at hand would be highly desirable. But the real question here is a balancing of advantages, and a consideration of the problem whether the cost of enhanced insurance against the risks from fire will not be more than made good by the vast addition to the wealth and beauty and security of our city.

The Mayor intimated, in reply to the memorial, that he would be unwilling to grant the money needed for a building—at least for the next eighteen months. It must be confessed that his reasons are cogent. Tammany, during its recent reign, was solicitous only to multiply and increase salaries. It pinched in every other direction. In consequence the city's hospitals and police stations are, many of them, shamefully dilapidated. New schoolhouses are imperatively needed. Sewers must be laid and streets must be opened north of the Harlem. New lines of water-mains must be established. Small parks must be created in the more crowded regions of the city. With such works of mercy and necessity to be provided—at a cost of not less than $19,000,000—the Mayor even of this great municipality may well feel "appalled" at the prospect, and may well hesitate at piling the cost of a great new library upon the already unwieldy fabric of the city's debt. Other Mayors, responsible for the increase of taxation, will doubtless share Mr. STRONG's views, and nothing but a decided and fairly unanimous expression of public opinion can be expected to induce the authorities of the city to vote the expenditures for which the trustees of the Public Library have appealed.

The trustees suggest in their memorial that if their proposals are not accepted they will erect a building of their own—presumably on the LENOX property at Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue—and maintain such a library for scholars and students as existing endowments will permit. Whether they will follow this course if the city offers to give the bare land at Forty-second Street, without a building, does not appear. But for a library of reference and research the site at Seventieth Street is in every way as desirable as the site of the reservoir; and it may well be doubted whether the trustees would feel justified in laying out the money intrusted to them in the erection of a building upon land to which they had no title.

The proposal made to the city is simple and extraordinarily advantageous. The city is offered a library already well equipped, under competent management, and which, if the proposal be accepted, will command an income that may fairly be reckoned at not less than a quarter of a million. The cost of all this is but the surrender of an almost useless structure and the expenditure of perhaps two millions and a half of money, representing an annual outlay of about $100,000 for interest and sinking-fund payments. And it is to be remembered that the increase in taxable values consequent on the removal of the reservoir and the beautifying of that locality will at least go a long way towards repaying to the city the money it may lay out.

If their proposal be not accepted, the trustees of the Public Library will simply fall back upon their own resources, which are quite sufficient to open a very wide field of usefulness. The trustees can afford to wait patiently for a definite expression of public opinion, but they can hardly be expected to keep their offer always open. Will the city permit the opportunity to go by?

THE ARCHITECTS' BILL.

THE bill to increase the beauty and the general character of public buildings, including sound and economical construction, is still before Congress. It, or the excellent idea embodied in it, has been before Congress for several years. The present measure has the endorsement of the Treasury Department, the present Secretary having been long in favor of reforming that overgrown monstrosity the Supervising Architect's office.

Why the measure does not pass is a mystery, for it seems to appeal to local pride and prejudice, which members of Congress usually seek to gratify. It provides for the appointment of a commission of experts, that shall select the plans for the public buildings after competition. The Supervising Architect is to remain as the representative of the government in the work of erecting and completing the buildings. In other words, he is to be the clerk of the works, and something more.

This system would do away with such buildings as now disfigure our large and small cities, the plans of which have been drawn at a central office in Washington, by a man who, whatever may be his professional abilities, has neither the time nor the strength to perform half the tasks that are thrust upon him. The temptation, therefore, to plan buildings after a single pattern is irresistible, and as the pattern is usually bad, no better system can be devised to assure the country ugly buildings.

Besides introducing a variety of talent into the planning and construction of public buildings, the proposed new system would doubtless secure for the government the services of the best of the architects in the several localities in which public buildings are to be erected. Moreover, it would also make it certain that the building materials of the locality would generally be used, and that home contractors would be employed.

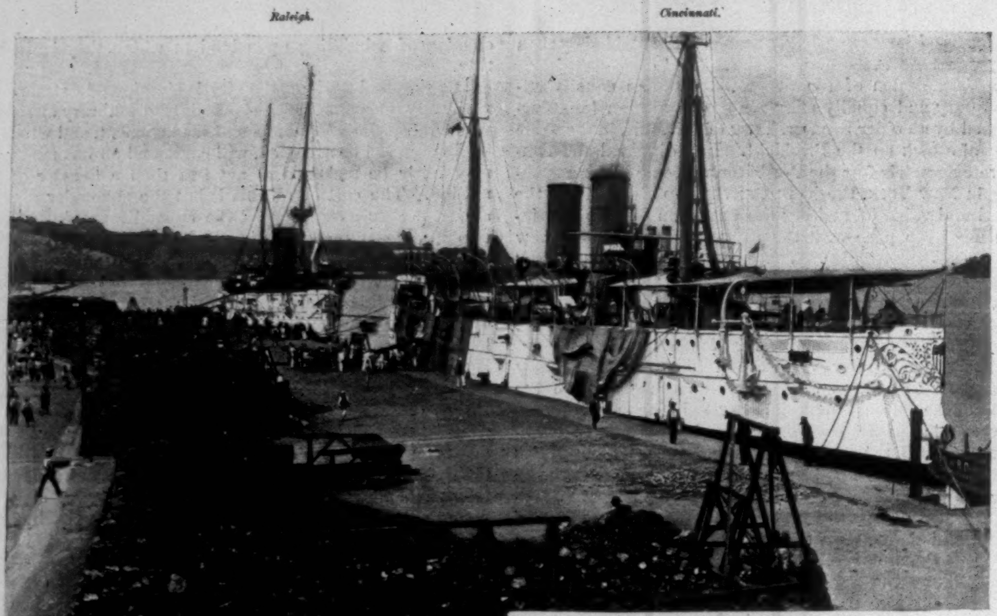
It is strange, as we have said, that a measure that appeals so strongly to local interests does not pass. It cannot be that the undoubted merits of the measure are against it, and yet it may be that they conceal from the average Congressman the point that he may make with his constituents by voting for it.

TREES.

IT is not far hence
(In measured miles) that the mere stands
Over which hang whispering woods—
The fast-rooted forest.

Thus the citizen may translate from his *Beówulf;* or he may think it vastly better to throw aside the old book, and with his own eyes to see how a fast-rooted forest may overhang the mere in Central Park, or the waters of Pelham Bay. Did the poet who wrote those words, at some time between the fifth century and the ninth, have in mind the twofold life of trees—the life of the branches in the air, and the life of the roots in the soil—the almost equal domain of the tree above ground and below? He so justly balances his description, having exactly as much to say of that half of the tree which is less in evidence as of that part toward which he lifts our eyes. There is a plodding half, he reminds us, that holds the other half to itself, and "fast-rooted" to its place and station. At other seasons of the year this sort of thing may not be so well worth dwelling upon, but a fine day in April will show roots and branches most full of achievement and of news. The business of the former is prospering—that is plainly to be seen; there are budding novelties on the latter from day to day, if you are closely observant; from week to week, anyhow. And we can't believe the rusty half, making gains through all sorts of tentative and difficult outreaching down there—somewhere—is wholly selfish, although holding the other half so fast. At any rate, the Anglo-Saxon epic poet does not take an unfavorable view of his conduct (we must say it is *his* conduct) in thus holding for his very own what he supports and nourishes. If he were purely selfish, would he be represented as holding her (we must say *her*) where she hangs—and whispering too—over her mirror in the mere?

Let no cynic assert that this is the type of an American marriage. Cynicism is out of season. We would only shelter, behind three or four lines from *Beówulf*, a suggestion that in April trees are interesting persons, and are "not far hence."



THE UNITED STATES CRUISERS "RALEIGH" AND "CINCINNATI" COALING AT ST. LUCIA.

ST. LUCIA.

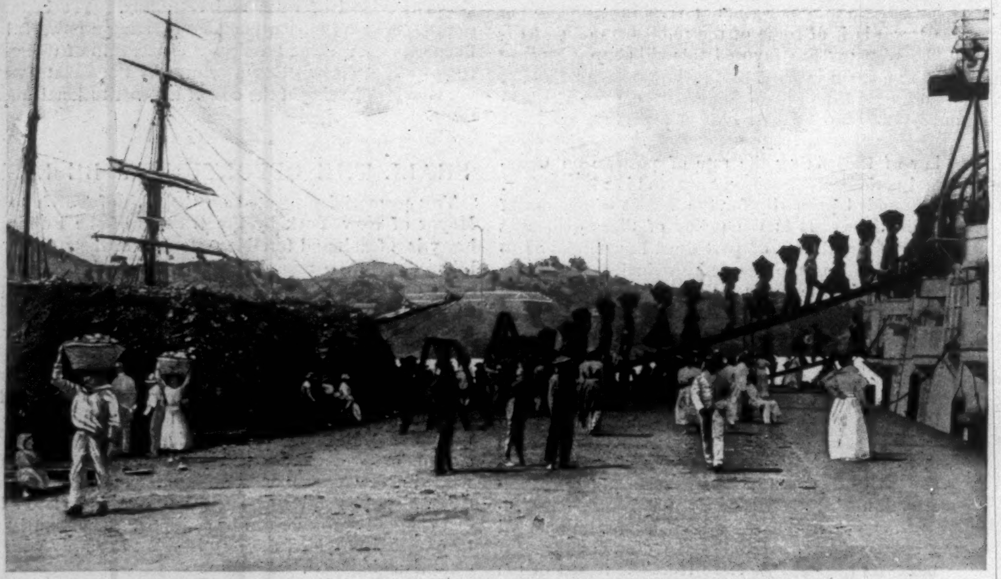
St. Lucia is the last of the chain of fortified coaling-stations established by England in this hemisphere. For many years it was neglected, and it would seem that its value as a *point d'appui* was only recognized when the possibility of a trans-Isthmian canal grew to be a probability, and now the determination is evident to make it her stronghold in the Windward Islands. Barbadoes has always been the military headquarters of the English possessions in this chain of islands and the residence of the Governor, and is yet, but its weakness has probably been the cause of its projected abandonment.

Its only harbor is Carlisle Bay, upon which the capital, Bridgetown, is situated. The bay is only an indentation on the coast, being almost an open roadstead to which the low island forms the lee. It is not fortified, and is incapable of being adequately defended. Two regiments of infantry, one white, and the other one of the two West India regiments composed entirely of negroes with white officers, and several batteries of artillery, have been quartered there. Some of the companies of the former have, however, already been transferred to St. Lucia, and they are being moved as fast as barracks are made ready for them, with the ultimate intention of sending all of them to the latter island, and of abandoning Barbadoes as a military station.

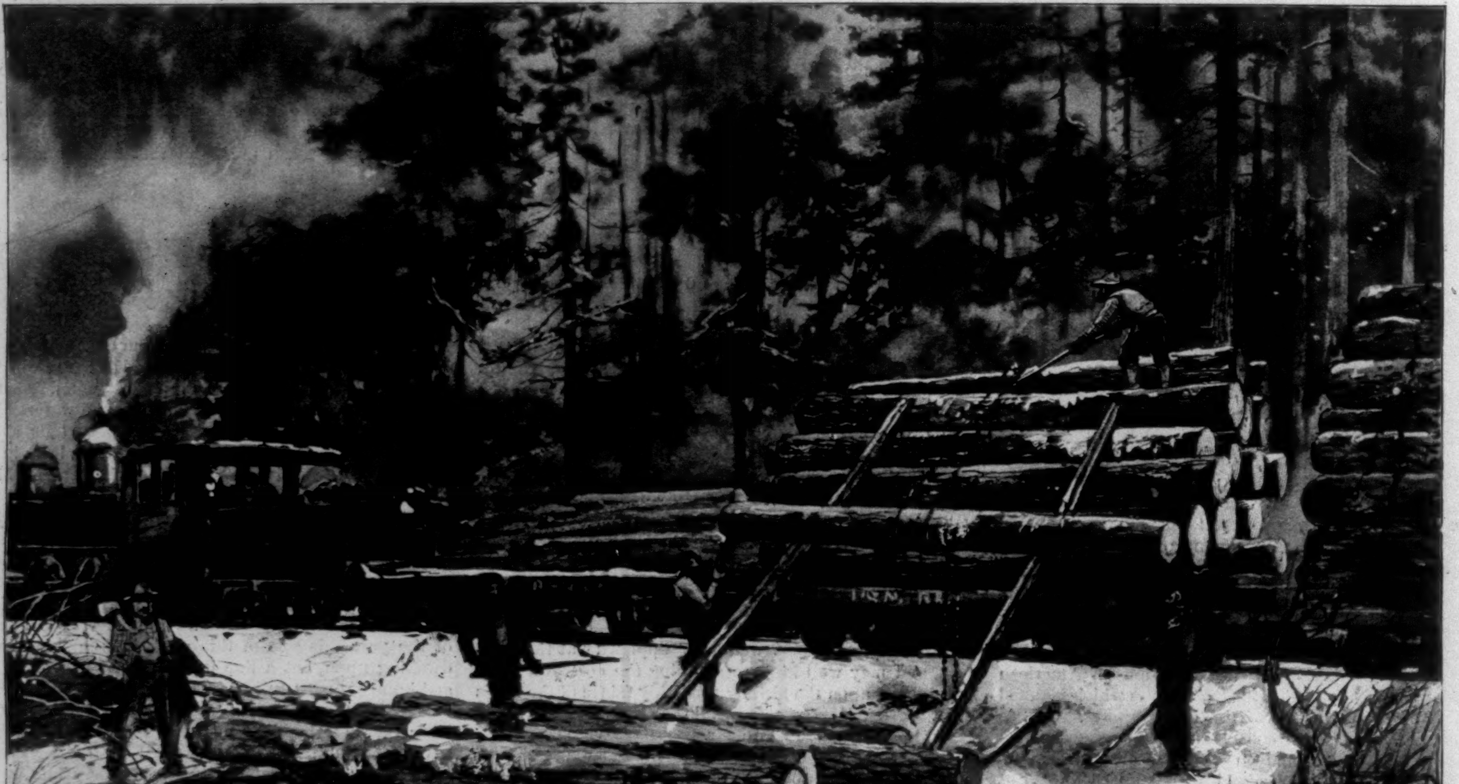
Port Castries (otherwise St. Lucia) lies at the foot of a narrow bay about three-quarters of a mile from the sea. The entrance is flanked by headlands, and the bay lies between high hills which are capable of being strongly fortified. Indeed, the harbor is probably at the present moment well defended, though neither fort, redoubt, nor embrasure is visible save a small masonry-work belonging to the last century on the south side of the entrance, and which is a crumbling ruin.

It is said that the defences consist of a number of heavy guns in sunken pits, and mounted on disappearing carriages. Whatever the batteries are it is evidently the intention of the authorities that their location and character shall not be known, as considerable secrecy and mystery surround the military reservations, and not even the natives seem to have much information on the subject. How careful the military officials are is shown by a little incident which happened there last winter when some of the wardroom officers from one of the ships of the United States North Atlantic Squadron, then lying in the harbor, went to Viji (the camp on the north hill and commanding the entrance) the day after their arrival to return the call of some British officers.

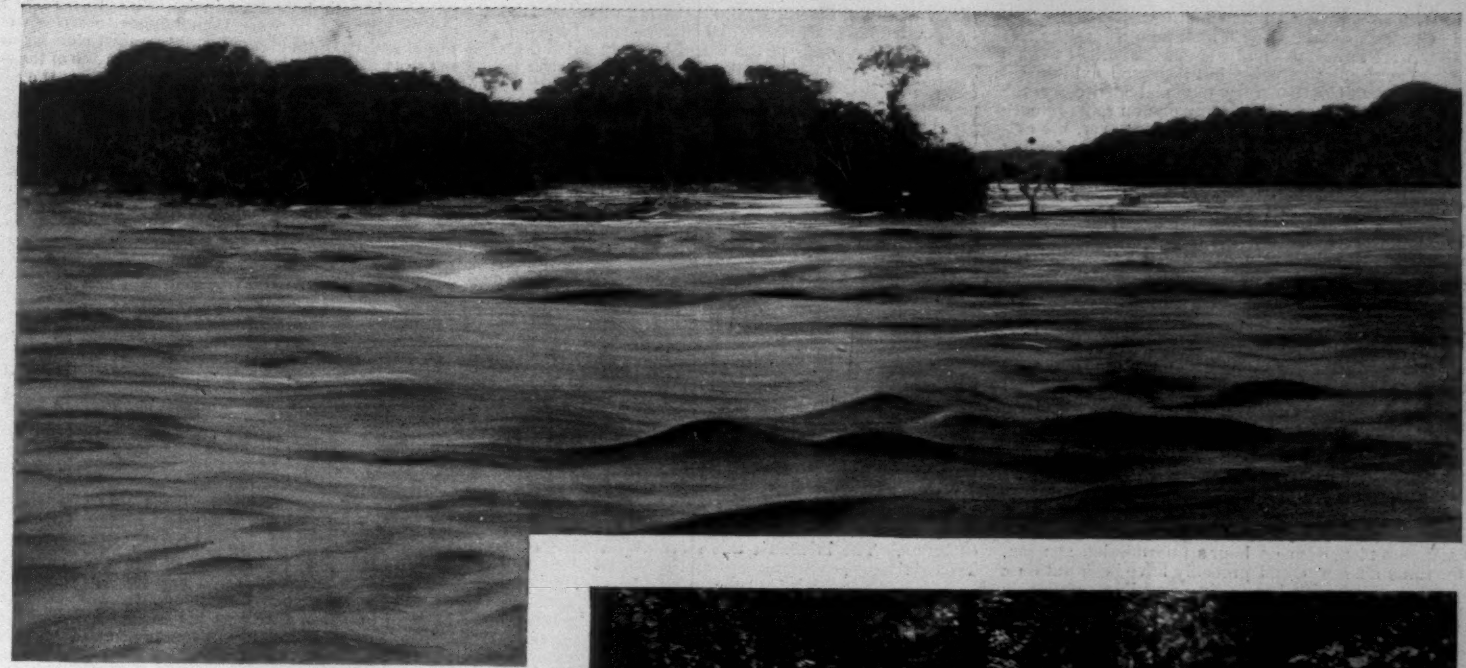
The Americans, in uniform, landed at the wharf, climbed the steep hill on the harbor side, only to be stopped by a sentry near the top and to be refused permission to



THE STREAM OF COALERS PASSING OVER THE "RALEIGH'S" GANG-PLANK.

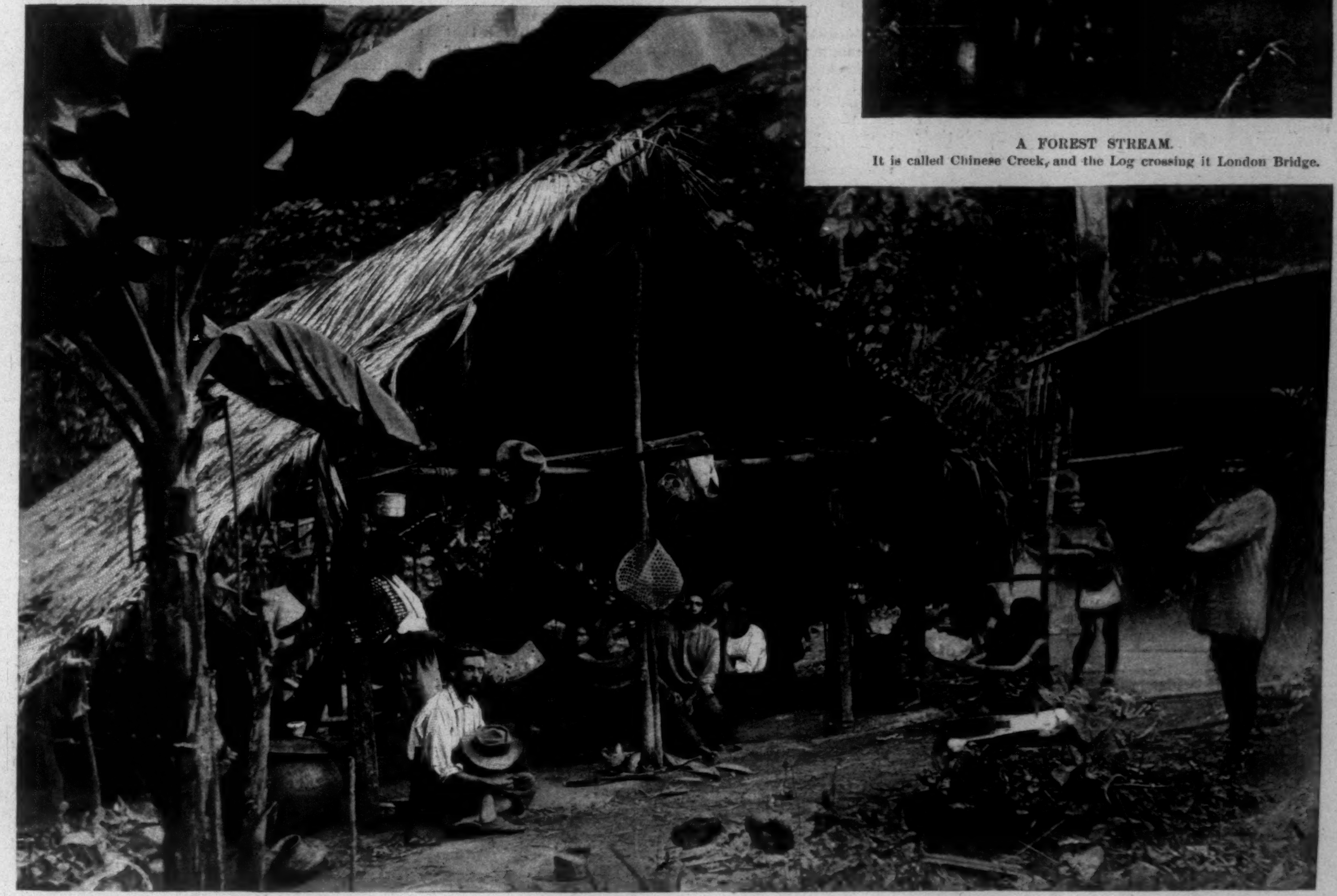


LOGGING-RAILROAD RAVAGES AROUND THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI—LOADING A TRAIN ON ONE OF THE SPURS.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 343.]



ITAKI FALLS, MAZARUNI RIVER.

A FOREST STREAM.
It is called Chinese Creek, and the Log crossing it London Bridge.



AN INDIAN SETTLEMENT, CALLED A "BENAB," ON THE PURUNI RIVER.

BRITISH CLAIMS IN VENEZUELA—SCENES IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

proceed. The sergeant of the guard was called. The naval officers expostulated with him, pointed out the fact that they were in uniform and were expected. It was no use. The sergeant was polite but firm, and exhibited a written order, dated that very day and signed by the commanding officer, prohibiting any one on any pretence from entering the military precincts. However, the officer of the day soon appeared, apologized for the seeming inhospitality, and vouchsafing no explanation, passed the Americans in. They were, however, shown nowhere, seeing only the officers' mess.

It transpired later that on the day succeeding the arrival of the United States ships additional sentries had been posted with orders as above stated. "We did not intend to have you Johnnies poking 'round and locating our batteries," a British army officer laughingly put it.

The harbor is not large, but the channel is narrow, and the deep water about the town goes up to the very shores. A battle-ship could lie at the wharf and coal, and there is room for about three 3500-ton ships at one time, and possibly four. The coaling is done with great rapidity, and by negro women almost entirely, as is the custom throughout the West India Islands. They pour a ceaseless stream over the vessels' sides on gang-planks. Each carries about 100 pounds of coal in a basket poised on the top of the head. The speed of coaling depends entirely upon the vessel's facilities for receiving and stowing the coal.

The United States cruisers *Cincinnati* and *Raleigh* were coaled at the same time, each taking about 475 tons from 8.30 A.M. to 6 P.M., with an hour's intermission at noon, but the same amount could probably have been put on a merchant-steamer, with her easily accessible scuttles, in about half the time. It was claimed that three ships could be coaled at once at the rate of 100 tons an hour to each.

The coal, according to the arrangements then existing, is private property, the firm owning it being under contract with the British Admiralty to keep there at all times 10,000 tons of Welsh coal. This amount is always in sight, but there is more besides, the property of other parties, and ten times that quantity could easily be landed and piled there in a short time should the necessity arise.

The American Pocahontas coal is always obtainable at St. Lucia. The demand for it rose from 2000 tons in 1893 to 10,000 tons in 1894, and was on the increase. Many English merchant-steamers took it in preference to any other. There is neither dry nor floating dock, and no repair-shops. It is as yet only a coaling-station, and a disabled fleet would have to go to Bermuda, or Kingston, Jamaica, to refit.

Port Castries is only a village situated on low-lying ground. The barracks and residences of the civil and military officials are high up on the hills on either side of the bay.

LIFE AND LETTERS

EVERY one, I think, who reads with his eyes quite open, and not for the purpose of dozing off from his book at the first lull of interest, must have noticed in the minor English fiction of late an Americanization of tone. I do not know just what else to call it, and so I call it that; but I hope the reader will see what I mean. It is as if the authors of this fiction had associated with "bright Americans" until they had caught the bright American way of looking at life, and of talking about it. Perhaps this bright American tone is the modern tone, and both of the great Anglo-Saxon peoples use it because, with their very opposite origins and principles, they have arrived at the same social effect.

I.

A Hard Woman. By Violet Hunt. D. Appleton & Co.

I have been peculiarly struck with the fact (if it is a fact) which I have been noting, in an extremely clever London book called A Hard Woman, by a writer new to me. The tone here is not so much that of American writing as of American talking. The literary and moral texture of the story is alien enough, but when its people speak, they are apt to speak like bright Americans. Of course, by bright Americans I mostly mean bright American women; and bright American women are apt to speak very much as clever people write; or say, as the characters in clever people's novels speak. The reciprocal influence of literature and life is always very interesting, and with us the influence of literature is most noticeable in the large class of cultivated people remote from social centres; the tone of their talk is that of literature rather than of society, and when such people get into society abroad they impart a sense of their quality. Others may have lived in large cities here and still have caught little of the society tone, which is everywhere dull, insipid, and monotonous; they may be journalistic, literary, or artistic; and their talk will shed upon life a fresh light which will be reflected again in literature.

It is by some such recondite process, I fancy, that we get the American tone which I perceive in A Hard Woman. Something of the American art in fiction is there, too; it is lightly and skilfully done, with little of the thumb-fingered clumsiness which commonly offends in British fiction. It is told in scenes, directly or indirectly dialogued, and the characters evolve themselves, apparently, and are not unwound by the author's hand. The chief character, Lydia Munday, who is the hard woman, is very good, artistically, and keeps the vicious charm of an absolute selfishness throughout. The defect of the book is in bringing her to grief. The logic of such people's characters in life is lasting success; and it is an old-fashioned and mistaken morality that punishes them in the catastrophe.

II.

A Clever Wife. The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst. By W. Pett Ridge. Harper & Brothers.

Another author's books in which I have found the American tone, with not so much of the American skill, is another new English author. Mr. Pett Ridge's novel, A Clever Wife, is more to my mind than his Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst, but both are amusing books. I suppose I like A Clever Wife better, because I like a picture of the world more in a hand-glass than in a door-knob, a story better than a fantasy. To be sure, the fantasy is ingenious and novel, since it is the report of a charming impossibility in the simplest every-day terms and conditions; but still I found greater comfort in the other book; and I read contentedly on it, with a growing belief that the author was a Londonized American who had formed himself rather too much upon Dickens, until I came upon this astonishing passage.

"They went up on deck and chose the most agreeable situation. An American party, talking with voices pitched so high that they might well have disturbed people on the top of Pilatus, swooped down in their direction as soon as they had settled themselves.

"'Well, I call this jest a silly steamer. Isn't it a real awful thing! Why, you put it side by side with the boats that go from New York to Boston—'

"'Scott, Julia! Don't howl so. You let every single soul know where you hail from.'

"'This here ship ain't going to blow up, ev'dently. Tell you what, Abigail, don't let's forget for to get a good taste of—what's the silly name?'

"'Edelweiss.'

"'That's it. Good to eat, ain't it? Only a flower? Great Jinkins! Thought 'twas a fruit. I'll be real glad of lunch. The breakfast this mornin' jest irr'tated me. Wha-at?'

"'You ate enough for two, my girl.'

"'I wish to goodness I'd ate enough for ten. Now we're moving. Look at this girl here with a blue veil. She don't wear cor-sets, I'll lay a wager.'

"'Hush, Priscilla. She's English. They're staying at our hotel.'

"'Oh, goodness! Let's go to the other end.'"

These compatriots of ours are, if you please, from Baltimore, where we are to suppose that their wonderful mixture of accents and locutions prevails, and where the names of Abigail and Priscilla, so common with us everywhere, are typical of the local nomenclature.

The passage put me right as to Mr. Ridge's nationality at once. No one but an Englishman could possibly so misreport the parlance of another people; and the talk here laid to the charge of our country-women, who are often slangy and vulgar enough, could be the work only of a writer of that race which is so full of itself that it cannot receive even a superficial impression of alien peculiarities. I saw that if we have at all Americanized the tone of those people over there we have not Americanized their minds; and for a moment it seemed to me as if my whole theory, so carefully architected, had come clattering to the ground. In the retrospect from this point, all Mr. Ridge's work turned clumsy, lumpish, British.

III.

I was wrong; I see that now; and I see that my theory, though badly strained, is not totally wrecked, and that Mr. Ridge's literature has still some lightness and shapeliness. But I wonder if what irritates us so much in British ridicule is not its want of accuracy? In the whole long line of our mockers, from first to last, there has not been one who could hear or see our vulgarities aright. This is hard, and I do not think it is without reason that we complain. Let us be shown up, by all means; but let us be shown up correctly. We shall be quite ridiculous enough then; and I wish I could persuade our British brethren, in the interest of art, to give our really detestable characteristics a little study. I often find myself that our manners are bad, that our speech is grotesque, our minds cheap and poor, our accent nasal and slovenly; and I believe it would do us a great deal of good if our faults were truly depicted. Some people think that our willingness to push the Monroe doctrine to extremes, in any controversy with Great Britain, is the effect of sauce from English writers, who loved us openly in the late international crisis, but who had till then mostly dissembled their passion in several degrees of boyish caricature. I myself am not of this thinking; but I do like good art, and I confess that I suffer æsthetically from the bad drawing in the pictures the British make of us.

IV.

Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone From the Danish of Holger Drachmann. Way & Williams.

In all matters of literary art, however, the British methods are still very primitive when compared with those of Continental writers, and a few writers among ourselves. I have felt this fact afresh lately in reading, with a number of English novels, a story from the Danish. Mr. Drachmann's Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone is not so well done as the Norwegian novels, and the English novels I have been speaking of are rather uncommonly well done. But still the difference between the two kinds of fiction is all the difference between knowingness and knowledge, between a smart consciousness and a direct simplicity. It is true that the Dane treats of very simple characters and unmixed emotions, and the English writers treat of artificial people in society situations. But direct simplicity is the Continental method with the most conventional people, and it gives his figures a relief, a projection, from the author which the creations of English fiction almost never have. Even when the British author is not patting his personages on the head, or making faces at them, you feel that he has his hand on the strings that work them, while the Continental author shows them in an agreeable effect of detachment. Apart from a measure of this sort of merit, though, this new Paul and Virginia is a very charming tale, tender and pathetic, with touches of humor and passion that reach the heart. The types are strictly those of a Danish fishing-village, whose life is suggested rather than closely studied. The Paul is the son of the village blacksmith; the Virginia is the daughter of the old ship-captain who decides the boy for the sea against the blacksmith's will. The intrigue is knit closer through the skipper's forcing the young fellow to leave him to go down with his sinking ship, and the daughter's holding him recreant to her father for his obedience.

V.

Dr. Warrick's Daughters. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Harper & Brothers.

As the years go by with us we read much in books that was never written in them. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's last novel has been full, for me, of the interest of a young girl's first venture in literature thirty-five years ago, when we who were then hoping to write were so proud and envious of the instant renown won for her by her story of Life in the Iron Mills. It was one of the things that gave The Atlantic Monthly its hold upon the public, and made us feel that we had a country that could be put into literature. If this bit of it looked rather the English Black Country when it got there, that was proof that western Virginia had points of resemblance to that region worth noting in fiction. We had not yet conceived the notion of noting so much the points of difference between our life and English life; but all that has come since. It has not indeed come so distinctly to Mrs. Davis but that in her latest as in her earliest work there is the light and color common to fableland rather than the peculiar light and color of our own skies; but Pennsylvania and Louisiana are unmistakable enough in it. Her people and their motives are always a little exalted, for good and for bad; but there is an excellent realization of mixed characters in this book, which is strongest in Mildred Warrick. I find her quite a new physiognomy in our fiction; but, in fact, all the figures have freshness, and the whole scheme of the story has a novelty which holds the attention fast from first to last. There is a certain want of repose, a certain intensity, with a certain vagueness, which I do not like, and the people do not talk just as I hear people talk, but for all that the story is powerful, with an essential truth which is rare. It is a vigorously imagined affair from first to last, and is full of a varied appeal. The husband of Mildred, the uncouth but not ignoble millionaire, is done with a generous insight and from a subtle knowledge of human nature.

The book is thoroughly uncommon; and I have to own that after I took it up I did not lay it down till I had read it through. I kept up a running quarrel in my own mind with its methods and manners, even with its artistic principles, but I had to admit that here was something that if you took it upon its own ground was a potent and authoritative piece of fiction.

W. D. Howells.

THE "INVALIDES" AND THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF A.D. 1900.

Chicago with good reason regarded the fairy spectacle that delighted the republic three years ago as the last expression of industrial, scientific, commercial, artistic, and administrative achievement. Its White City is a memory that will last almost as long as that of the immense fire that destroyed the magic city. But the French, inventors, as it may be said, of world's fairs—for the race does everything in a spectacular way—have determined to eclipse all preceding shows as prodigiously as her revolution outrivalled all other human uprisings in vigor, ferocity, and tragedy. Peace during a quarter of a century has rarely been known to the warlike Gauls. At least a third of every century, since the fourteenth, France has been invaded or invader, the taste, skill, and genius of the race deflected into the hideous triumphs of war.

Paris felt it a great day when the assembled wisdom of the provinces and city decided almost unanimously that the whole town of Paris itself should be turned into a millennial show, and that the heart of the system should be the vast Esplanade of the Invalides. This locates the show substantially on the site of all that have gone before, for the Esplanade adjoins the Champ de Mars, and faces the immense hill of the Trocadéro. Although the opening of the show is four years off, the necessary preliminaries are already under way, and for the moment the great square in front of the "Hôtel des Invalides" is occupying the public attention as well as that of the Committee of Location.

The Invalides itself is perhaps the only building in Paris looked upon with pride and reverence by prince and prolétaire alike. It is what we call in America a Home for Old Soldiers. The building covers ten acres, and its golden dome can be seen from every quarter of Paris. Since 1848 it has been the shrine of military devotion, since under its golden dome lies the sarcophagus of Napoleon I., and to the military mind really embodies "all the glories of France" far more significantly than the melancholy waste of the Palace of Versailles, where Louis XIV. had this pompous legend inscribed. No other show-place in Paris compares with this venerable and stately pile in the assiduity and number of visitors crowding its courts and apartments. Its military museum, its statuary, its tombs, epitomize three hundred years of French military history, while its dormitories maintain, year in and year out, 1500 veterans, who have fought in all the recent wars of France, and until within a few years relics from Waterloo itself might be seen sunning themselves in the vernal recesses.

Richelieu, the Bismarck of the Bourbons, originated the plan of a home which should give shelter to the veterans, in those days left to beg or housed in the stables and garrets of monasteries. It was not until 1644, when Louis XIV. was in the saddle, that the great Cardinal's idea took shape in the construction of the "Hotel" as it now stands.

The building and its charges were the few things that appealed to the cold and selfish heart of the "Grand Monarque." He left minute directions in his will that the veterans should be solicitously cared for by his descendants, but, like the rest of his dying behests, it was scantily regarded. Peter the Great spent a week under its walls in 1714, examining all its departments, and on his return to Russia built a home on the very same plan in St. Petersburg. Every sovereign of the Continent visited the Invalides between 1700 and the outbreak of the Revolution. Indeed, the Invalides may be said to be the origin of all military establishments for the housing of crippled veterans. The nobles made use of the immense hall of the Invalides as a council-chamber in 1789, when France for the first time called a really national Parliament. The people invaded the Arsenal of the veterans, July 14, 1789, to get arms to capture the Bastille. Even in the wildest paroxysms of the Terror, when every edifice and monument commemorating the abominations of monarchy fell, or was defaced by popular fury, the Invalides was sacredly preserved, though innumerable projects for turning it into other uses were proposed in the Assembly.

Napoleon made the vast edifice an object of constant solicitude. The flags captured in Egypt, Italy, and Germany were hung under the great dome with immense pomp. It was under these flags, and surrounded by the great generals of the Republic's campaigns, that the funeral oration of Washington was pronounced by Fontanes in 1800, when Marshal Lannes installed a score of English standards to add to those taken by the armies of Washington and Lafayette in the United States.

The regulations drawn up in the time of Louis XIV. by Louvois are still in force. These provide for the housing of 6 lieutenant-colonels, 18 majors and commanders of battalions, 60 captains, 200 lieutenants, 60 company sergeants, 212 non-commissioned officers, 2700 private soldiers. From the officers the governing board of the establishment is chosen. The first potatoes ever seen or cooked in Paris were served to the Invalides, when Parmentier, who had introduced them into France, was entertained by the commander of the veterans. Napoleon I. organized the fête in commemoration of the destruction of the Bastille at the Invalides, and founded the Legion of Honor in the Chapel. A year or two later the sword of Frederick called the "Great" was ostentatiously deposited in the Invalides' Museum, with 295 flags captured in the campaign of 1805-6. At one time over 1000 flags taken in battle hung under the dome, where but a few score are to be seen now. When the allies were entering Paris in 1814 the veterans gathered all the trophies together and made a bonfire of them, to keep them from falling into the hands of the conquerors.

It was not, however, until 1840, when Louis Philippe, seeking to popularize his sneak-thief dynasty, brought about the translation of Napoleon's body from St. Helena, that the Invalides became the consecrated spot all France now holds it. Everybody remembers Thackeray's mock-heroic travesty of the scene, when, as a reporter for a London journal, he half jeered, half poetized the grandiose ceremony. Since the St. Helena prisoner's ashes repose under the high dome, the Invalides has been a shrine to all the world as well as France, for no one goes to Paris without a visit to the tomb. It far exceeds in solemnity, if not grandeur, the tombs that enshrine the earth's greatest in any other land. Simplicity is perhaps its chief merit. The tomb consists of a prodigious monolith of red Finland granite, a present from the Emperor Nicholas, son of the man who sent Napoleon to eat his heart out in the torrid heats of St. Helena. The immense block rests on a pediment of green marble. The whole rises solitary, grandiose, directly under the dome. To make place for it, and signalize the sepulchre from the score or more that make the Invalides a military Pantheon, the floor was taken out, the ground dug away thirty feet, so that the immense vault can be entered only through perpetually guarded portals. The very apex of the dome is the roof, two hundred feet or more upward. Around the crypt, which is entered at the foot of the high altar of the church, are ranged columns supporting the floor of the gallery above. Immense bronze statues of "Civil Force" and "Military Force" stand at each side of the bronze doors, while the marshals Napoleon loved most, Bertrand and Duroc, stand in marble, marking their tombs at each side. A marble figure of Napoleon in coronation robes faces the entrance, lighted dimly year in and year out by a glimmering lamp. At the feet of this are deposited the sword and hat worn by the Emperor at Austerlitz, his insignia of the Legion of Honor, a gold crown presented him by the city of Cherbourg, and three keys that locked the casket in which his corpse was conveyed from St. Helena. Draped above these are the few flags captured in Napoleonic battles, and saved to France by having been presented by the Emperor to the Senate, and kept in private hands until the conquering allies had withdrawn from France. The monolith rises colossal—almost eloquent of its purpose—from a pavement of mosaic representing rays of varicolored light extending from the sarcophagus. This really inspiring mausoleum was begun in 1843 and finished in 1861, while the hero's nephew was on the throne. The total cost of the transformation under the dome, the tomb, marbles, and decorations, reached the moderate sum of 6,744,000 francs. Of this sum the ceremonial foots up 1,800,000, the statuary, 617,000 francs.

It is a world by itself and a life by itself the visitor sees, not only in the vast edifice of the Invalides, but in the segment of the city called the quarter of the Invalides. The veterans—3000 in number—are signalized from their active comrades by a uniform soberer in color, and more readily adaptable to legless and armless bodies. Wherever an Invalide goes he is petted and caressed. Public places will take no money from him; cabbies will let him ride free; railways entertain him, if he has a journey to make, at the merest cost. As a rule, the veteran does not go out much. He is better housed than he ever dreamed of in his hale and hearty days. His dormitory is a model of comfort and cleanliness. His rations are ample and wholesome. His wine is plenty, and tobacco is supplied *à discrétion*. But the unique passion of the halt, maimed, or ailing is the little patch of green allotted each. These spots are cherished as no beauty could cherish her boudoir. Here from sunrise until sunset the veteran works, smokes, reads, or plays a quiet game with a comrade. He has the earliest flowers in spring, the latest in autumn—many a patriotic duchess makes it a point to wear the *fleurs des Invalides* on occasions of state, to help fill the soldiers' exchequer. The Invalide eats, sleeps, and takes his pastime in an atmosphere of art and military souvenirs. On the walls of the immense refectories on the ground-floor are painted scenes of battle in which his compatriots won glory; acres of arcades are peopled with life-size marbles of the renowned warriors of France. In the attics, lighted by mansards, are plans wonderfully executed of all the strong places of his country. A library of a million volumes is open from ten in the morning until nine at night for his instruction. In the Museum he may study fire-arms of every form since the invention of gunpowder. Memorials as well as portraits and statues of all the great captains of France are reverently enshrined in this superb apartment. The Church of St. Louis, occupying an end of the quadrilateral, is filled Sundays and holidays with perhaps the most imposing corps the French army organization contains, the relics of those who fought for *la patrie* from 1848 down to the wounded from Tonkin and Siam. Over the grand altar the Yankee may gently feel his heart swell at the sight of flags taken from the British at the siege of Boston, Quebec, and in the West Indies, for they recall the combats of our earliest organized efforts. The church contains a score of recesses called chapels, each dedicated to some of the renowned warriors of the French race. Perhaps the most interesting is St. Theresa, where Napoleon I. transferred the monument of the great Turenne, banished from St. Denis when the Revolution destroyed the tombs of royalty in 1792. Facing Turenne is the monument of the first and greatest master of fortification known in the art of war—Vauban. In the capacious squares and quadrangles an army in marble perpetuates hundreds of the great names of France. The buildings are themselves well worth study, but it would require a volume merely to enumerate them. Every façade, every quadrangle, recalls great names in architecture, design, and plastic arts. The world that flocks to Paris in 1900 will agree that the commission has done wisely in making this grandiose monument the centrepiece of the Millennial Exhibition.

LOGGING-RAILROAD RAVAGES.

The rapidity with which the forests of the remaining lumber States are being denuded of their trees is something which calls for not only earnest protest but prompt State or national interference. The introduction of the logging-railway has done much to accelerate the slaughtering.

Under the old method of lumbering the destruction of the forests was sure enough, but it was slow in comparison with the work as now carried on in the regions where the logging-roads are in operation. One of the roads now tapping the great lumber region at the head-waters of the Mississippi River will illustrate the case. The pine-trees are cut down in the same manner as under the old method of work. They are loaded upon low sleds called "go-devils" and drawn to the side of the railroad track, where they are piled up awaiting the loading.

Formerly the logs were hauled to a certain point and there loaded upon great sleds which carried the logs to the bank of some adjacent stream. The logs were unloaded upon the stream's icy surface, and allowed to remain there until the ice broke up in the spring, when the logs would be floated down to the mills. The logging-railroad does away with all this. It runs directly into the timber country, and then stretches out spurs in every direction, four, five, or even ten miles in length, each spur tapping a separate region. Thus it makes no difference whether the timber is situated alongside a stream or not. The logs are loaded upon the cars on all these spurs and drawn by stout engines down to the main track from which the spurs diverge. Here long logging-trains are sent out to some point down the Mississippi, perhaps seventy-five miles from the spurs.

The trains are unloaded directly upon the Mississippi, and the shipment down stream from this point in the spring is rendered very easy. The cars are wide, short affairs built expressly for the logging trade. They are supplied with air-brakes, for sometimes the grades are heavy, and if one of these trains of thirty or sometimes thirty-five loaded cars got away from the engineer, serious results would be bound to follow. The engines are small but powerful, some of the mountain-climbers, as they are called, in use in mining-work in the mountains being used.

With the introduction of these logging-roads of course very much larger crews can be put to work in a given locality, for the trains can carry out a vastly larger supply of logs than could be hauled out on sleds. In one location in northern Minnesota the men in a single general camp, composed of some seven sub-camps at the termini of as many spurs, will cut, and the trains will haul, during the present season, one hundred and sixty million feet of logs.

The estimate made that in ten years there will not be left a piece of available timber in the State of Minnesota if the Indian reservations, containing vast quantities of timber, are opened up to the axe, seems to be rendered all the more probable in view of the enormous energies of the logging-railroads.

THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

Although it has been admitted by the English government in the House of Commons, and by the State Department in the United States, that negotiations are going on between the two countries looking to an adjustment of the Venezuelan difficulty, nothing definite has been made known as to the scope of the negotiations or the methods and plans of the proposed settlement. Public opinion on both sides of the water seems to regard this step as the beginning of a complete and satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

Meanwhile the United States Commission is continuing its painstaking and thorough investigation to determine, if possible, the true boundary-line between the English and Venezuelan possessions. The Commission has added to its staff George L. Burr, Professor of Mediæval History of Cornell University. Professor Burr is one of the few men in this country who have ever given a course in college in deciphering ancient and mediæval manuscripts of rare importance. His work for the Commission will be to examine manuscripts in the archives of various countries to which the Commission will have access. Professor Burr for years was the favorite pupil and intimate friend of the Hon. Andrew D. White, of the United States Commission.

The British Blue-Book on the controversy has been revised, and several errors of more or less importance, due to the haste in which the book was prepared, have been corrected. The English press has not received the British side of the case in a spirit of unanimity, but there can be no doubt that the desire of the English people is for a fair and speedy settlement of the incident.

The Hon. E. J. Phelps, ex-minister to St. James from the United States, recently delivered a lecture on the Venezuelan question in Brooklyn. He took strong ground against the contention of the United States government in the case, and declared that when exhaustive inquiry into the boundary dispute had been made he was sure that it would be found that there really was, and had been, no actual boundary-line between the possessions of Great Britain and Venezuela.

THE BOOMS.

(With apologies to Poe and everybody else.)

Hear the Presidential booms—
Early booms.
What a world of candidates there are for saline flumes!
How they bumble, bumble, bumble
In the papers of the day!
How full soon some of them tumble,
Into ashes turn and crumble,
And like flowers fade away—
Like a dream, dream, dream!
Like a sudden spirt of steam
From a teapot on the table in ye ancient maiden's rooms,
Rise the booms, booms, booms, booms,
Booms, booms, booms,
Rise the booming and presuming early booms.

Hear the mellow Morton boom—
Golden boom!
What a world of "harmony" his honor must assume!
In the town of Albany
What a fund of ghoulish glee,
As the molten-golden notes,
Long and green,
Bring grand visions of good votes
From the voter who is stable and the vôter plain who "floats"
On the scene.
Oh from out the sounding "hats"
How we hear that voice of Platt's!
How it spats!
How it scats
All the vile opposing flats
With their strident cry of "Rats"
'Gainst the grooming and the blooming
Of the boom, boom, boom,
Of the boom, boom, boom, boom,
Boom, boom, boom,
Of the grand old Uncle Levi's gilt-edged boom!

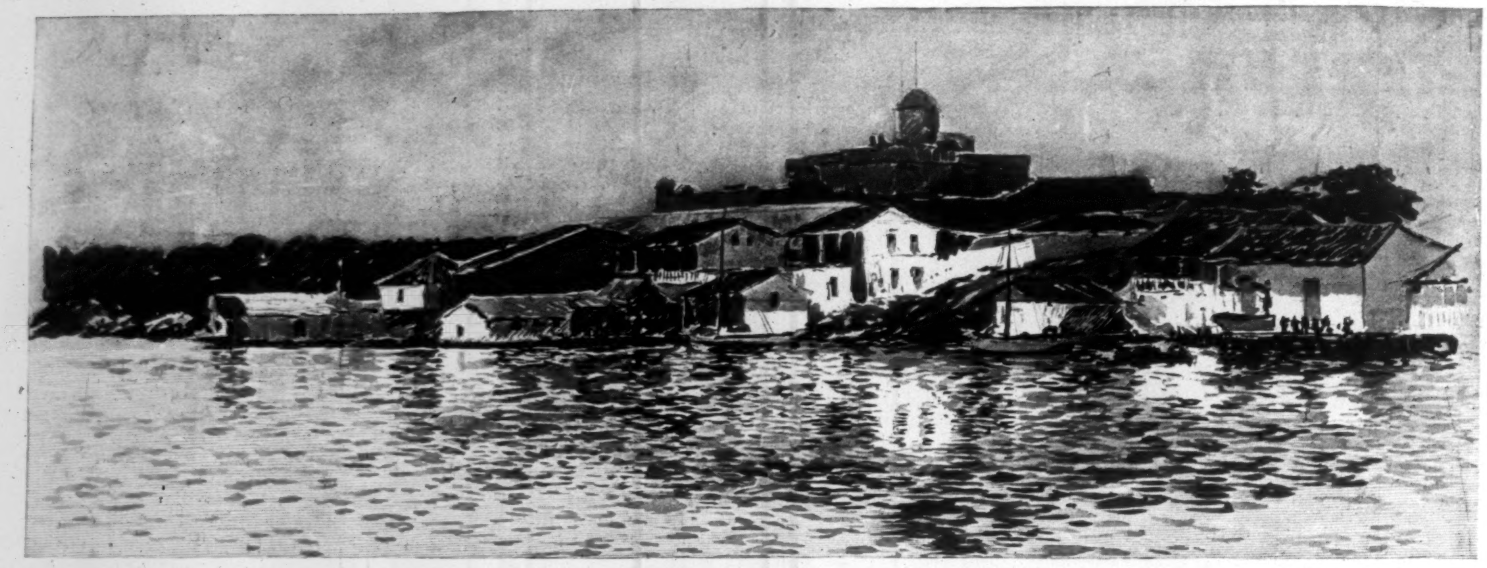
Hear the loud alarum boom—
Morgan's boom!
What a tale of blizzard speech, what turbulences fume,
When we listen to the tongue
Of this man of mighty lung!
How we listen weeks and weeks
As he speaks, speaks, speaks—
Awful bore!—
In a clamorous appealing to the nations of the earth
To help his aspirations to the Presidential berth;
Shrieking louder, louder, louder,
For a chance to use his powder,
In a resolute endeavor
To orate fore'er and ever
Till there's war!
Oh that boom, boom, boom!
Oh the Senators' fell doom—
Pretty dears!—
As they sit and stretch their limbs,
As he pours out all his whims,
Full of whooping, on their drooping, weary ears!
Yet those ears they fully know
By his banging
And haranguing,
As his eloquence doth flow,
There's no danger in that boom—
Pretty boom, boom, boom!—
In the clamor and the clangor of the warlike Morgan boom.

Then the boom of Mr. Reed—
Tommy Reed!
What a quiet girlish boomlet 'tis indeed!
'Tis as gentle as the robin
With his red breast and its throbbin'
In the spring.
How it peeps, peeps, peeps,
How it chirps and mildly cheeps,
Till McKinley hardly knows it's in the ring!
How it cuts no foolish capers
That will get it in the papers—
Sly young thing!
Is the boom, boom, boom—
Is the Presidential boom
Of the canny candidatelet that hath hardly seemed to bloom.

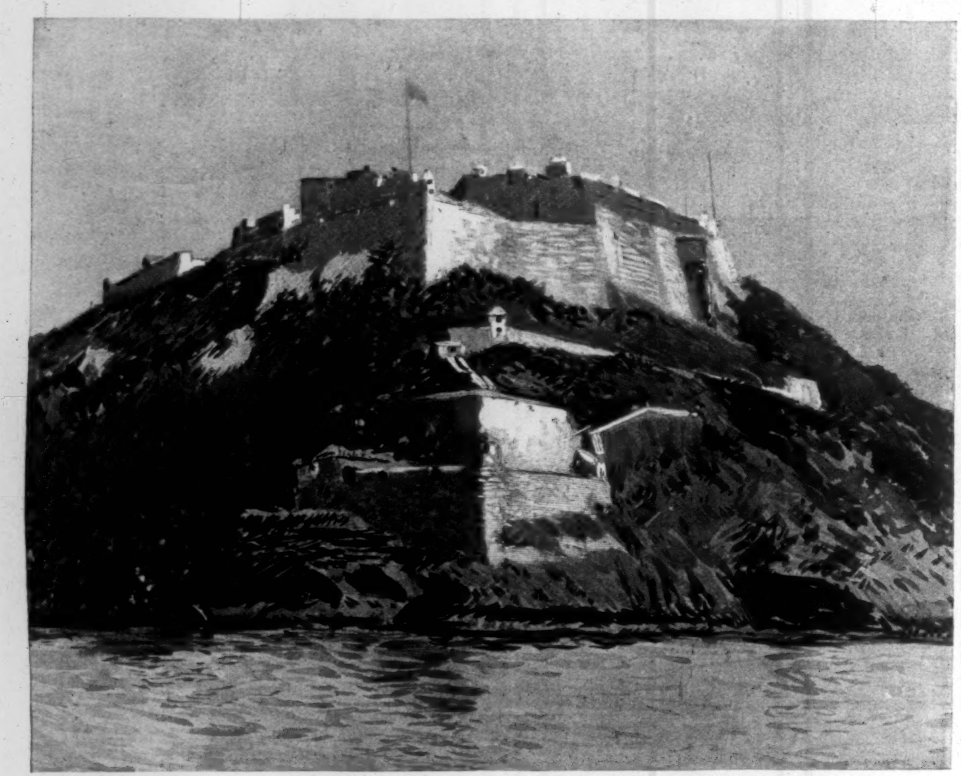
There are sundry other booms:
Silver booms;
And McKinley's roused protection from the tombs.
There are booms for Henry Cabot,
With whom scrapping is a habit;
And for Bill—
Hampshire's Bill—
With his gas, gas, gas,
It hath come these days to pass
He has just as much a boomlet as hath any in his class—
In the class of Lodge and Peffer;—
He is shining bright as ever
With his boom.

But the booms, booms, booms
Of the early days of spring
None assumes, sumes, sumes
Will amount to anything.
So we'll wait for the conventions, and the voters with their
brooms,
Ere we give consideration to these booms—
These booms, booms, booms, booms,
Booms, booms, booms—
Ere we rend our hearts in terror of these early April booms!

John Kendrick Bangs.



FORT AT ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.



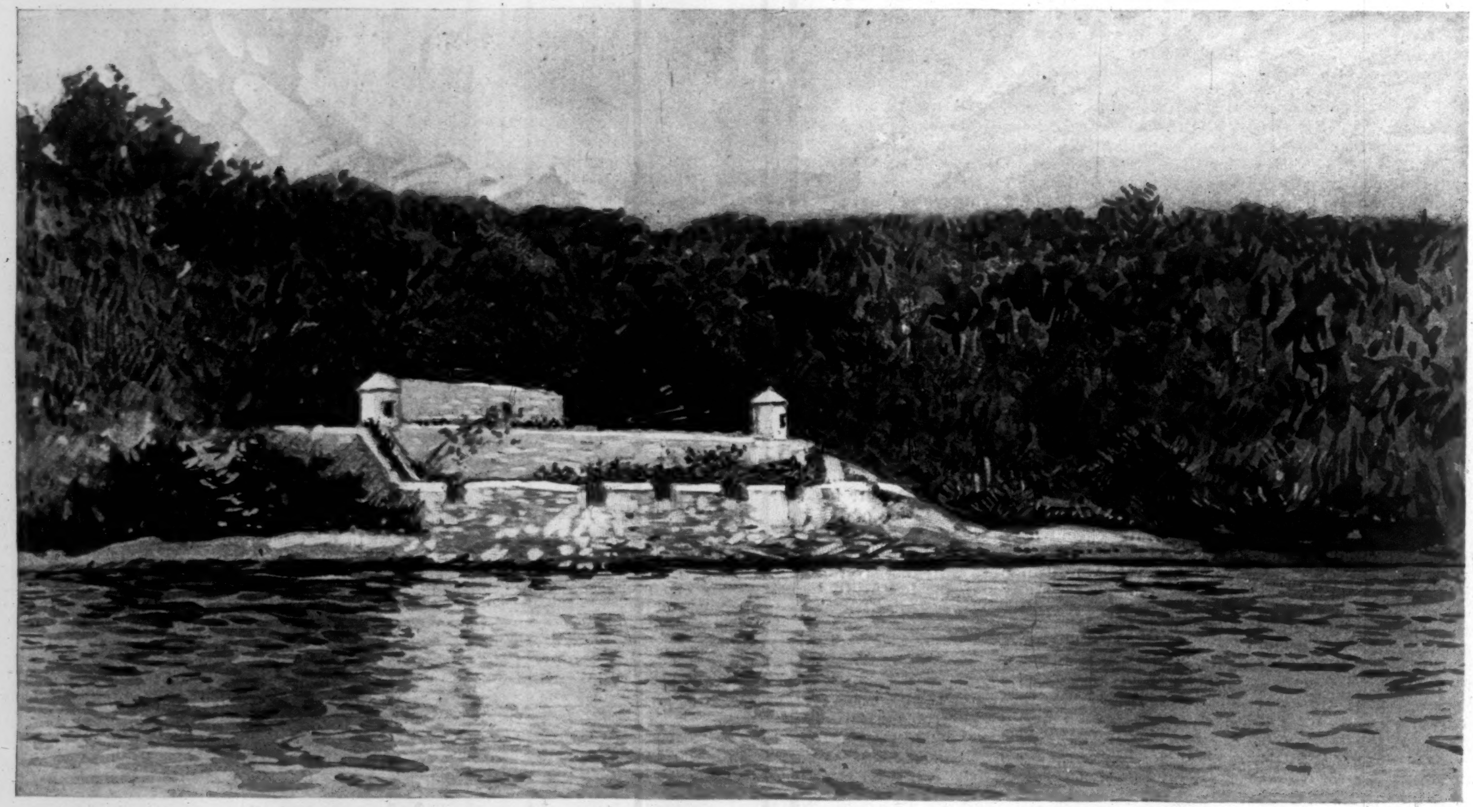
OLD FORT AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

THE STRUGGLE IN CUBA.

THE second struggle of importance by the Cubans for freedom from Spain has now lasted more than a year. The Cubans are still unconquered, and although their actual fighting strength is probably only one-quarter the fighting strength of the Spanish in the island, the advantage of the struggle may be said truthfully to lie with them. The summer rains begin this month, and this fact, with the approaching heat, will soon put a stop to further campaigning for several months. Fever, it is expected, will now play worse havoc with the Spanish soldiers than insurgent bullets or machetes.

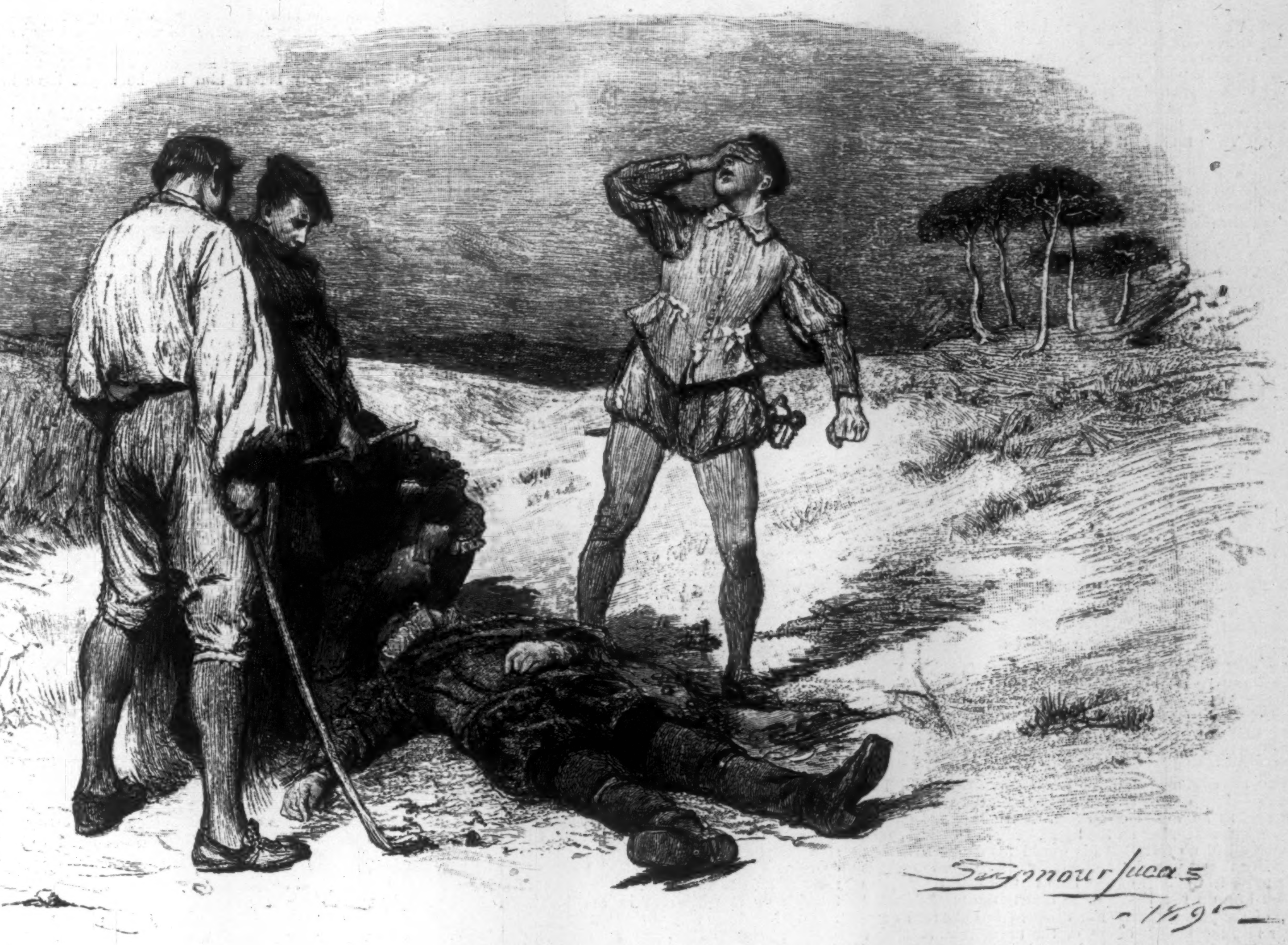
It is agreed generally that Spain has nearly 150,000 men in arms in Cuba. It is also agreed generally that at no time have the insurgents had more than 40,000 men under arms. There seems to be no doubt that Generals Maceo and Gomez have roamed at will through the island, and that General Weyler, like his predecessor, General Martinez Campos, has been practically "bottled up" in Havana. The insurgents adopt guerilla warfare. The Spaniards do not seem to be able to match them in that kind of a struggle. The latest exploit of note by General Gomez was a brilliant raid by night on the fortified city of Santa Clara on March 24th. His troops dashed clear into the city's plaza, captured the ammunition that had been brought there for safety, and after remaining in town four hours, left in safety. The boasts of various Spanish generals that they would put down the rebellion in a certain number of months have been unfulfilled in every case.

Stories of atrocities, equalled only by the well-authenticated deeds of the war twenty years ago, are reaching this country day by day. Old men, women, children, and inoffensive non-combatants are said to have been killed ruthlessly. Many Spanish "victories," the Cubans say, consist of these butcheries, and assert that they are using only civilized methods of warfare, and that they do not and will not retaliate for these alleged butcheries. The lack of artillery is said to be felt keenly by the insurgents. Until they can fortify a city they cannot hope to have even a temporary home for their provisional government, nor expect to fight decisive battles with the Spaniards.



WATER BATTERY AT ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

SOME HARBOR FORTS OF CUBA.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.



THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MURDER AMONG THE SAND HILLS.

IT was broad day and a pleasant May morn when my master and I said our farewells at the gate of Culzean. With my own hands I had saddled for Sir Thomas his war-horse. But he, coming down arrayed in his plain suit of dark Flemish cloth, bade me take it back to the stable and get him instead a pacing palfrey which he loved because Marjorie had used to ride it.

So he kissed his bairns, for the lads and Nell stood by the door on the landward side watching us with earnest eyes.

"Keep the castle, James," he cried, "till I come back!"

"Aye," said Sandy, "we will keep it for you, faither."

For Sandy came ever to the forefront, setting himself naturally before slow and quiet Jamie.

Then Nell came near and kissed her father. But she and I looked the one at the other as friends look, yet before folk we did not so much as touch hands.

So down through the woods we went into the little caller blinks of morning sunshine which came between the trees, and anon coming out upon a bare knoll as into a room with a removed and spacious ceiling. For there at our feet was the plain of the sea, sparkling and blue, beyond it again the hills of Arran, and to the south the shoulder of the Craig of Ailsa, heaving skyward like a monster of the ocean stranded in the shallows.

Very pleasant was my master's discourse as we went, of the wonderful peace that he was going to bring upon the land of Carrick from his doings with the King and Council in Edinburgh. Specially he spoke with thankfulness of the present friendship of Auchendrayne, of the young Bargany, who should for long be under tutors, and of our own Earl, now tired of the feud and eager for a lasting peace.

"It needs," said he, "that one should take on him all the burden and heat of the day, and carry the matter through. And I, that am no warrior, but a quiet man dwelling in mine own house and daunering about mine own fields, may-be able to do more than many battalions. For I have some influence with the King—a man that loves grave discourse upon occasion."

So pleasantly talking together in this fashion, speaking the kindliest things of all the enemies of his house, and all the time making of many excuses for them, Sir Thomas kept his palfrey at the amble.

Presently we come to the Castle of Greenan, which stands on a sea crag, and looks right bravely over the Bay of Ayr and upon the little town thereof. It belonged to Kennedy of Balterson, a gossip and well-wisher of Culzean's.

"Now," said my master, "I must see if Balterson is at home. I think truly that he is. For there is a reek coming up very freely from the lum. And John was ever a big eater and a long lier in the mornings. What a pleasantry if I should raise him from between the blankets! It would be a great cast-up all the days of his life."

So we lighted down in front of the castle yett. I tied the horses together, and walked about the cliff edge, looking out to sea and over the sands of Ayr, thinking of many things. Mostly my thoughts ran on the treasure of Kelwood, and whether I should ever win it. Of Nell, too, and what she meant by patting me on the cheek when we met my mother; of the tutor's words to my father that one day I should have a handle to my name and a down-sitting as good as any. Plenty had I to think about that caller morn in May, as indeed a young man of spirit ought to have.

And it was not very long before Sir Thomas came out with John Kennedy of Balterson, a grave and portentous man of heavy figure, richly arrayed, more like the provost of a town than a country laird. And these two paced up and down the narrow terrace walk of Greenan Castle, turning and returning, wheeling and countering, as on the quarterdeck of a ship. But of the matter of their discourse I know nothing, though I guessed it to have been concerning the making up of peace between the enemies in the lands of Carrick and Kyle.

It was near to ten of the clock and close upon the time appointed for the tryst with Auchendrayne that we mounted at the yett of Greenan to ride on our way to Holmestone Ford.

"Sorry am I," said my master, "that I have not had spoken word with John Muir ere I go. But I know his loving desire for my success, and he knows well my affection for him."

We rode down from the castle crag of Greenan, and came out upon the links. These are here all sandy, and cast up into little mounds and hills, and bitten into by the little pits and dungeons called of them that play at the golf bunkers.

"Launcelot, ride a little way in front. It approaches the hour of noon, and I would do my devotion and meditate a little alone," said Sir Thomas to me. So I drew myself a bowshot before him, riding upon Dom Nicholas, and taking my hat in my hand. I rode easily, enjoying the sea-breeze that cooled my brow and tossed my hair. I wondered if ever the time would come when I should think about my religion at noon of a fine heartsome day. It seemed a strange time enough for a hale man to set to his prayers.

Presently I saw a man stand upon my right hand above me upon a sand hill. And he raised his hand as one that cried to clear the course in a game, so I thought no more of the matter, but looked round, thinking that he cried to my master, who was riding with bared-head and his little red Testament in his hand.

Suddenly, even as I looked, I heard the sound of shots behind me, and turning Dom Nicholas about, I saw my master reel in his saddle, and the white, blowing reek of gunpowder rise all above him, from behind the desolate sand hills among which the murderers had darned themselves. Drawing my sword, I set spurs to the sides of Dom Nicholas and galloped back. I saw master lying on his back on the sand, and his palfrey galloping away with streaming mane. A little black crowd of men stood and knelt about him, and I saw the flash of steel as one of them lifted a knife and struck.

I yelled aloud to them in my agony, and bade them wait till I came. So they made front against me, some of them leaping on their horses, and some biding a moment to put as it had been booty into their saddle-wallets.

It was Thomas Kennedy, called the Wolf of Drummurchie, that withstood me as I came thus furiously upon Dom Nicholas. With him I first crossed swords, while one, Walter Muir of Cloncaird, held off a little warily, watching to win in at me when I gave him opportunity. With the corner of my eye I saw the same tall man whom I had seen making the warning signal. He held up his hand as before. Then he leaped on a horse which he had with him in a hollow of the sands. He was a tall man, with a hat pulled low over his eyes, and he wore the long gray cloak which had been so fatal a sign to us of Cassillis.

But ere I could see more I was upon the murderers with my sword. I struck and warded, till I gave Drummurchie a cut on the shoulder which made him fain to shift his sword arm. Then I wheeled and attacked Cloncaird furiously, who was a great mountain of a fellow, red of face and brutal of heart. And I had done for him too, had he been alone, for he was no man of his weapons. But I could see plainly enough three or four others charging of pistols and training of hackbuts, making ready to take an aim at me. Whereupon I knew that there was no use of spending my life for naught. So I rode over the hills straight at the tall man in the gray cloak, but such was the effect of an ill conscience that he took his cloak about his mouth as one that fears being known, and set spurs to his horse. I had not pursued far when I came to the top of a sand hill and saw a little cloud of citizens that played at the clubs beneath me. To them I rode as hard as I could, with the murderers' bullets splattering and throwing up little spirts of sand about me.

"Murder! Foul murder!" I cried. "Come hastily, for the Tutor of Cassillis is done to death!"

One of the citizens held up his hand to me as if to bid me be silent. For it was the putting stroke which he played, and of its kind difficult, so that men held their breath. But when it was made, and the ball holed, they ran to me quickly enough. For, alas! murder was so common in those days that men took little notice, unless he that fell was one that was some kin to themselves.

Nevertheless, they hasted when I cried who was my master and who were the villains that beset him. For the players were all burghers of Ayr, and feared that they should underlie the anger of the Earl and of the King if they gave not help when this slaughter was done, as it were, at their very gates.

Thus very quickly we came back to my dear master. He was lying on his back gazing up to the sky, the red blood welling from many ghastly wounds. All his rich plain Flanders cleading was torn and disarranged by the villains that had not disdained to despoil him after they had murdered him.

Yet there was some life left in him, and he turned his head, smiling as if thankful (after the hateful faces of his cruel enemies) to gaze at the last upon the countenances of friends. He was, as I thought, past speech. But he looked about in a way he had when he had lost something, and, being absent-minded, knew not for the moment what. I showed him his empty purse. But it was not that. So I looked round and saw nothing but some discharged pistols lying with broken lingels abroad upon the sand, and the little book he had been reading as his palfrey paced along.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

So I showed the latter to him, and he put out his hand for it. Then he held it a moment, kissed it, and gave it to me.

"Be a good lad," he said quietly and composedly. "Fear not for me; I go in friendship with all men. Poor, poor Cloncaird!" he said, thinking of his murderers, whom he had always befriended; "it is a pity for his wife and young family!"

Then he closed his eyes, and we thought he had already passed from us.

But presently he opened them again and looked at me.

"Be kind to Nelly!" he said, smiling so kindly at me that my heart nearly broke. He shook his head at seeing my grief and the tears running down For, indeed, I could not withhold them.

"There is no need," he said, reprovingly, "no need for the like of that ava'. Be a brave lad, Launcelot, and true to your God as you have been to me, that has been a loving master to you here below. I am only wae for the poor misguided lads that were so far left to themselves as to lay me here."

And with that there was but his body on the sands, for the spirit of the gentlest master that ever a man served had gone its way to its own Master.

But it was even as he said. There was no need for tears.

Then I stood up, and the terrible thought came in upon me like Solway tide. How, how shall I take him home to Helen Kennedy and to the stricken house of Culzean?

CHAPTER XXX

I SEEK FOR VENGEANCE.

AY, well might I say it. How was I to face Nell Kennedy—she that had with a long, kindly look committed her father into my keeping that very morning? Tenderly we lifted the body, which in life had been so noble and now was so pitifully mishandled. They had despoiled the dainty garmentry, torn the lace, and snatched the jewelry which Helen Kennedy had set in place when, daffing merrily, she prepared her father (as she said) to "gang before the King." But the King he went before was one, as he would often say, that looked not on the outer appearance, but on the heart. And of that Thomas Kennedy had no fear that his would not be well looked on. For it was upright, and kindly, and true, nor did it ever move to the hurt of any man in this world And as I took him up I saw still more clearly the black-hearted rage of the persecutors. For it showed as clearly as any other fact the hellish intent of the murderers, that they had taken time, even while I was in the act to come at them, to despoil my master of his purse with a thousand merks of gold therein. Nay, his very ring of fine diamonds they tore from his finger, and his golden buttons of wrought goldsmith-work were riven from his frilled sark—one murderous loon snatching one thing, and the other another, worse than brute beasts of the field.

We laid him gently upon the back of Dom Nicholas that all the time stood like a statue, and then, when all was ready, moved graciously and soberly away as though he had been well aware of the melancholy burden he bore. Even thus we brought him to the sea terrace of Greenan which he had so lately left.

And when John Kennedy of Baltersan heard the trampling of the horse on the flags of the court, he came out, crying heartily, as was the manner of the man:

"Wi' what's this, Culzean? Are ye back again?"

So running to the door he stood with his table-knife in his hand and a bit of his midday meal thereupon, astonished beyond the utterance of words.

"What's this? What's this?" he cried. "Oh, sirs, what foul work is here? Who has done this?"

And I told him their names—at least, so far as I knew them.

"Thomas of Drummurchie!" he cried, "it shall not be the uplands of Barr parish that shall keep ye frae the stark sword of John Kennedy of Baltersan. And thou, Walter Muir of Cloncaird, that has so often sat in this house of the Greenan, I shall lay thee as low as thou hast laid my friend this day."

But I begged Baltersan to think of something else than the taking of revenge—of which in all good time. So presently he got me a horse litter with two steady-going beasts, and I walked alongside with Dom Nicholas arching his head and treading softly as if he also mourned. Thus we came to the town of Maybole, which was as our own place. And such dule and lament as there was that day saw I never anywhere.

For the town had loved him as its liege lord, far more than either John, Earl of Cassillis, or his father the King of Carrick. Such a congregation met us at the town gate. The women crying the cry of death, the men cursing and calling vengeance. The minister was there to pray, and all classes and conditions were moved to tears.

And ere we were well past the Foul Alley there were twenty men on horse to chase the murderers, with John Kennedy of Baltersan at their head. But they might as well have chased the wind. For by this time, with the relays of horses that had been ordered for them, they were safe among the wild country on the borders of Kyle.

Of the sad home-coming of Culzean I declare I cannot write at length. At the entering in of the woodland I left them, and upon Dom Nicholas I rode forward to do the bitterest work in my life—to tell Helen Kennedy that I brought only her father's corpse home with me.

And, as the chance befel, it was at least half a mile before I reached the home gate of Culzean, where one sees for the first time the gray turrets sitting against the dimpled blue of the tide, that I was aware of Nell Kennedy coming towards me, singing a catch and swaying a flourish of may-blossom in her hand. I have never rightly loved the may since that day.

But as soon as she saw me she stopped her song and clutched her fingers close upon her palm, for the flowery branch lay at her feet.

"What is wrong?" she cried, when I came near to her. But I could not answer till I had leaped from Dom Nicholas and taken her by the hand. She turned round, keeping me at the stretch of her arm so that she might read the news, good or bad, in my eyes.

"Is it my father? Tell me," she said very calmly.

"Nell, it is your father," I said as quietly. "They set upon him and hurt him, even when he had sent me on a little way before him that he might have his midday quiet—"

"Is he dead—tell me—is he dead?" she broke in. But I answered her not; for I couldn't. So she knew, and in an instant grew pale and still as the man that was dead.

"Take me to him," she said, at length. And seeing that I still hesitated, she said, "Do not fear. I will do all that a daughter of Culzean should do."

"They are bringing him now," I said. "I came to tell you. The feet of the horses that carry him are even now upon the brae."

Then, when I had told her all, I ended the tale with my tears and with crying out that which was in my heart, "Oh, would to God I had died instead of him!"

"Launcelot," Nell said, "that is useless, and not well said. Be comforted. None would have done one-tenth so much as thou hast."

"Bless you, Nell!" I said. For I fear she had broken upon me with railing.

And it was by the great oak-tree which sends its boughs over the road that we met the bier and the horses stopped. Even thus Nell Kennedy met her father; and there was not a tear on her face, but a great calm. She silenced the noisy limmer wives that went behind crying and mourning aloud. So we went onward to Culzean, Nell walking on one side of the bier, and I on the other, leading Dom Nicholas by the bridle.

And as the body passed the drawbridge, a sudden gust from the sea snatched his knightly pennon from the topmost turret tower of the battlement of Culzean, which was held a freit and a warning by all the folk of Carrick. For though the master had come home to his own, yet both Culzean and I were now masterless.

In due time we gave him stately funeral, carrying him forth upon a day so calm, so breathless that the banners did not wave as they swept the dust. And thereafter all life seemed to stop when we came home to the darkened house. James and Sandy, the two young lads, played no more in the tennis-courts, but went about with linked arms speaking of revenge; and little David abode with Nell and went forth with her, clinging winsomely to her hand. For we abode within bars and ramparts, with the drawbridge up, watching the fruit ripening on the walls of the orchard of Culzean in all that splendid summer of the murder of our Lord and master.

Slowly I thought over many things, till the resolve to bring the matter to a head came upon me. From the Earl as Bailzie of Carrick I got warrant, according to my dead master's word and direction, to be doer for the young man James, who was now the heir of Cassillis. For Earl John knew that Launcelot Kennedy was no self-seeker; also they that stood about had told to him the tutor's last words, that I was to be a good lad and to be kind to Nelly. It was Adam Boyd, of Penkil, and David Somerville, hosier, in Ayr, that told him this, and they were two of those that played golf by the sand hills on the day of the foul slaying under trust.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

BY LIEUTENANT S. A. STAUNTON, U.S.N.

WITH each succeeding session this school, which, like many other valuable institutions, began in a small way, and has attained its present position through steady progress and development, commends itself more definitely to the confidence and support of naval officers.

It is not in any sense a technical establishment. It has no laboratories nor workshops, nor does it touch upon the details of professional acquirement and knowledge. These are previously obtained elsewhere—at the Naval Academy in the first instance; later at sea in cruising-ships, in actual contact with men, guns, torpedoes, and machinery; and on shore at navy-yards and manufacturing stations.

The officers who form the classes at the War College are therefore by no means novices. They have all had considerable naval service, and an experience more or less varied. Some of them have grown gray in the service and have commanded ships; for the classes include captains and commanders as well as lieutenants and ensigns. And the course of the college has the same relation to and value for the captain that it has for the ensign. It is not in any sense a post-graduate course, merely supplementing, broadening, and confirming an education elsewhere commenced. It is the application of both knowledge and experience previously gained to the solution of problems of warfare. To this task the college staff brings its preparation and studies for the benefit of the class; and the class contributes by its investigation, discussion, and suggestions to the solution of the questions proposed. Joint effort of this character has been held by no less an authority than Von Moltke to be the most effective and thorough method of teaching in time of peace the art of war.

The value of such an institution, if its purposes are pursued with industry and sincerity, cannot successfully be questioned; and it should be stated, to the credit of the navy, that no progressive enterprise so far undertaken has failed to find zealous and competent advocates among its officers, who give freely of their time and best efforts to make it a success. Yet the value of the War College has been disputed, and in its early years it followed a thorny and difficult path. Like every progressive movement in the navy, from the establishment of the Naval Academy to the present time it encountered professional opposition and criticism, which was at times so powerful that the most strenuous efforts of its friends barely saved it from an early and neglected grave.

There is a conservative and reactionary element in the navy, simply of the type of that which exists in all professional communities, and which not even the conditions and environment of a life somewhat peculiar and isolated, and the same for all naval officers, materially affect. Each feature of progress is opposed because it means change. Each step in advance is contested because it lacks service precedent, and must meet, fight, and ultimately defeat this element, which then falls into the rear of the procession in reluctant acquiescence, and renews its forces for the next struggle. Of course the new ideas always win—always have won—in navies and in armies as in more peaceful fields of effort; otherwise we should still be fighting with smooth-bore guns carried in wooden sailing-vessels, and perhaps even entertaining certain regrets at the suppression of bows and arrows.

In a brief historical sketch of the War College one can read between the lines the ups and downs in its struggle for existence. Its establishment was recommended by a board consisting of Rear-Admiral Luce, Commander Sampson, and Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, which was convened in June, 1884, and was accomplished the following October by an executive order which placed it on Coasters' Harbor Island, near Newport, Rhode Island. Admiral Luce was the first president, and the first class of eight officers assembled in September, 1885, for a course of one month. In June, 1886, Admiral Luce was detached to command a squadron, and Captain Mahan became president of the college. In '86, '87, and '88 there were classes of about twenty officers each year for courses of from two and a half to three months. In the winter of '88 and '89 Congress consolidated the War College and Torpedo Station, placing the whole under the officer in charge of the latter, and Captain Mahan was detached. In '89 there was a combined course of torpedo instruction and War College lectures, which was not considered successful. The two branches of instruction are totally different—one strictly mechanical and technical, the other of historical study, strategic investigation, and general application; and the attempt to combine them was a predestined failure. For the two years thereafter—'90 and '91—there was no War College course. The friends of the college, however, rallied their forces after its transfer to the Torpedo Station, and an act of Congress, approved in March, 1889, provided for the construction at the Torpedo Station, for use by that station and the War College, of a building to cost $100,000. A later act, approved June, 1890, provided for transferring the War College and Torpedo School from the Torpedo Station to Coasters' Harbor Island. This separated the War College from a manufacturing station, carried it back to its original location, where its purposes could best be realized, and while still nominally associating with it instruction in torpedoes, subordinated this instruction to the main purpose of the college. And, in fact, all the technical instruction in torpedoes which officers have since that time received has been given them at the Torpedo Station.

The building above provided for was begun in September, 1891. In July, 1892, Captain Mahan was again ordered to assume the presidency of the college. The first class under the new order of things assembled in September, '92, and was twenty-five in number. In May, '93, Captain Mahan was sent to sea, and no class was ordered for that year. Strong influences adverse to the college were brought to bear, and again its prospects were very gloomy. But Secretary Herbert took a decided stand in favor of maintaining it, Captain H. C. Taylor was ordered as president late in '93, and the successful courses of '94 and '95 have confirmed its value and importance.

The War College has therefore passed through the dangers of infancy, has acquired a growth and stature of its own, and has become established as a factor in naval training for the ultimate and higher duties of the profession—the crucial test of war. Each year has multiplied its friends and diminished the number of those who are willing to be considered its enemies. The admirable books on sea-power by Captain Mahan, which have brought so much honor to him, and through him to the service to which he belongs, owe their origin to lectures prepared by him for delivery at the War College. The far-reaching influence of sea-power in all that affects the many-sided development of an active dominant race has never been so clearly and cogently presented as by this distinguished author, who was an early president of the college; and the fame so justly awarded to the president falls in diminished degree also upon the institution over which he once presided.

The object and scope of a new institution may be defined and illustrated in answers to the criticisms by which it is attacked. Of these the Naval War College meets two classes—the first that it is "playing at war," the second that it cultivates a Jingo sentiment, and therefore is contrary to the best interests of the country, which lie in the preservation of peaceful relations.

The first is in the main a professional criticism. It comes from the same group of officers—the conservatives above mentioned—who are opposed to making any preparation for an emergency if this preparation involves a change from existing methods. They admit that certain measures are necessary for war; but they oppose taking these measures until war has been declared. They propose to reorganize the personnel, to drill their fleets, and study their plans of campaign in the face of an enemy and under the stimulus of his presence; and they will trust the outcome to luck or to some other occult deity. They say that war games, lectures about war, and war problems are "playing at war" because they lack many of the conditions and features which attend actual conflict—the loss of life and material, the unforeseen contingencies and chances, and the human element that so often turns defeat into victory. They say that the imaginary attack may not be the real thing at all; that instead of attacking from the north, the enemy may attack from the south; that instead of assaulting the defences of the Race, he may force those of the Chesapeake; that in place of landing an expeditionary force in Rhode Island and menacing the communications of Boston, he may land in New Jersey and cut off New York. All this is true; and all this and much more may be true without impairing to any degree the value of war studies. All campaigns upon sea or land which are based upon sound strategy (and none other need be considered) resemble each other in their leading characteristics. They each have a definite object to accomplish, they strike the enemy's weakest points, they arrange their bases and lines of communication for convenient guarding, they operate if possible on interior lines. Details vary indefinitely, but the cardinal principles vary only in their application—not in their character.

The study of one campaign is therefore a study of all—is a lesson in warfare.

The problem presented to the class at Newport for the session of '95 assumed an attack from Halifax. On May 10th war is imminent. The enemy is assembling at Halifax. His probable plan is indicated, his force is estimated, and the conditions of his success are laid down. He must seize the coast from Portland to Boston before June 10th, and hold it until July 10th, to second certain movements of his land forces; otherwise the object of the campaign will not be attained.

On May 20th war is declared. The enemy's first fleet leaves Halifax; its strength and composition are given. It captures Provincetown and blockades Boston. May 25th the enemy's second fleet leaves Halifax; occupies Casco Bay and blockades Portland. Its strength is given, and it is known to be accompanied by 20,000 troops in fifty transports. The strength and distribution of our own naval force are given, and the solution of the problem is to formulate a plan in general and in its details for meeting this attack and defeating the enemy's designs.

The investigation includes a mass of minor problems, strategic and tactical: the determination of the lines of defence, of bases, of the methods of coal and other supply, of hospital service, inquiry into transport facilities both by land and sea, the careful examination of coast and inland waters, the defence of harbors by torpedoes and booms, the equipping of merchant-vessels for coast and harbor defence, the establishing of a coast signal service.

These are live professional topics; and what can be a better lesson in naval warfare than the knowledge which comes from their careful and systematic study and investigation? It is an epitome of naval defence; and an officer who has mastered the principles of this campaign has made great strides towards his preparation to cope with any other. If he can meet an attack from Halifax, he can meet one from Jamaica. If he can defend Long Island Sound, he can defend the Chesapeake. The conditions differ, the principles remain the same. If the conditions are understood, the application of the principles will be manifest. Military genius, in fact, is only luminous common-sense applied to exact knowledge of existing conditions.

But the scope of the college covers more than one problem. Each year a different one is proposed. To a problem in defensive warfare will succeed one in offensive warfare. An examination of coast defence will be followed by a study of the conditions which attend the despatch of an expeditionary force into an enemy's waters. One session will be occupied with the strategy of the Gulf of Mexico, another with that of the Pacific. One lecturer will deal with the protection of our own commerce, another with the destruction of an enemy's commerce. The sessions of a series of years will cover the whole field of naval operations, and include every feature of any naval warfare to which the United States may be a party; and all these problems will be set forth, not in a general and discursive manner, but with facts and figures, with an accumulation of exact data, with all the conditions of a campaign—the forces necessary and the radius of effective action of each element of these forces, the distances over which they may operate, and the relation of these distances to time and to mutual support, bases for coal and other supplies, lines of communication, and the guarding of both—so clearly deduced and presented that the conclusions are almost as definite and convincing as are those of a mathematical demonstration.

Furthermore, upon each situation is thrown the light of history. To the special conditions of each problem are applied the immutable principles of warfare as drawn from the great campaigns of great commanders both on land and sea.

No individual officer will take all of these courses, and few will take more than one; but each will go from the college with a certain acquirement of valuable knowledge, and with a quickened perception of the importance of this kind of study. It does not put it too strongly to say that to many intelligent officers this impression in its full proportions comes as a surprise and a revelation; so little does ordinary naval service in time of peace call attention to or invite effort in this direction.

It is not surprising that, in the energies called forth by the creation of a navy new and modern in all respects, replacing in the brief space of a dozen years a navy which in all respects was old and out of date, the principal efforts of its officers should have been absorbed by the purely technical questions involved in the supply of the material of war. The production in so short a time of ships, guns, and torpedoes, involving the creation of vast private and public industries hitherto unknown in the United States, and the training of an army of workmen in new pursuits, have been a task of such magnitude and difficulty as almost to preclude the diversion of professional attention in any other direction. The navy has been so much occupied in the acquisition of its new weapons and the training of men to their normal use that it has had little time to study their tactical value and their influence upon the art of war; and yet upon their successful employment the fortunes of war depend. There has been still less time to study strategy—those fundamental principles of war which are only modified, not substantially changed, by the weapons employed.

The Naval War College meets this defect, indicates the remedy, points out the method, and illustrates it by problems and examples. It is the sort of "playing at war" that Napoleon, Nelson, and Von Moltke found valuable as a preparation for their campaigns.

The second objection, viz., that the establishment of a War College, in common with all other efforts which tend to keep alive the military spirit of the navy, and to increase its military efficiency, betrays an improper "Jingo sentiment," and a desire on the part of naval officers for war for the sake alone of its glories and its opportunities, does not find frequent expression. The people and the press as a whole encourage the strengthening of the country's defences. But it is sometimes heard from influential quarters, and it betrays a fundamental inconsistency which should be pointed out.

No newspaper and no individual that opposes any measure tending to the perfection of the navy in the art of war can logically do otherwise than advocate the total abolition of the navy. A standing armed force, either land or sea, is maintained for the purposes of war, and for those purposes only. It supports and strengthens diplomacy in its insistence upon the just demands of a nation, and thus by its readiness averts war; or it is actually employed in the last resort when diplomacy fails. In these two *rôles* it finds the sole object of its creation and of its maintenance; and the degree of its preparation and efficiency for instant use is the measure of its value for the first as well as for the last; for the preservation of peace as well as for the prosecution of war.

One can understand the attitude of mind which objects to the existence of any armed national forces whatever; which regards war as immoral, a relic of barbarous ages, and is willing to make any concessions to avoid a conflict. This is logical and consistent. But to consent to the existence of a navy, and to object to efforts made to improve its efficiency for war, the sole and avowed object of that existence, is to present an absurdity which only fails to be instantly recognized as such because the casual reader considers the operations of war as remote and improbable—as removed from the plane of common life, and independent of the usual causes of success and failure. He has an impression that they are dependent upon sentiment and emotion, their issues controlled only by courage, patriotism, and the chances of the moment.

Every student of military history knows that the facts are quite the reverse. War is a business which requires the most careful and thorough preparation, the highest skill of organization and administration, and which, like other great enterprises, succeeds or fails as this preparation and management have been efficient or the contrary. The most reckless personal courage and exalted personal sacrifice, however dramatic, play a small, unimportant, and unsuccessful part unless there lie behind them the results of patient, monotonous, unwearied labor—a labor mostly performed in time of peace. The astounding German victories of '70 and '71 were won by the German General Staff before the cause of war had come into existence.

The actual conflicts of warfare—the meeting of armies upon the field and of fleets upon the sea—are only the final steps in a long train of events. When the elements and conditions of strategy are all in the possession of a general or admiral, and he has by successful strategy secured an advantage, he throws his army or his fleet upon his adversary and deals the effective blow. The world is thrilled by this event—the exultation of the victor, the confusion of the vanquished, the heroism and sacrifice, the destruction and carnage. Poems are written to keep alive its glories, and history records it in soberer phrase. Public interest centres wholly in the battle itself, and the long studious preparation that led up to it, with its mass of innumerable details, its plodding and patient industry, is unknown, or, if ever known, has been forgotten; and yet it has been the chief factor in the success of one nation and the defeat of another.

The preparation for modern warfare is so complete that no nation can safely neglect it, unless the deliberate national policy is to avoid under any circumstances an appeal to force. Great armies and great fleets can now be brought together, equipped and thrown upon their objective, with such precision and celerity that they can in no possible way be successfully met except by similar readiness. To delay until the necessity arises would be fatal. This preparation must therefore be made wholly in time of peace, and the work of the War College is an integral part of it. Ships and guns are essential; so are clear conceptions of the strategy and tactics, the formulated plans of campaign, which are to render them of the greatest value. In the estimate of efficiency they are inseparably connected.

AFIELD WITH FACT.

ADVENTURE OF AN AMATEUR BURGLAR.

ONE of the most worthy of the many worthy citizens of Bangor, Maine, is Mr. Webster Rodsworth. Mr. Rodsworth is the proprietor of a flour and feed store which has the reputation of being the best in Bangor. The cookery which takes the first prize at the Penobscot County Fair each year is always constructed from Mr. Rodsworth's flour. And as for the Rodsworthian feed, it is just about as good as the flour of many alleged rivals; and horses neigh with joy as they pass his store and catch savory whiffs of it with distended nostrils. His baled hay is really compressed poetry in a crude form, since he has seemingly caught the art of not only baling the material dried grass, but the very scent of the meadow, the ring of the merry mower's whetstone, the carolling gurgle of the bobolink, and the blithe air of the milkmaid; and his hay is compressed so tightly that the bales frequently explode, like bottles of champagne, and blow astonished hostlers through the barn window. But all of this is neither here nor there; the present interesting point about Mr. Rodsworth is that he is afraid of burglars.

Of course the appearance of an unknown, irresponsible, and irrelevant burglar in one's room at two o'clock in the morning is far from pleasant for any one, especially if he persists in tossing about the things in the bureau drawers and soliloquizing as to the probable fineness of one's jewelry; and doubtless few people can be said to love burglars; but, on the other hand, there are probably few who have such a well-defined terror of them as Mr. Rodsworth. Not that he has ever been visited by burglars; he has never to his knowledge so much as seen a burglar, though about four years ago a mysterious stranger came to his store and bought a bale of hay, and had it sent to a suspicious number in an ill-boding street, who had something in his pocket which rattled, and which Mr. Rodsworth made out as jimmies. But the fact of having so far escaped burglars has made Mr. Rodsworth doubly anxious to continue free from them. So naturally his mind has run much to bolts and bars, and chains and watch-dogs, and fire-arms and burglar-alarms, and other things of a restraining, destroying, or informing nature. For years Mr. Rodsworth has locked and double-locked his house at night. He has never gone to bed without standing the umbrella-holder against the front door, leaving the burglar-alarm set on a hair-trigger, and (so to say) filing the teeth of the family watch-dog. Mrs. Rodsworth has thought some of these precautions unnecessary, but she has said nothing.

But Mr. Rodsworth has had great difficulty in impressing his burglar views upon the family domestic. This fearless creature has seemed rather to court than to dread the attacks of burglars. Mr. Rodsworth has quite naturally thought that she ought to lock up the kitchen, but he has frequently, to his unspeakable horror, discovered after she has retired that only *one* lock of a kitchen window was fastened, or that the poker with a tin pan on it was *not* braced against the door. He has often chid her for her shortcomings in this direction. "It's not the loikes of sich thot oim afeard of," has been the girl's reply. "If they coom in it's mesilf as will be afther t'rowing of 'em out." Mr. Rodsworth has been too dumfounded to reply to such insane raving as this.

A week ago, having gone home late one night and found a kitchen window actually without bolt or bar, Mr. Rodsworth determined to teach the girl a needed lesson by giving her a scare which she would remember. His idea was nothing less than to impersonate a burglar, and as its cleverness fully dawned upon him the next day he rubbed his hands and chuckled softly. "I don't want really to injure the girl," he said to himself, "cause her hair to turn white, or anything of that sort, but I mean to frighten her so she won't forget it in a hurry." He became so taken up with thinking of the plan that he sent a bale of hay to a man who had ordered buckwheat flour, and charged up a bag of feed bought by a man notoriously slow of pay to a good customer.

That night he crept softly around to the rear of the house. Through the window he watched the unsuspecting girl do up her kitchen-work. He saw her bolt and chain the door, and adjust the poker and tin pan, and fasten one window but forget the other. Then she turned out the gas, and he heard her depart towards the front of the house. That was the ingenious Mr. Rodsworth's chance. He hastily threw open the window and stepped in. A chair stood at hand and he purposely overturned it. He heard the girl returning along the passageway. "Now to scare her," thought Mr. Rodsworth. He hit the chair another kick. "Who be ye?" came in the firm tones of the girl. "A—a bad man from Portland," answered Mr. Rodsworth, in deep, unnatural tones. "Where's the swag?" "Swag, is it?" cried the girl. "Take that—and that," and Mr. Rodsworth was struck by something which to the best of his knowledge and belief was the side-rail of an iron bedstead, though it may have been nothing but a simple rolling-pin. From this point it is to be regretted that the crafty Mr. Rodsworth's memories are confused. He can recall being seized by the collar by a rude female hand, and of then describing zigzag and irregular figures on the floor and in the air with his body. He seems then to have fallen into a condition of unconsciousness, his last clear recollection being of shouting fiercely that he was no burglar, but the head of the family, and his assailant's employer and master. How long the state of coma lasted he is unable to say, but he was aroused from it by being thrown at the open window, missing it, and, as it were, mashing against the wall. He then heard the girl declare that she must needs light the gas to the greater accuracy of her aim, something which she did. With the coming of the saving light the able Mr. Rodsworth rose to his feet. "Maggie," he said, sternly, "you have had a needed lesson. I frightened you for your own good. Never leave a window open again." Then he hobbled away to bed, making other remarks in the privacy of his own chamber, not, happily, necessary for publication.

The moral to this plain tale from Bangor will be furnished on application to any one not readily detecting it.

H. C.

RESIGNATION.

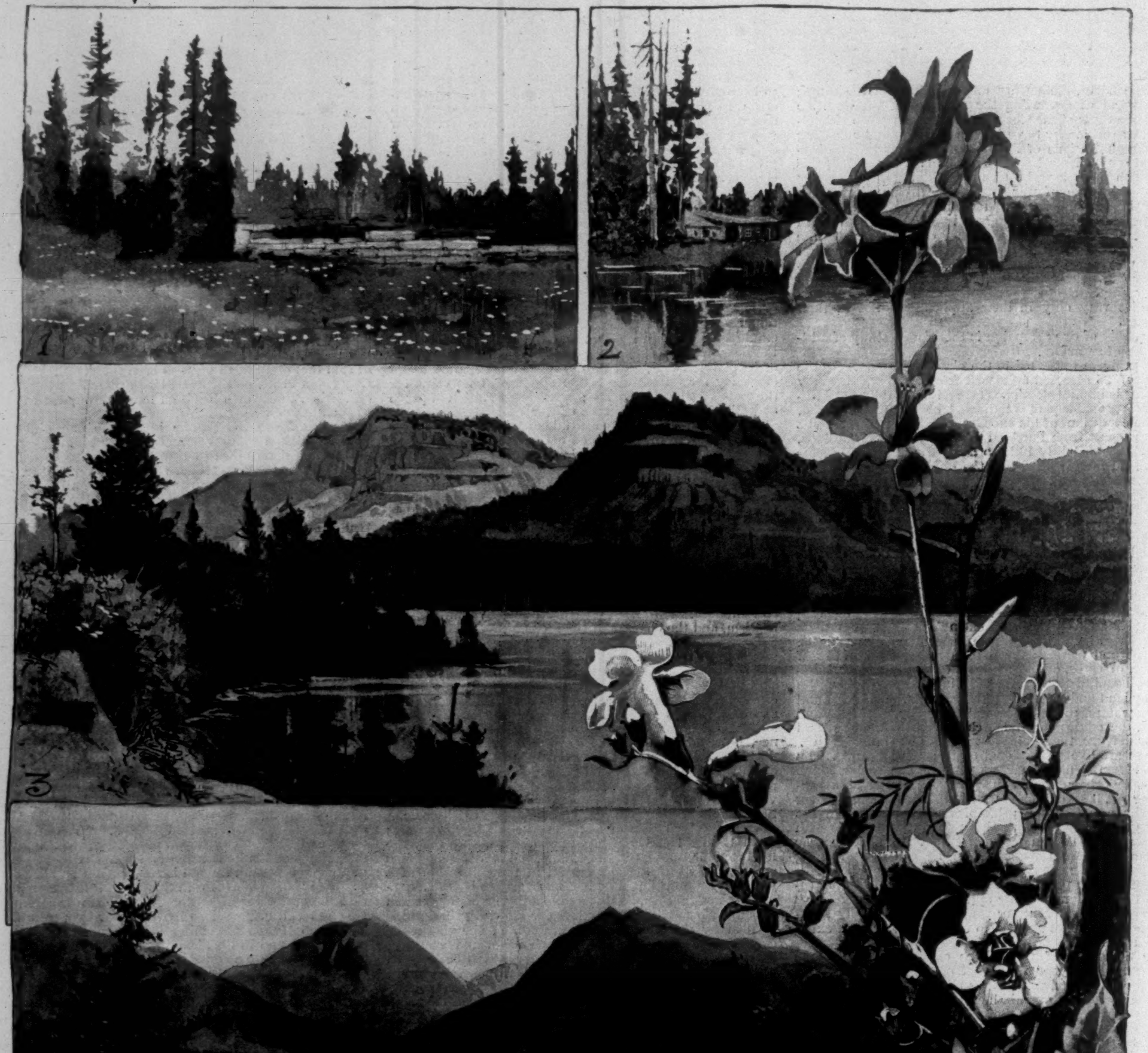
WHO wants to be immortal? Who would swap
A present glory for a future pop-
Ularity
Of wondrous rarity
When he is dead?
To be discussed
When low his head
Doth lie in dust?
Give me the love and praises of my day;
I care not what some future wight may say.
There is no reason to expect
The future man will be more circumspect

In matters literary
Than you, my own contemporary.
If you love me, that's all I ask.
'Tis not my task
To seek a meed of praise from one
Whose life a hundred years from now will be begun.
So, should it be my lot
To be forgot,
All right. I'm satisfied.
My children's pride
Will not eternally be vexed
By reading "text"—
This, that, and t'other—by some critic lout
Who nothing knows of what he writes about;
And the disgrace
Of brass cartoons set in the market-place,
If I must drink oblivion's cup,
Will not by any be set up.

* * * * * * * * *

Here's to the present! 'tis good enough for me.
I wouldn't give a rap for immortality.
Nay! If for naught I could control the whole,
I would not take a share of stock, upon my soul!
Yet, should it please the future that I thus should
shine,
I don't object—'tis their lookout, not mine!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE UTES.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 350.]

1. Natural wall-like Rocks; "The Rocks lay here in level Layers." 2. Deep Lake. 3. Trapper Lake. 4. Type of Mountain Lake (Twin Lake). 5. Where Settlement begins—a typical Cañon. Altitude, 7500 Feet.

ANCIENT NEW YORK MARKET RIGHTS—THURSDAY MORNING AT FULTON FISH MARKET.

Drawn by Al Hencke.—[See Page 351.]

INTO THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE UTES.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

WE gave our first attention to the ponies. As they came loping up, I singled out a white pony with a steady, lazy, low gallop, and when the guide drew up I laid my hand on my choice.

"I'll try this one. What's his name?"

"Prince," replied the guide, and Prince was mine for the trip.

The horse settled upon, I turned to the guide. A man going into unknown trails takes unwonted interest in the "lower orders."

Ed was a good type of cowboy. Lean, lank, rude of feature, yet with a certain rough, lazy grace. He wore a checked shirt, a greasy white hat, of many hard seasons, broad in the brim, and flat in the crown. His shirt fell into slantwise wrinkles across his sinewy back as he suppled to the gait of the horse.

His revolver hung from a loose, narrow belt, which fell a little below his trousers-band, adding another oblique line to his dress. His trousers were blue denim. His saddle (in which he took great pride) was a heavy Mexican saddle of wide tree. His horse was a mountain horse with a touch of the fox-hunter in him, which showed in the pointing action of his head, and in the light, houndlike lift of his hinder legs.

With things securely strapped on, some one shouted "All aboard," and mounting our horses, we turned our eyes upon the mountains to the north, over which we were to pass. It looked almost like climbing a parapet.

The trail mounts 5000 feet in a few miles. It braids itself upon the breast of the mountains. It crosses the heads of dry ravines. It crawls through clumps of sage-brush and dwarf oak and quivering groves of slender aspens. From below it is a deep orange line which comes in sight upon the dry and sage-brush speckled hills, and disappears at last behind gray heights, the secondary mountains.

The altitude of the railway itself is as great as Mount Washington, and as I galloped off close to the guide my blood leaped with exultation.

I was ahorse again! The reins fell naturally into my left hand; my knees took hold upon the saddle with joy. I thought of my prairie life, of glorious rides in the sierras, and I faced the peaks with delight, to be uttered only in shouts.

Up and up the sturdy, incredible little ponies climbed. The spurs which had towered above us at the start became hills; the hills became levels. To the south heights after heights lifted into view. Mount Soparis, seamed with snow that shone like silver, increased in majesty—up and up, till range after range lined the misty southern expanse with blue—till the whole gigantic continental divide lifted itself to view, mighty peak beyond peak.

As we rose, vegetation increased. The grease-wood and sage gave way to the dwarf oak and the aspen. The pinon and cedar trees began. Then came pines and firs and spruce. At a height of 8000 feet the aspens became immense; the gulches held fine clumps of fir and spruce. Grass appeared; and gay sunflowers, painter's-brush, larkspur, and wild asters filled in the vistas where the sunlight fell.

To the north we could see only other heights heavily wooded rising above us. To the south and beneath us was the valley of the Grand River and Roaring Fork, levelled and widened by distance, till it seemed a gentle, foamy valley, and far over all to the south Mount Soparis lifted and lifted, 14,000 feet above the sea—its summit almost as radiant as the snow-white clouds which filled the sky like ships. On the right, far away, was the Holy Cross Range. On the left the Roan Mountains. Everywhere clumps of dark green firs rose out of a glowing carpet of wild flowers—red and blue and purple and saffron—sunflowers, saffron and bright gold; painter's-brush, scarlet and crimson and cream yellow; wild asters, purple and blue; and monk's-hood, violet and purple—a gorgeous weft over which the sun flamed. Little chipmonks no bigger than a thumb whisked along in the grass. As I paused to let my pony breathe, the land was silent, scarcely a sound save the wild call of the mountain water, clean and sweet as the south wind. There were no bird songs or cries.

Reaching the first great mesa, nearly 10,000 feet above the sea, the trail ran more nearly level. It passed through cool, deep, shaded ravines filled with singing water, and climbed ridges whose fir-clad tops broke like cold waves upon the bright northern sky.

High on this level we met the "mountain-lily," or columbine, of exquisite beauty, white with a heart of gold, in other places a pale blue with satiny leaves. Toad-flax, bluebells, a deep purple gentian, dandelions, and aconite added themselves to the flora we noted.

Shouts of delight ran back along the file as the vast plateau of the White River displayed itself to view. We had mounted steadily for three hours, and the horses had felt the strain. Their roaring breath told of the altitude as well as of the hard climb. It was about one o'clock when we reached the end of the wagon trail, where we unsaddled for dinner.

The White River "flat-top country" is an immense mesa, lifted to an altitude of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and is practically inaccessible by wagon, and has been reserved by the United States Land Office because of its timber, which forms a great natural water reservoir. From it the North and South forks of the White River, the Bear and the Williams, Elk Creek and Turret Top Creek, and many other smaller streams fall away. Its importance as a water supply cannot be overestimated.

After leaving our first camping-place we struck into the wild. I could feel the remoteness of it. Something subtle strikes the heart as one leads out into a trail trod only by horses in single file. I felt it in the brawl of the brooks and in the desolate, half-dead forests. The wind seemed wilder. The creek cried out as if in warning. There was no civilized smell in the air. Before us, to the north, ridges one after the other lay piled against the sky in long waves, ragged and limitless.

Passing through these ridges we burst again and again upon the most beautiful parks or meadows, enclosed by ranks of thick-standing firs like grim guards, regular and martial. These parks contained lakes and streams, and were ablaze with flowers—larkspur, Indian paint-brush, wild asters, sunflowers. No stain, no inharmony, no touch of man's hand, except where fire had desolated the hill-sides.

It was not the Colorado which the tourist and city dweller know. Its lakes of green water and its clear swift streams were a surprise. The distant smooth slopes, partly clothed with forest, were like some New England hills. Familiar things were suggested by these flowery vistas—elusive things—and the trail wound its way over fallen timber into the wooded ridges, and all was wild and savage again.

Entirely beyond the wagon trail now, we set out across the flat tops towards Trappers Lake. We were in the land of the pack-mule and saddle-horse. We were 11,000 feet high, with peaks a thousand feet higher all around us. All the land was a mountain-top. Rocks were stratified, as along the Mississippi banks.

The trail skirted little lakes of most beautiful water, and rose over flowery ridges and plunged into deep ravines of fir. Snow gleamed here and there in the ravines on the northerly side of the peaks. Infinite variety of things near at hand—unfading splendor of distant view each moment.

The guide riding ahead made a thousand suggestive pictures—his lank form suppling to the horse's steady trot, his revolver swinging, his head turned to study the trail; sometimes filling a gateway between trees, sometimes picking his way down a declivity, sometimes leaping a log; his lank slouch, his old hat, his sidewise glance—all he did was native; we were alien. He fitted in everywhere; we were notes of discord.

We rode on over the marvellous trail, each moment a wonder. Sometimes vistas opened with snow-clad mountains filling the far gateway. Every stream which fell away from the vast plateau occupied cañons of enormous depths, with precipitous walls, from whose brink sounding streams leaped white as snow, some so far away their sound was like the drone of bees. Far down below, each river lay a tortuous silver thread in the midst of the cañon's mysterious depth.

Then came the snow, lying in sullen gray-white banks, 11,000 feet above the sea. From the beds of snow tiny streams ran. Lakes lay just below them, cold as ice and clear as glass. All about dwarfed cedars and spruces showed the nearness of the timber-line. Peaks still higher loomed near us—Mount Omo, Pagoda, Morvine, all in plain sight. We had climbed at last to the very summit of the plateau; only the peaks were higher. It was the maximum of summer heat, and yet the snow lay in large masses even on southern slopes.

From this altitude we began our descent into the cañon which contained Trappers Lake and the North Fork of the White River. It was one of the most splendid rides I have ever taken. On our left and below us a swift stream roared; beyond, seen through the trees, were gigantic domes of stone a thousand feet high. The trees were immense. Little streams ran across the trail, swift and eager to join the larger torrent.

The cliffs loomed each moment grander, until they suggested the Yosemite domes. One was a needle peak, one an amphitheatre, one a mighty bastion. They rose almost sheer from the lake, which came into view after an hour's hard riding, blue as steel and as motionless.

It was six o'clock when we, almost literally, fell upon the camp on the west side of the lake. Two or three log cabins, with men and horses moving about, gave promise of comfortable quarters for the night. The lake was like burnished silver—green where it reflected the forests of the other shore, gold and azure where it reflected the sunset. It was irregular in shape and about four miles long.

The morning came, gray, cold, and filled with slashing gusts of rain, which made the fireplace a pleasure, and put August very far behind us. It cleared up with the morning, however, and we were all astir by eight o'clock. It was a splendid sight to see the gray clouds break against the immense domes of rocks, and go crawling and soaring away like a defeated army. The splendor of light and shadow was inthralling to me, but the expedition could not wait for the writer.

After our breakfast of elk steak and mountain trout we set out for the flat tops again, to see the Giant's Causeway. It had rained during the night, and the trail was slippery and steep, and yet those little horses scrambled up, carrying two hundred pounds apiece. Two hours' hard climb carried us over the worst of it, and at last we came to the plateau heights, over which we galloped without reference to any trail.

Vegetation was short, but not scanty. Smooth meadow-like levels glowed here and there, with suggestions of pasture-land. Grassy peaks rose all about us. Farther away the greater, extreme tops.

Galloping swiftly over these heights, we came upon flocks of ptarmigan, colored so exactly like the rocks over which they ran the eye scarcely separated them from their environment, when not in motion. They are a sort of grouse of the mountain-peaks. They become snow white in winter.

Suddenly, upon galloping over these swells, we came to the Causeway.

It is a narrow bridgelike wall, connecting the White River plateau with the unnamed plateau to the north; or, more exactly, it is the wall which separates the Williams Fork of the White River from the Bear River Valley. It has been worn away until it is less than six feet wide at its narrowest point, and it is possibly an eighth of a mile in length. An old game trail leads over it, but no horseman has ever dared to cross it.

On the Williams Valley side it has a sheer fall of hundreds of feet. The other side is not quite so deep to the first resting-place, but it was fall enough to make my head swim as I looked over in crossing. The cañons proper are enormously deeper. The Williams Valley lies there to the left, rich in grass, silent, unechoing, except with the bawl of the elk and the growl of the mountain-lion. Magnificently wooded with spruce and fir, its green meadows spotted with lakes and looped with streams. On the right the Bear Valley, almost equally beautiful, curves away into the mist of distance.

All around lay pools of ice-cold water, one edge lapping banks of perpetual snow, the other edge running to the foot of mountain flowers. The roar of the waters from leaping streams all around the mighty amphitheatre came up to the ear like the hum of bees. Lakes shone far below like mirrors. Clouds trailed over the peaks, and curled and clung as if reluctant to let go. Everywhere scarped walls of mighty cañons, from which the water leaped, to fall and sink, to curl and coil, like silver braid, on the velvet-green meadows below.

Sitting there with Mount Omo at my left, Dome Peak at my right—each more than 12,000 feet above the sea—with these wonderful valleys of primeval silence and wildness below them, I thought what an idyllic hunting-ground it once was! What a life was that of the Utes who trailed along these heights and drew their tent-poles together down in those valleys!

This Causeway, with its incomprehensible formation, its stupendous height, must have been storied with the tribes. It must have been a landmark to them, one of the points by which the geography of the tribe was laid out. No doubt in the chase many a warrior had followed a file of elk or mountain-sheep across this awful bridge, while far below the women of the camp watched the bold hunter.

On every side cañons of purple and orange and gray-green. Look east, look west, look north, all was wild, absolutely unmarked by the hand of man. I rejoiced to think I had been permitted to stand here, for it is doomed. In a few years it will either be impassable, or it will be bolted together and a hand-rail put across.

Each spring some one or more of these rocks will slip from their places, pried loose by the frost, and go bellowing down the cañon. In time it will be eaten through, and the chasm will need an artificial bridge. Railway trains will howl up Williams Fork and up the Bear Fork, and men will tunnel this Causeway, and then the last wilderness of Colorado will be gone. Devastating saw-mills will gnaw into the superb forest. Poachers will destroy the game, and the marvellous charm of the reserve will vanish as the deer withdraws ghostlike among the oaks.

Bring back the Utes who broken-heartedly fired their forests in face of the white men and retreated! Bring back the men to whom this land belongs! Silence the saw and the engine; let there be one unapproachable wilderness left in America, one spot unmarred by greed and hatred!

Leaving these upper heights, we descended again to Trappers Lake, and before a crackling fire from the wide fireplace I sat again while the men talked. Outside the cañon water called—a swift brown stream breaking into angry white around the rugged rocks set in its paths; clouds, gray and hoary, soaring just above the bald crowns of the peak.

No lake that I have ever seen exceeds the beauty and interest of this lake. There it lies, itself a mountain-top in height, set around with glorious bastions of rock, against which the hand of greed, thank God! cannot visibly be set. Its danger is the saw-mill. To have a square patch sawed out of those forests would be like putting a cicatrice in the cheek of a beautiful girl. It should never be violated by the axe or saw.

At dusk I left the camp and walked up the hill a little way, and threw myself down on the grass to listen and to watch—to listen to the roar of the splendid streams; to watch the starlike camp-fires blown out across the lake, and spread red reflections in the blue-black waters. As darkness fell the cry of the stream grew stern and savage. It seemed to wake to wilder activity, like a beast of prey.

I thought of those trails, so simple and easy in daylight. In darkness they become terrible. Every loose stone, every mud-hole, every fallen tree, becomes a danger. The lines formed of rotted tree trunks resemble trails and lead the eyes astray. Trees crush the rider's knees; branches whip his face. When the rain and snow come, then they become impassable. Nothing is to be done but wait for light.

It was good to get back before the great fireplace, where I listened to the men discussing these very things. One man said: "If a man gets caught out in one of these trails, he better camp right down where he is. I got caught out one day last month in the rain. I built five fires to keep warm, but the rain put them out, and so I got on the shady side of a quakin' asp, and stood there till daylight."

"When I came in here in June," said another, "the trail from here to the plateau was so blocked with snow it took five hours to go three miles."

Snow comes early here. October may bring immense falls of snow. Then the game begins to move. Not a hoof remains. They move towards lower fields. It is in this movement that they expose themselves to the poacher, and they will soon be destroyed utterly. They are doomed, like the bison and the mountain-sheep.

All talk was of hunting and horses. The world and its civilized notions were far distant. Apparently the whole world was bustin' broncos, walking difficult trails, meeting bears and mountain-lions. The journeys were to strange places, from "Chimney-pot" to "The Troublesome," from "Roaring Fork" to the "Bear," from "Carborate" to "Broken Bow."

Scraps of wisdom, equally uncivilized, fell from their lips.

"A cayuse never pitches. A Texas horse always does."

"Once a horse begins to pitch, you can't break him any way but to break his heart."

There was something colossal in this talk of stages, bucking broncos, nights in the snow, bear-hunting, and elk crossing the divide. It expressed physical hardihood and patience under nature's ferocity; also certainty and decision of action. They were American, these men. There was no loud talk. The most tremendous of all these adventures were told quietly, with many reservations.

They were quick of hand, sure of eye, iron-sided. The upflung brims of their hats, the swing of their hardy bodies, held a wild charm. They leaped to the saddle with a sureness, decision, and grace which made them admirable.

Their stories expressed in a sentence or two more than the stranger could understand.

"I jumped a horse and fired him over the divide to the Boiling Springs, by way of 'The Troublesome.' I left the trail at the Coffee-Pot and struck out across the Flat Tops till I struck the old Lizard Fork Trail. I rode into Bitter Creek Cañon about dark, and it was snowing like hell. I had a box of matches, and when I'd lose the trail I'd get off and strike a light and feel my way back. I struck Elbow Lake at two o'clock in the morning."

No alien can tell what that ride meant. It meant perhaps sixty miles across the mountain range; it meant climbing and descending four thousand feet; it meant treading trackless forests full of fallen timber; it meant rocks, mud, cold; it meant crossing high summits where the winds blew savagely and the clouds scattered alternate rain and snow.

Ed, our guide, was of this life, and no other. He, too, was unafraid of nature. If a storm were to sweep upon him and beat out the trail at dark, he would undoubtedly say, "This is a hell of a note!" and settle himself under a fir with grim fortitude.

He had ridden all over Colorado, part of Wyoming, into Utah, and down to New Mexico with cattle. He was a cow-puncher and bronco-buster by trade, a Hoosier by birth, and a mountaineer by instinct.

Like some of the others there about the fire, he could be called a survivor. They will soon be like veterans of the civil war. No more cattle to herd, no more bears to trap, no more broncos to ride; all will be tame and sophisticated. They have sunk already to guiding tenderfeet into harmless wilds.

Our last day's ride led up from the cheerless level of the White River Valley to the high plateau again, back to the heights, back to the grasses, back to the flowers and the wide sweeping ridges of spruce and fir, back to the Happy Hunting-Grounds of the Utes.

Our way led along a wide, smooth trail, and there was something familiar in everything about — something elusively emotional.

Suddenly it came to me with a quick elation: *This was all part of my youth!* Of such were the prairies of Iowa a quarter of a century ago. The same glitter of nodding sunflowers, the same purple brown-stone with croppings of limestone, the same vistas of moving grass, the same deeply blue sky filled with heavily flying clouds. *I had again set foot before the ploughshare of the pioneer—this time not by going beyond him, but by climbing above him!*

Between the Happy Hunting-Grounds and the levels of the White River, which we left at sunrise, a whole continent seemed set. One was the barrenness which the tourist calls Colorado; the other is the untouched prairie of Iowa. I searched for familiar things with avid eyes. There the trail ran, a purple-brown ribbon, amid yellow-green grass set thick with sunflowers, cone-flowers, asters, and wild geraniums. Here the limestone cropped out of the ground overgrown with dwarf rose-bushes and buffalo-berries, exactly as in Iowa. Beyond the popple-trees stood—enormous, exaggerated, but still popples—but the hazel bush was absent. The plums and wild-crabs, as well as the burr-oaks, had died out, while the cold of the great elevation had superimposed the spruce and fir upon the prairie vegetation. Autumn and spring mingled curiously together here.

Over the rolling swells the trails led, and I galloped on with blood thrilling with curious excitement. It put me back in a wonderful time in my boyhood when I first rode the wild prairie—a time when the whole world was one of clouds and grasses and the rush of unhaltered horses.

The trail developed dramatic contrasts. Through sunny prairielike vistas it wound towards distant blue mountains, then plunged into the deeps of Alpine vegetation, where the prairie seemed continents away. A dark and cold and spicy quarter of an hour and we burst once more into the light of the beautiful, burning blue sky, into the prairie grass, where the cricket of autumn sang beside the June violet.

Oh the beauty and marvel of it! To be permitted to go back there into the past, to ride those radiant savannas again, was like a vision of death turning to be a dream merely. Like the death of a bride with the joy of waking to find her living. Radiant sky, voluminous snow-white clouds, smell of resinous plants, ripple of rills!

Then the descent! Down into a red cañon, silent, hot, and dry; down among the ragged hills where hapless, shrivelled cedars hang down among ravines that know no springs of water—a swift drop from heaven to hell!

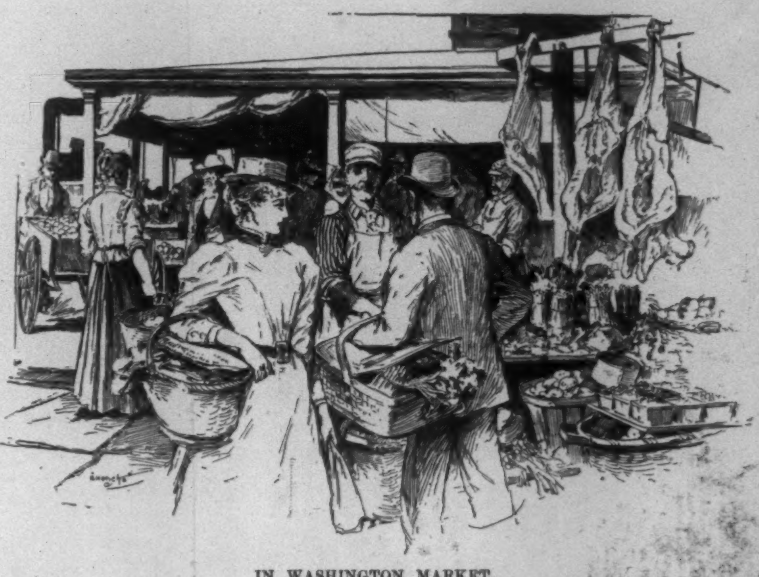
I slid from my horse's back, patted his neck, and he was led away. He was a faithful fellow. He served me at his best without whip or spur. He climbed mountains where it seemed a goat would not care to go unburdened. He made no attempt to leave me nor to escape his duty. He never frowned or groaned. He was not beautiful, but he had all of the marvellous loyalty of the horse. I parted from him with sincere regret.

As I came back into the thirst-stricken, heat-devastated plains — back into the reeking terrible city — that ride, those days, grew more and more beautiful to me. It will grow each day more beautiful. No wonder the Utes loved it and called it the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

I am jealous of it. I would not have that land profaned. If I had the power I would draw a line around it, over which the foot of stupidity and avarice could not pass. I could see it peopled again by the Utes, but I would make it forever impossible for the axe or saw or plough to touch it. Let the great State of Colorado see to it. Let the Interior Department see to it that there shall remain one spot where the splendid harmony of nature's processes can be studied and enjoyed.

Unless safeguard is thrown around this wondrous spot, the children who come after us will have no knowledge of nature except after it has been ravaged or sand-papered by man. Here on the White River plateau, where spring and autumn bloom together — here where the prairies meet the pine-clad ridges of Wisconsin and the savin-covered bulbous knobs of New England, touching also on the other side the terrible peaks and cañons of Colorado—here let America put another national park.

As I think back over this ride I hear the sound of streams, and the sough of wind in the pines. I see the glint of lakes, and the ridges of pines set saw-toothed against the sky, and always the shadowing of vast clouds and flowery vistas between tall aspens—vistas that lead to deep-sunk cañons, on to snow-draped peaks shining like silver set in purple velvet.



IN WASHINGTON MARKET.

ANCIENT NEW YORK MARKET RIGHTS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

MR. HENCKE has drawn a characteristically able picture of a scene at Fulton Market, where the market-men plant their scales in the middle of the streets beside the market building, and the rights of the public give way to the ancient rights of the vociferous, noisy, bustling venders—principally of what is now grandly called "sea food"—who fit out the retail shopkeepers and the street venders with the city's supply of fish for a Friday. I specialize this day because it is always on a Thursday—in preparation for the sixth day of the week—that the streets around the old market are captured by this one particular class in this manner. On all other days, except Sundays, the market shrinks within its double set of walls—those by the river-side, and those on the wharf over the river.

Mr. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, once told me of his great surprise at finding a strong suggestion of Tammany methods in official life in Morocco, when he visited that country a few years ago. Wishing to learn something about the weights and measures and the laws that govern them there, he asked the bearded and reverend "keeper" of them for the needed information. The official smiled at him sadly and with wonder, and replied, "My son, I know nothing of these matters, but I have a deputy who understands them." Just in that simple way I went to the clerk of the markets in this city and asked him to tell me of the ancient laws in which the rules and rights of the market-men are preserved. And just in the same way the clerk smiled at me, and said, "I don't know a thing about them." But the parallel ran no further, for Mr. David O'Brien, the Superintendent of Markets, proved an encyclopædia of reminiscence and history, and if he did not know about the laws, it was mainly because so many of them are obsolete, and merely serve to fill a book which he keeps close at hand and showed to me. For thirty years he has had to do with the markets, not only as an officer of the government, but as a butcher in one of the places over which he administers the law. A born city man myself, I yet marvelled at the things he told me; for who, even among those who live here, knows how wonderful have been the changes in the city's markets and the city's modes of marketing?

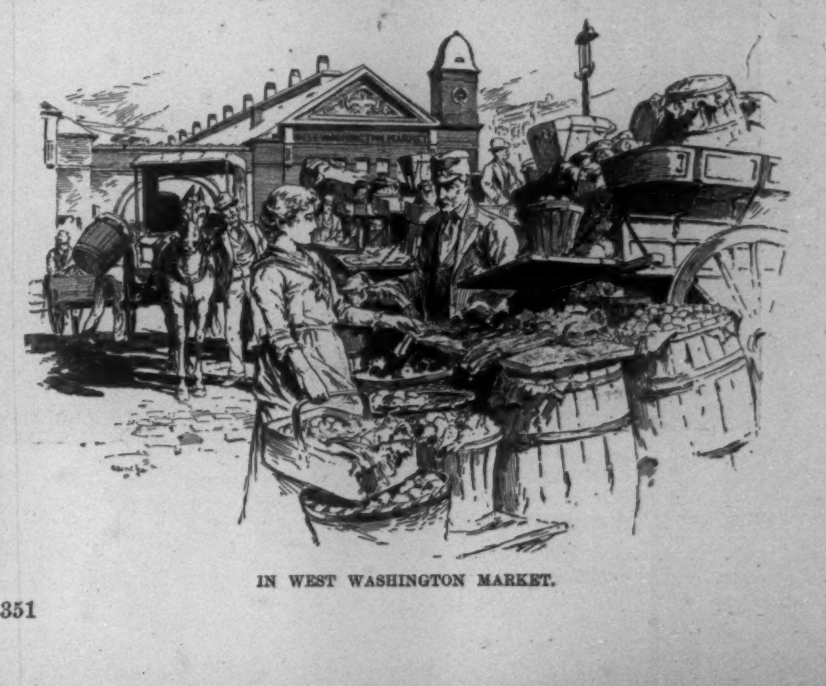
To tell of the ancient government first, let me remind the reader how patriotically nearly all our old markets are named. The pride of an American is stirred by the mere reading of the list. It is as follows: Catherine Market, Centre Market, Clinton Market, Essex Market, Franklin, Fulton, Jefferson, Tompkins, and Washington markets, West Washington Market, and Union Market. Once upon a time every market was presided over by a clerk; but now the only true clerk reigns over Washington and West Washington markets jointly, and the only special work done for the other markets is performed by the collectors, who harvest the fees exacted of the venders, basket-owners, and standkeepers whose like are seen in Mr. Hencke's picture. A small daily fee is charged for every wagon, stand, or seat of business of any sort that is maintained around the markets on busy days. Over the so-called "clerk of the markets" and the clerk of Washington Market, and over the collectors, is the Superintendent of the Bureau of Markets, who is in reality a deputy of the Comptroller, or head of the Department of Finance. The law says that the Superintendent may appoint persons to remove the dirt and filth of the markets—a work that has ever been separated from that of the Street-cleaning Department. Therefore more than sixty men are in the market service for the performance of this duty. Within the markets all the stall and stand owners pay rent to the Superintendent, and no tenant of this class may sell or assign or lease any stand without his permission.

This city has always empowered an official to serve as sealer of weights and measures; but here again the markets are independent of the city, and supervision of honest trading is practised by the Superintendent, who not only has the right to inspect all scales and measures, but exercises it very frequently and severely. The law is that swindlers shall pay a fine of ten dollars for each offence, but the law of custom is above the written law in the markets, and in this case the Superintendent revokes an offender's permit to trade in the markets for a month, or even two or three months perhaps. A very old part of the market law insists that all scales in the markets shall be kept in a conspicuous place in front of the stands or stalls. The markets were originally certain blocks or squares. In time buildings covered them. Later still—yet long, long ago—their business grew, and the law was changed so as to apply to "a space within three hundred yards thereof." Now even that enlargement, which accounts for the use of the streets that is shown in the Fulton Market picture, is deemed insufficient, and the market officials collect fees from tradesmen and hucksters "anywhere around the markets." Within this unlimited area they can tax any temporary squatter who offers for sale such goods as are considered appropriate to the markets. And the law defines the word "street" to mean "the carriageway and sidewalks, and every porch, stoop, step, platform, stand, case, balustrade, post, rail, stairway, area, cellarway and space." When we remember how the sellers of penny songs and of old coins used to utilize the church railings and street fences and walls in their business, we see how necessary such precision becomes.

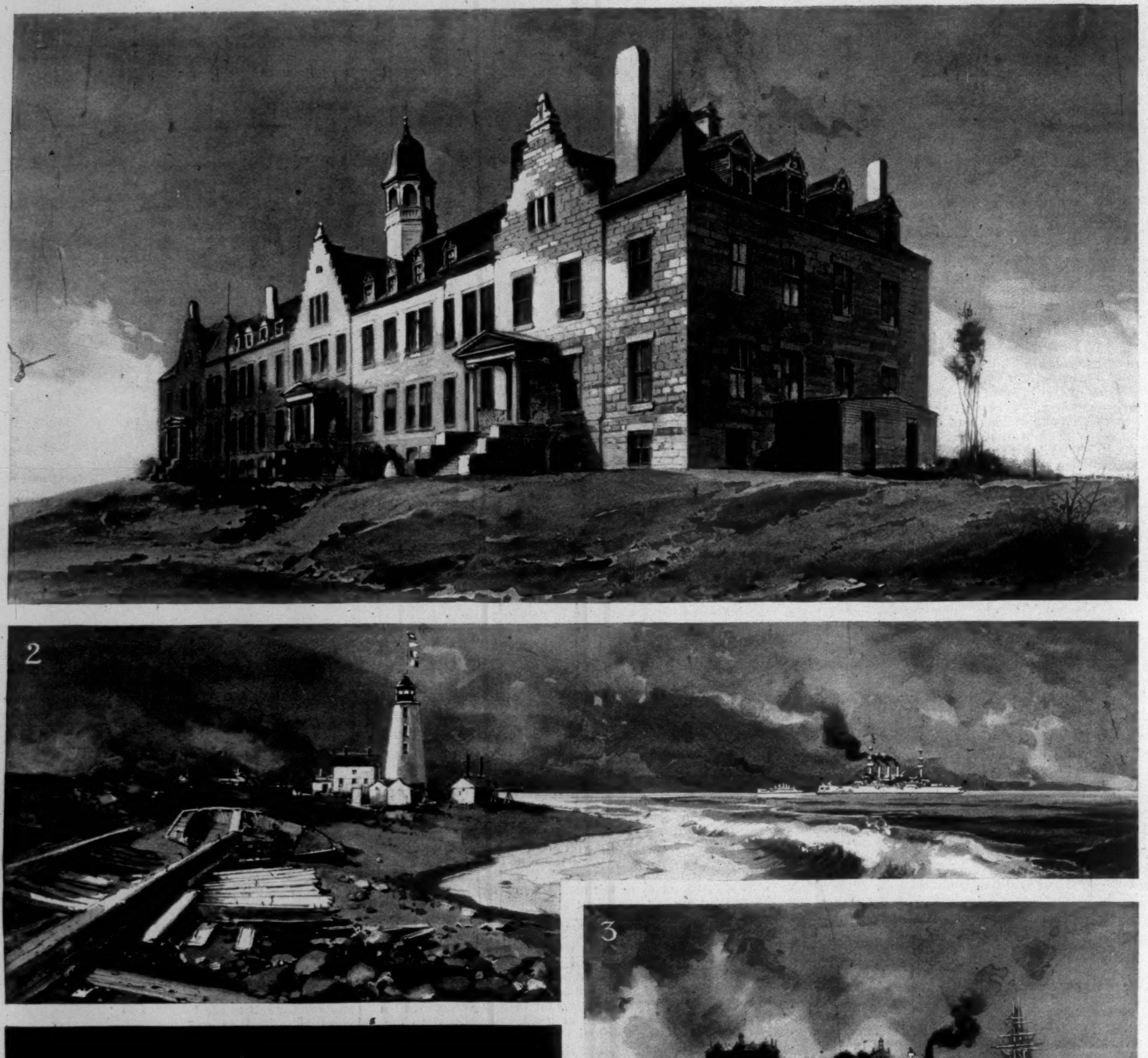
Obsolete laws still on the statute-books legalize the seizure and sale of the property of delinquent fee-payers in the markets, require the name of each wagon-owner to be plainly painted on his or her property, and insist that all carts and vehicles shall leave the market spaces before seven o'clock in the morning during half the year, and eight o'clock during the remaining half.

Most of these ordinances have descended to us from other centuries, and the most recent of them were enacted at a time when our citizens "went to market." The markets used to open in the "wee sma' hours," and close at noon. Our grandmothers and many of our grandfathers bought their meats and fish and vegetables in the markets, but their sons and daughters were the last to continue the practice. Only a few old-fashioned folk do so now. The business of the markets has grown smaller and smaller, until at last one of them contains but four or five stands. The butchers now carry on a wagon trade and serve customers whom they never see, but from whom they receive orders, complaints, and periodical checks. The green-grocers, fruiterers, and truck farmers from the near by country now sell to the butchers and corner grocers, who keep the scattered shops at which nearly all so-called marketing is now carried on for private families. Time was when a stand or stall owner in one of the markets paid sixpence a day; and then a shilling was the city's charge. To-day the petty traders on the curb-stones pay twenty-five cents a day, and the average price of a stall (eight feet by twenty-five feet)—or the bare spot in the market building whereon such a stall is built—is $5 25 a week in West Washington Market, and $3 75 in old Washington Market. The bustle and life of the old times spurt up again on Thursdays at Fulton Market, and on Fridays at Gansevoort Market—the bare, cobbled plaza for the truck-farm wagons in front of West Washington Market. But it is not the old crush of housekeepers, cooks, and heads of families; it is the gathering of venders and shopkeepers.

"The markets used to be open on Sundays," said the Superintendent, "and forty or fifty years ago the very best people used to go to them—early, before breakfast, or at least before church-time. Then Fulton was the fashionable market, because the wealth and fashion of the town were centred on the east side around East Broadway. A great sport of those days at Fulton Market was to set the darkies to dancing for eels on the wharves in front of the market. The colored men danced, and the well-to-do paid for the eels, and enjoyed the sport immensely."



IN WEST WASHINGTON MARKET.



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE ON COASTERS' HARBOR ISLAND, NEAR NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

DRAWN BY W LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

1. The Naval War College Building. 2. Signalling a Fleet from the Coast Signal-Tower 3. A Glimpse of the Training-School and War College from Fort Greene. 4. Torpedo-Boat attacking Battle-Ship.

THE MODERNS AWHEEL.

THERE were four of us, three doctors and, incidentally, a submissive subject. The latter was discreetly silent; the majority were more than interesting, for, of the trio, two never sat in a cycle saddle, and the third had regularly found his wheeling ambition exhausted by a half-mile turn, yet all were dealing out to their respective friend clinching exposés of the true inwardness of cycling faults and follies. It was three to one, and a bit overpowering; but the carry of their enthusiasm threw them unwittingly into dangerously close company with those equally good advisers who know not what may be a "gridiron," other than culinary, although perfectly sure that "death lurks in the frying-pan." However, there was wisdom in the triple talk, and many bits of solid sense, which in these days of the wheel are sadly, even if joyfully, unheeded or even unrealized; it was an hour's chat that lasted for a fortnight's run, and for more; and well it were for any one, be one man or woman, boulevard rider or century runner, if one would feel that the cycle doesn't displace the physician, that it sometimes requires him, and that its benefits ought always to be subject to some increase by his timely word. To be sure, he may enjoin no more than the recurrent "keep your mouth shut," he may show no more familiarity with the wheel than merely to forbid working up a hill after one has had to pull up on the handle-bar, or he may simply fix, with the medical intuition that to you may seem an off-hand guess, the hour and length of your daily ride; but the chances are good that you cannot afford to renounce both the doctor's prescriptions and the doctor's preachings, for in all this wheeling sport there is a jolly abandon that in its course sends all to the dogs, and happy is he who is not sent himself. The novice catches that new sensation of "go" that drowns all idea of exertion, and in the drowning one is fortunate not to be lost with one's ideas. It is in this flood-tide of thoughtless effort at sportfulness, or perchance sportiveness, that some physicians see the incoming of what is later to be their harvest; and with the present abuse of method and disuse of sense to talk of the harvest, much as it may seem like a sombre warning, is not calamity talk, for the bracing of the wheel is alone enough, in the vast majority of cases, to kill the calamity germs.

Calamity talk on cycling, in fact, is entirely impossible, either on the Riverside, or out from Prospect; it is still more so along on the upper Broadway which, the signs tell him who rides, was opened in the old Dutch days; coursing along up the Housatonic Valley to old Greylock, the "kicker" has to subside; and even on the ordinary roads of the Winooski the overpowering Camel's Hump and all the other big and little humps make him feel that New England is the best spot in all America, and on a wheel the doubly best. And the rider with nature forgets fully as vigorously as does the rider on the pavements the dozen and one decisions that precede the mount; he cares not whether his is a "hose-pipe" or a clincher tire, whether his rim is wood or metal, whether his spokes are this or that patent; he is going, and that's quite enough. The real roadster has doubtless worried over every choice and every mechanism; for him little can be said that was not summed up by the old jehu of the cow-barn, whom I struck my second night in the country, and who followed up his inquiry as to my point of departure by the remark, "S'pose yer legs er some sore," and to a negative response, offered as a climax of the barn-yard interview the soliloquy meant for two, "Don' s'pose yer'd 'mit it ef they werre."

To overdo, if one doesn't have to, is the easiest kind of work; for the tourist, even when "in shape," it is easy enough, and still a simpler matter is it for the avenue rider, who can't expect from his mode of living to be "in shape," but who starts in at useless speed, and puts in still more useless distances. And he will not only double the proper distance, but he will most probably do it immediately after a heavy dinner; it is fun, and in it moderation has no place; he's on a wheel and with the procession; and, best of all, he thinks he's "in form." From cap to shoes his garb may be instinctively chosen, but the instinct is not always that of the physician; the rig of the saddle and the handle-bar may be "proper," but the propriety is not necessarily that of hygiene; the riding posture may be impressive, but impression is not improvement; the cold drink is doubtless refreshing, but the pleasure doesn't kill the folly of the principle.

The main part of any sport is in being and keeping fit for it. It is not the strain of five sets, it is not the pull at the pedals for four-score miles, nor is it the joyous banging with the eleven that plays the mischief; rather is it the absence of proper preparation, the incompleteness of one's knowledge of one's self and the sport, and the jolly combination of careless senselessness and utter disregard of simplest ideas of training. This, one will say, applies very nicely to the Thanksgiving day game; it applies as closely to a spin on the Riverside. A quarter-back, properly trained, may go through a "big," well-barnumized game with less actual harm than the excitable old gentleman in the grand stand; and one wheelman may get more harm circling the Park in an hour than another would get by doing Poughkeepsie in a day. It isn't a matter merely of the cyclometer, nor is it a problem in mathematics. The wheel question involves one's temperament, one's style of life, one's whole make-up, and the sooner this is realized the more quickly will the cycle find its most proper sphere, and be filling its true and helpful mission; and in it all what may be said of man has to be said in italics of woman. When the element of faddishness, and the workings of social herding, wear off, the solidity of the craze will remain, and do its work. To-day nine ride because the tenth has ridden; and to many the wheel serves as a sort of isosocial line; on it the best seems equalled, and the worst feels equal. The sociologist on a wheel will see many sights, and he will see through many. The transparencies in cycling will collapse, but the cycling clubman and the unclubbed cycler will remain to give intelligent and solid justification to the curt and prophetic comment even of the sombre financial editor, as well as of thousands he voices or is voiced by, that the wheel has "come to stay."

HARRY A. CUSHING.

COLLEGE LIVING.

A RECENT letter from Ithaca to the *Evening Post* laments the development of a tendency at Cornell University to drift away from old-time simplicity towards expensiveness, and the exclusiveness which is its necessary concomitant. Socially, it says, Cornell is going the way of the older colleges. The young men who have money to spend spend it, and the sort of fun they have costs more than the old line of Jeffersonian amusement which used to obtain twenty years ago in Ithaca. No doubt the usual consequence results, that the poorer lads and richer lads flock rather more apart, and find intimate social relations rather less convenient.

If any cure for tendencies of this sort is discovered at Cornell it is to be hoped that it will be divulged, but the prospects of such a discovery do not seem bright. In the world outside of the colleges people amuse themselves by methods that vary more or less according to the amount of their surplus incomes, and college boys are prone to do the same thing. Every college or university undertakes to give to every student an equal chance to learn and to cultivate his intellectual abilities. It cannot well do much more. The attempt to regulate the personal expenditures of students and make them all adopt the same simple scale of living is difficult even in a boarding-school, and impossible as well as inexpedient in a great university.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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IT REFRESHES THE TIRED-OUT BODY,
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CYCLE TOURING.

As the use of the bicycle becomes more general, touring becomes more a matter of interest to the average rider, or, more specifically, to those who have taken up the bicycle as a means of pleasure and exercise, and who are not interested in racing or in records. This class of riders already far outnumbers that which pursues cycling for purposes of personal gain, or from the desire to excel in speed upon the track or road; and although the sporting pages of the daily newspapers ignore the former class, and devote columns to the doings of the latter, the sport is really most largely supported through the recently developed interest of the non-racing cyclist.

The reasons why touring is growing to be more and more a matter of interest to the amateur cyclist are not difficult to discern. When a man or woman first takes up the wheel, his or her interest and energies are entirely directed to learning how to ride. This once accomplished, short spins around one's home or through the parks and along the asphalted streets of one's city, if the cyclist is a city man or woman, are sufficiently novel for a time to produce much enjoyment, and afford, as a rule, adequate pleasure and exercise for the first year or so of one's cycling experience. In the second year, with increased facility in riding, firmer muscles, and greater endurance, comes the desire for the exploration of new fields and the trying of country roads. The first ride from a city into the surrounding country, or from a country village or town into a new country district, is generally so productive of pleasant experiences as to not only call for repetition, but for similar trips into other districts. These, short at first, are gradually extended as practice makes perfect, and the rider finds himself or herself more able to traverse side paths, or now and then a rough stretch of road, until finally it becomes an easy matter to spend the entire day in riding to some objective point, resting, and riding back. From a day's trip it is an easy step to one of two days, then of more, until, unconsciously, the cyclist becomes a tourist.

Like horseback and carriage riding, the chief advantage of cycle touring is that it is necessarily in the open air, gives constant change of scene and thought, with fresh sights, varied routes, and, as a rule, pleasant companions; and is thus an absolute change in almost every respect from one's ordinary occupations in life.

But with these advantages, which it shares with horseback and carriage riding, it has others peculiarly its own. It enables one to traverse vastly greater distances, not only with less exertion, but with more beneficial effects in the way of exercise, than does the horse or carriage, or, in fact, any other mode of propulsion; and it also allows one to travel oftentimes where the horse or carriage cannot. Riding most gently, a cyclist will cover four to six miles an hour—nearly as fast as an ordinary horse trots over any average road; riding briskly, he will travel nine or ten miles an hour, and, with a little extra exertion, from twelve to fifteen, or even more. The motion of the wheel is smooth, even, and exhilarating, and differs both from the listless walk of a horse and his other gaits which are too violent to be long kept up. There is, in fact, hardly any motion which is as pleasurable as that of the wheel on any fair road, while the fact that it requires constant attention to select the best part of the road, and to avoid obstacles in riding side paths, affords constant and varied mental occupation.

There exists in most men and women an intuitive love of nature, and the cycle tourist is enabled to gratify this love of natural scenery to the fullest extent. Verdant meadows, river-banks, woodland glades, ocean beaches, hill and mountain sides, are all of them accessible to the wheel, which needs only the narrowest of paths, provided it has a hard surface on which to roll. The traveller by rail or even stage-coach has little idea of the numberless glimpses of natural life which the wheelman obtains. The smallest object becomes of interest. As the wheel glides noiselessly along on some autumn or spring morning, it sends the rabbit hurrying across the road, or perchance startles the timid deer, while from its slight elevation when riding along a river-bank the fish below can often be seen darting here and there. One of the most fascinating features to the beginner in touring is the eating up of space, and one accustomed to the slower horse can scarcely believe that he has traversed the distance the cyclometer records.

From all indications cycle touring will be more indulged in this coming outing season than ever before. The increase in the number of riders within the past two years has been so marked that this in itself alone will swell largely the ranks of tourists. Apart from this, however, there seems to be a universal interest in the subject, and tours short and long are now being planned wherever cyclists meet, all over the land. The present agitation in regard to good roads and cycle paths, which has already resulted in the building of hundreds of miles of the latter in various parts of the country, is also doing much to increase interest in touring. It is probable that before another winter well-built bicycle paths, for the most part composed of cinders on a clay bottom, and sufficiently wide to permit of two riders passing abreast, will have been built or nearly completed between Jersey City and Newark, and between New York and New Haven, Albany and Rochester, and Washington and Baltimore. In addition to these, cycle paths are being built or projected between many cities and towns throughout the country separated by distances of from ten to forty miles, and the possibility of a cyclist being able to ride from New York to New Orleans, to St. Louis, Chicago, Montreal, or Boston, over continuous connecting bicycle paths, within the next five years, is not a Utopian dream. There are those who see in this movement to provide pathways for cyclists a menace to the cause of good roads, which should be dear to every one interested in the material prosperity of the country, and the League of American Wheelmen, the great cyclists' organization of America, and one of whose chief objects is the promotion of good roads, will have to take the subject up at a near day. Other thinkers, however, are of the opinion that good cycle paths and the advantages that would accrue from them will be an aid to the cause of good roads, and will help to teach the farmer and citizen, when he sees the cyclist fly by on a hard, dry path, while his team is wallowing through the mud of the adjoining road, that he might at a little expenditure of time and money gain the same advantages for himself and his horses.

But while America is not as a rule a country of good roads, it builds more every year, and the districts surrounding our large cities now as a rule afford many miles of riding over good Telford or Macadam avenues. The roads of England, France, Holland, and Germany are proverbially fine, and the American cycle tourist, thanks to competition and numberless lines of transportation, is now enabled to tour abroad at comparatively little outlay of time and money. In addition to numerous small parties of two or three, four or five specially conducted parties of cyclists will leave New York or Boston within the next two months for tours awheel through France, England, or the Continent. The admirable organizations in France known as the Cercle de l'Union Vélocipédique de France and the Touring Club de France, and in England the Cycle Touring Club, which any reputable cyclist may join by the payment of a small fee and the giving of proper references, provide their members with clear and well-prepared maps giving distances, the best roads, and other useful information, provide the facilities of repair stations at the larger towns, and have erected at every cross-road very simple and ingenious little sign-boards, formed of a board, giving the distances to the nearest towns, fastened on a T rail sunk a few inches in the ground. With these maps, proper credentials, some French money, and the aid of these little sign-boards, the touring cyclist may traverse the whole of France with ease and comfort, while even the average woman rider will not find fifty miles a day too much of a task on the superb roads built by the French government. The same conditions to some extent prevail through England, but are perhaps not quite as fully perfected.

To the cyclist who cannot go abroad, or who prefers to tour for any reason in America, the road-books of the League of American Wheelmen, which can be secured by the members of the League at a merely nominal rate outside their own States, and free of charge in their own States, and by non-League members at a higher rate, afford an opportunity to lay out a trip intelligently and plan most of the details in advance, with fair knowledge of the nature and condition of the roads, the distances between any given points, the general character of the various stopping-places, and accommodations along the routes selected. It is of course impossible to say just what distance should be covered daily in touring. As a general rule, however, one should train for a tour, or, in other words, should prepare for any trip that is longer than is usually taken, by riding, especially if one is out of condition, a regularly increasing distance daily for a few days before the trip is begun. Ten to twelve miles an hour on good roads is a fair speed for the average male rider, and eight to ten for the average female rider, while on poor roads this speed is reduced from one to three miles an hour. To prepare for a tour of two or three days, one should ride fifteen miles a day, if possible, for a fortnight. Towards the end of this period this ride should be extended to thirty or thirty-five miles a day, and then an average of fifty miles a day on the tour, if the roads are at all good, will not be found too much. It should be remembered that the pleasure of a tour awheel is largely dependent on one's being in such good condition that the work is easy, and in so arranging stopping-places that one is not obliged to ride too fast. Those who ride irregularly are very apt to arrange too long a trip. The distances that can be traversed depend upon one's condition, the weather, and roads. Seventy miles a day on good roads is no more than thirty on poor ones, and this must be always borne in mind.

The absence of sign-posts, and the impossibility of depending, as a rule, upon information as to the condition of roads, distances, etc., from the average person one meets while touring through the country in the United States, make the road-books of the League of American Wheelmen, above alluded to, all the more important and valuable. The increased interest in touring will undoubtedly soon lead to the formation of clubs or organizations similar to those of France and England, devoted entirely to this purpose, and in fact such a club has been started by several gentlemen, members of the Michaux Cycle Club of New York City, and it will begin a series of Sunday runs, with longer tours to Washington, and probably to Lenox and Newport later on, this spring. Through such organizations, co-operating with the League of American Wheelmen, some system of sign-posts and sign-boards will probably soon be adopted, and will greatly add to the pleasure of touring in this country.

It is impossible to lay down any rules as to the number of persons best fitted to make an agreeable tour. Some riders prefer a single companion, but it is not always that two people can be found with such a happy similarity of tastes as to make a tour together congenial; and with a larger party, if opinions differ as to the best route to pursue, the best hotel to stop at, etc., or the best rate to travel at, there are enough persons to enable those of dissenting views to have companions. A party of four, for example, can always divide in twos, and any even number from four upwards is generally preferable to divisions of odd numbers. Larger parties can be better arranged for ahead; and when a party is composed of more than two members it is always well to appoint one treasurer and general manager, and give him or her authority to telegraph or write ahead for rooms or other accommodations, to settle all bills, and collect pro rata on statement of account.

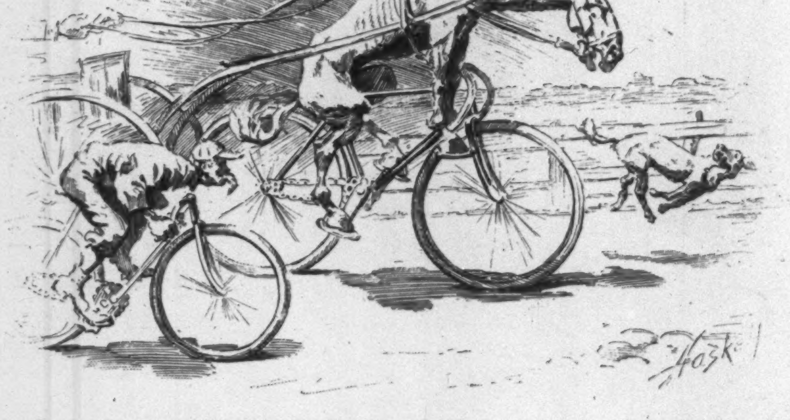
Tours of a day do not of course require any particular preparation, and may be made long or short, as conditions warrant. It is always best, however, even on a day's tour, to carry a water-proof cape and a change of underwear on one's wheel, for sudden showers, storms or accidents, may make these very necessary; and no matter how warm the day, if one stops for any length of time the underwear should be changed, both for the sake of health and comfort. When arranging for longer tours, select if possible a route where a small trunk or large bag can be sent on by express each morning to the next stopping-place. The comfort that a change of clothing, shoes, etc., which this will provide at the end of each day's run cannot be overestimated. But whether one is certain or not of finding a trunk or bag at the end of a day's journey, one should always carry a change of underwear, fresh handkerchief, toilet articles, and a light coat on one's wheel. Then, if one's destination is not reached, or there is any delay in the receipt of the trunk or bag, one has the necessaries of life at hand. These articles, which can be rolled into a comparatively small package, can be either wrapped in a rubber cloth and fastened securely to the handle-bar with one of the excellent little inventions for this purpose, or can be packed in the travelling-case which is now made to fit in the frame of the wheel. To these necessary toilet articles and clothes should be added some court-plaster, needles, thread, safety-pins, a small bottle of Pond's extract, some salve, a small flask of whiskey or brandy, and last and most important, a bottle of Jamaica ginger.

The hours for riding are largely dependent upon the weather. During the spring and autumn months, when the sun is not too powerful, one can ride nearly all day, but it is a great mistake to ride in the middle of the day at any time when the temperature is over eighty degrees. Touring in summer can be made just as enjoyable as at any other time of the year if one is careful to ride only in the cool of the morning or afternoon. In hot weather, as a rule, one should start in the morning as early as six o'clock and not a moment later than seven, and should stop early—at eleven o'clock at the latest. The hours from then until four o'clock should be spent in the shade very quietly, and the sun should be well down towards the west before the journey is resumed. Of course if it is moonlight and one is anxious to reach a certain point, one can ride well into the evening. Remember that in wheeling the head and back of the neck are greatly exposed to the sun's rays, and it is not the exertion that is dangerous, but the exposure to the sun. Many cyclists seem to forget this, and suffer in consequence. Always begin the day if possible with a cold or tepid bath (a shower, if it can be had), and complete it with the same. Drink very sparingly while touring, and if one must drink water from the road-side wells or pumps, be careful to put a few drops of whiskey, brandy, or ginger in the cup. Milk-and-vichy, where it is possible to procure it, will be found to be the best and most refreshing beverage, but failing this, sarsaparilla, ginger ale, and, in warm weather, claret and water are all good and beneficial if not partaken of too freely. Liquors should never be indulged in, except perhaps at the end of the day's ride with dinner, and then very sparingly, while champagne should be shunned as poison.

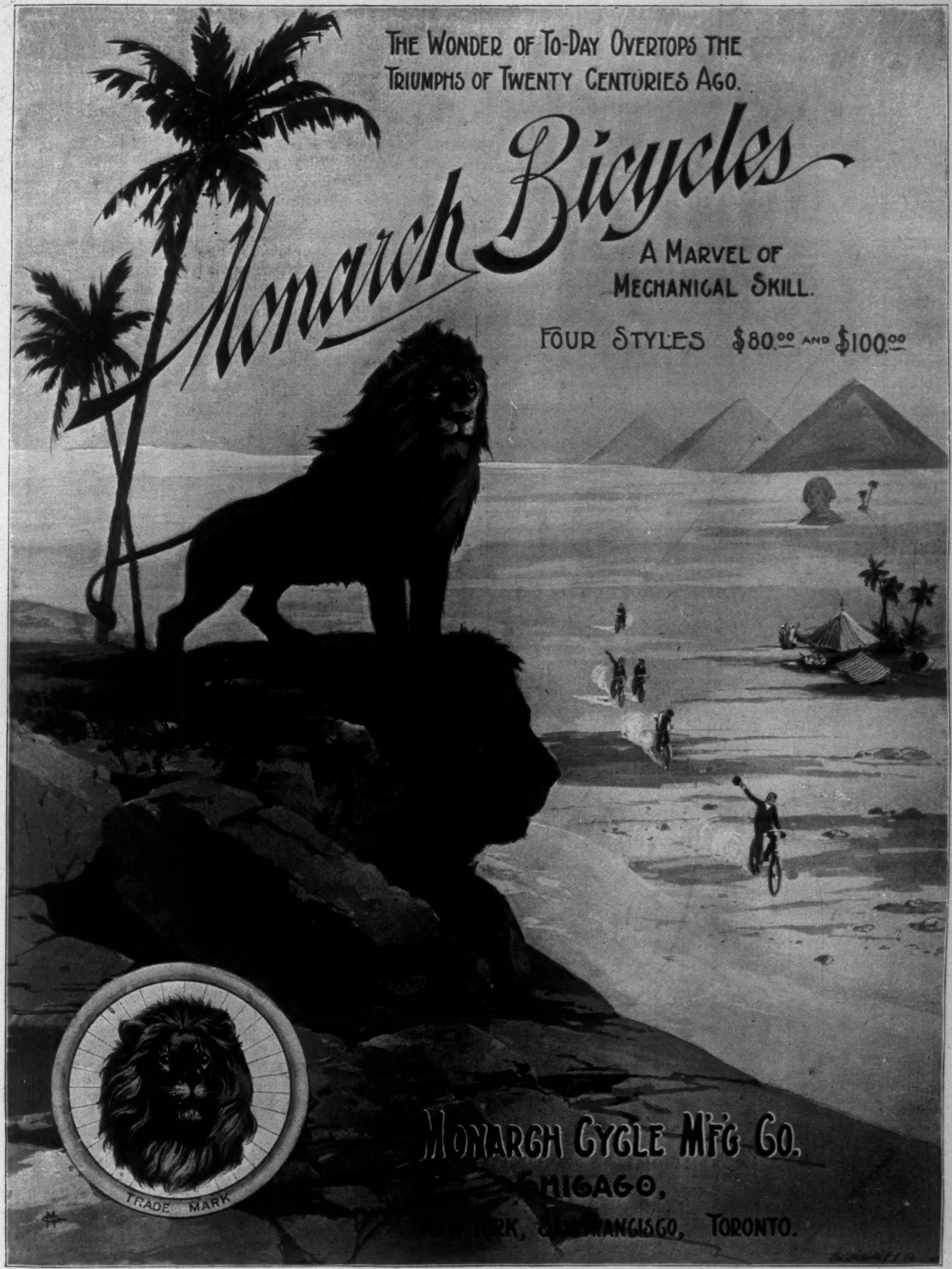
In touring the rider should be wary of coasting, which leads very often to serious accidents, especially as touring parties generally traverse roads with which they are not familiar. As a rule one should not coast on a very steep hill, or one with a turn in it, where the bottom cannot be seen, and, in fact, coasting should only be indulged in on a straight, smooth hill, with moderate incline, and then with the brake partly on, and the wheel under full control. All cross-roads should be carefully watched, and no one should coast just behind a vehicle going in the same direction, as this may slow suddenly or turn sharply into some side street. In touring, side-path riding comes very often into use. Be careful to watch your path ahead so as to avoid runways, thorns, and sharp stones, and also be sure, even in the outskirts of a town or village, before you take the side path or sidewalk, that there are no signs prohibiting its use. It is always wiser when you get near the centre of a town or village, whether any signs are visible or not, to ride in the street if it is at all passable.

Mr. J. Cleveland Cady has summed up the charms of cycle touring very succinctly as follows: "Any one who wishes to get the most out of a vacation, both in healthful invigoration and pleasure, will find a wheeling tour superior to any other means. Nothing so completely takes the mind from business; the wheel demands and will have all the attention that is not absorbed by the scenery, or circumstances of the trip; business and the ordinary cares of life are quite forgotten. The lungs receive a thorough revivifying, and the circulation starts into healthful activity; sleep becomes sound, appetite voracious, and digestion perfect. Certainly this is an ideal condition for an overworked brain-worker, or a man enslaved in the routine of business."

JAMES B. TOWNSEND.



EQUUS. "Say, young feller, you're the chap that used to leave me so far behind afore I rode the machine. How do you like being left yourself?"



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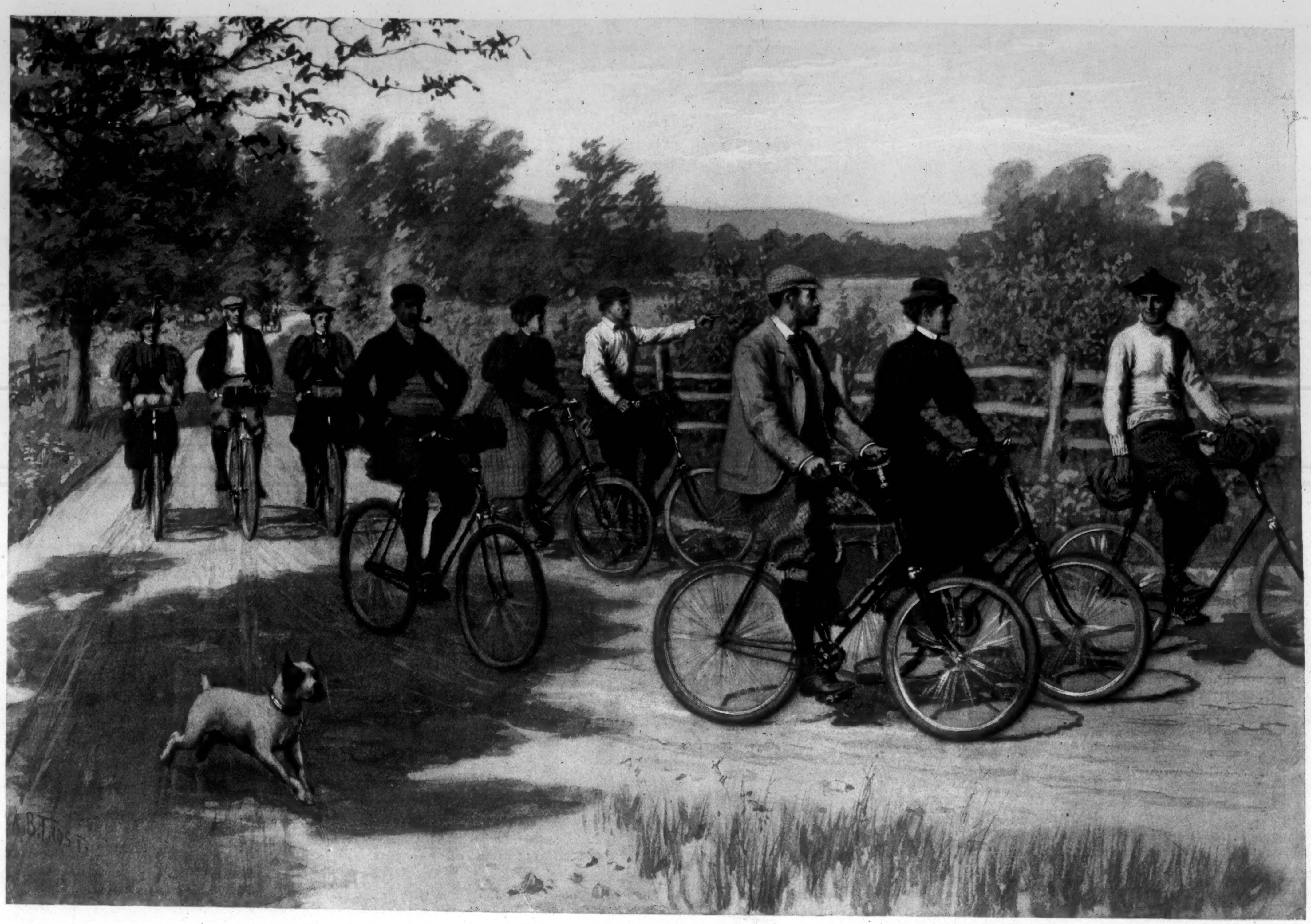
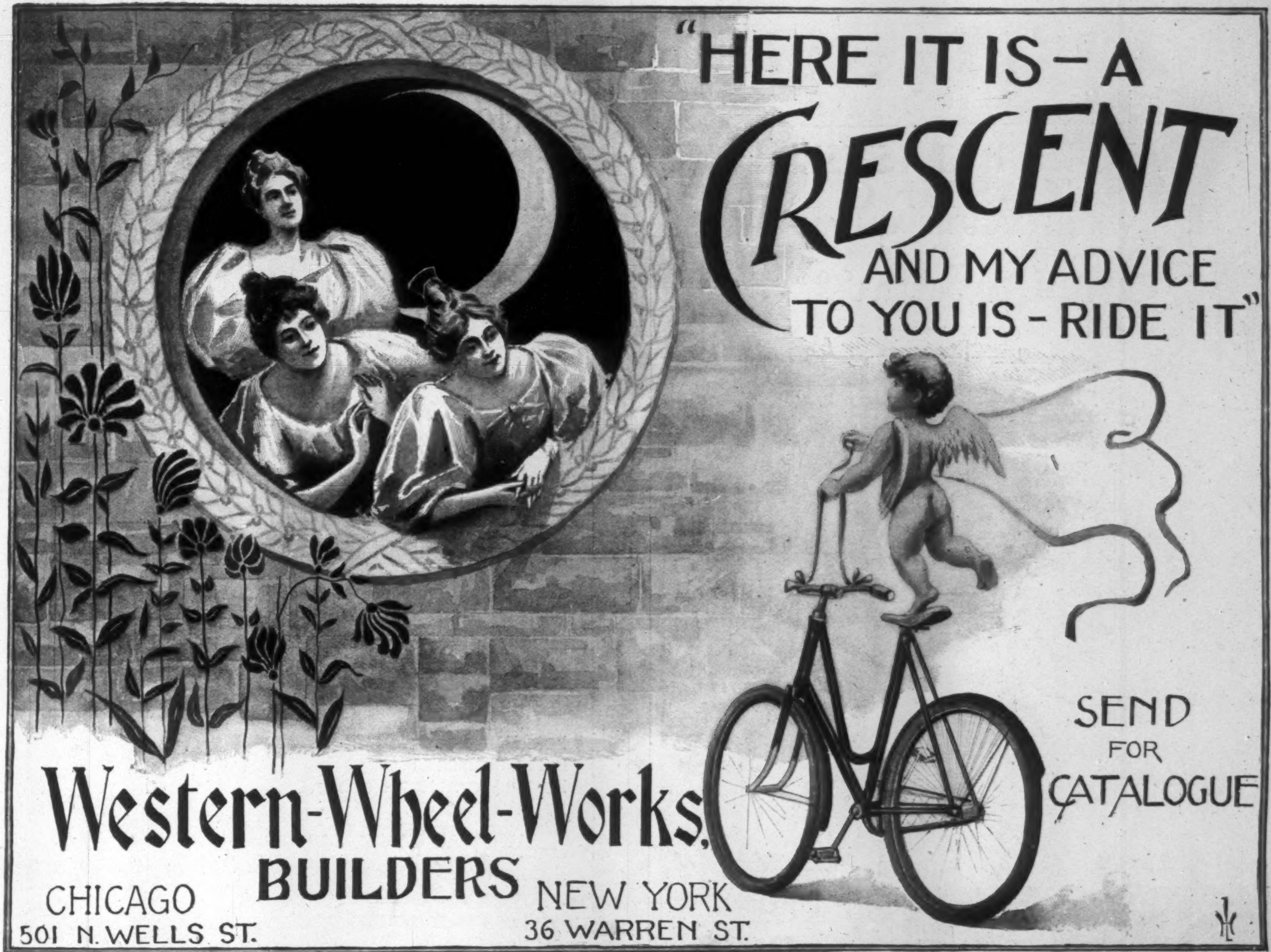


TOURISTS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 354.]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TO YOU IS—RIDE IT"
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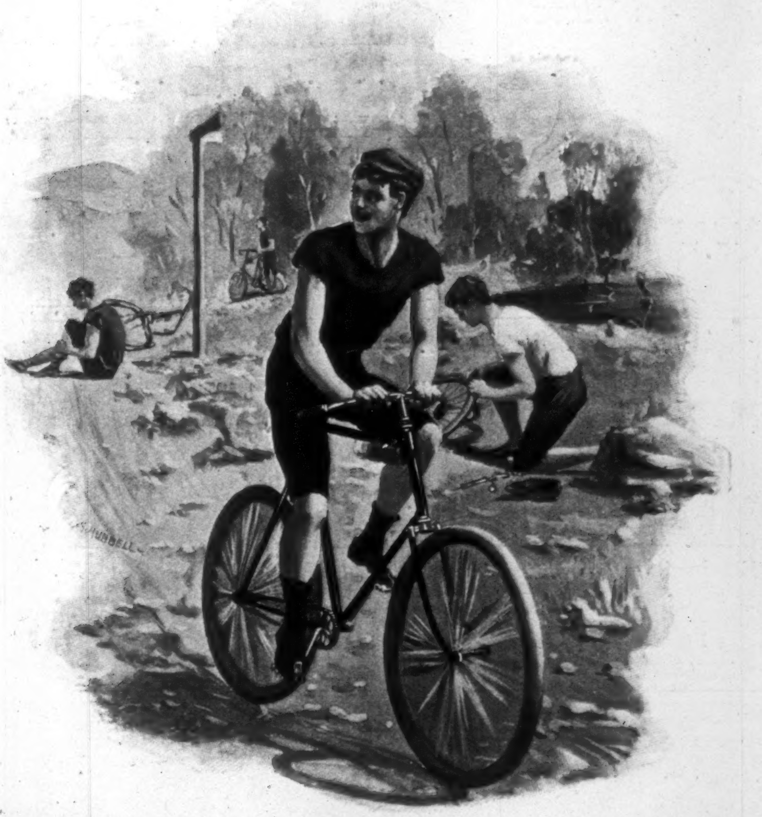

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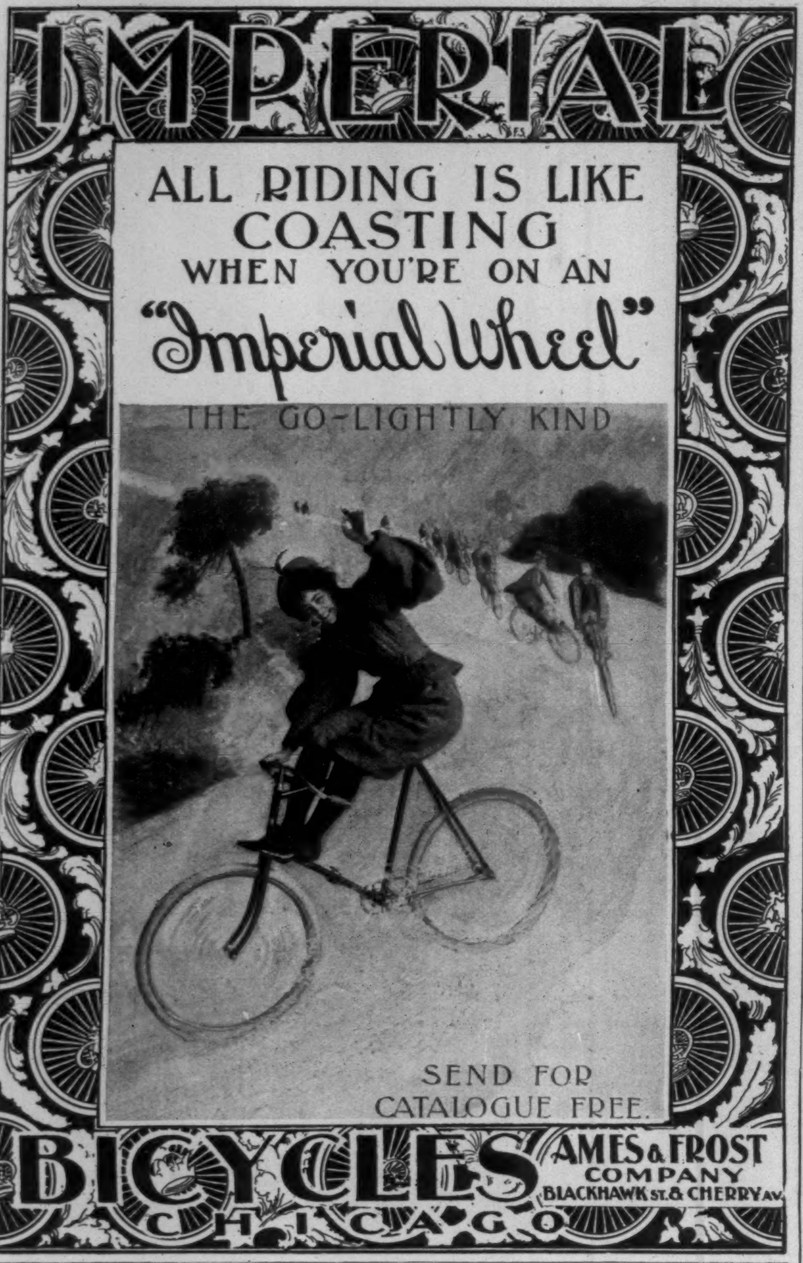

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WHEN YOU'RE ON AN
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RATTAN, first for strength and durability, then felt to soften, then leather to waterproof, and a V-shaped aperture to relieve all injurious pressure.

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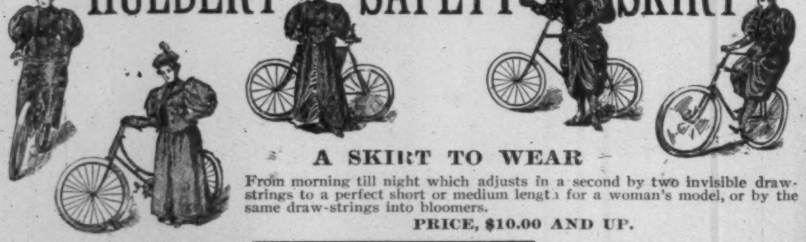

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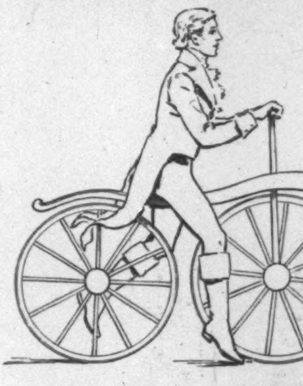
THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE.

CYCLING in America properly dates from the time when the cumbersome and ungrateful contrivance known as the Draisene made its appearance in this country, in the early part of the present century. In propelling this vehicle, which was known as the "Dandy Horse," the rider was seated between two wheels, his feet just touching the ground, and by a half run and half walk progress was made that would average about eight miles an hour. The advent of the Draisene on this side—it having been introduced in Paris in 1816—was in 1819, but the idea did not seem to take much root.



CELERIPEDE, OR DRAISENE, 1816.

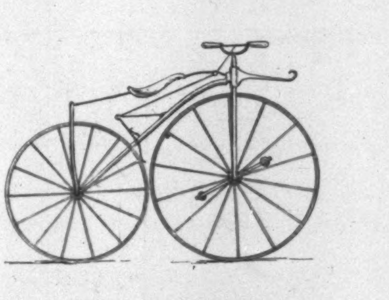
Nearly a-half-century elapsed before the Draisene reappeared on the scene, but during the early '60's it came again, this time known as the velocipede, and supplied with cranks. M. Michaux was the Frenchman who was credited with the transformation of the Draisene, but Pierre Lallemont was the one who came to this country and obtained the patents in America covering the crank movement as it applied to velocipedes.

George L. Hardy, of New York, now identified with the bicycle trade, rode the velocipede in Paris, and Robert Center, the well-known club-man, whose unfortunate death occurred a year ago, is asserted by many to have been the first man to bring such a machine to New York.

The "velocipede craze" was a craze indeed, and it ran riot for some time. There were innumerable schools of instruction, and the rush to learn to ride approached an epidemic. It may not be uninteresting to compare the ugly-looking velocipede with the finished bicycle of to-day. Hand-made steel forgings did not make the frame and forks very graceful, and wooden wheels with flat tires were not particularly attractive. The weight of the affair was about 150 pounds, and when one considers the twenty-pound roadster of to-day, he will realize how thorough has been the transition from the diamond in the rough.

Calvin Witty, of Brooklyn, bought from Lallemont the right to manufacture in this country under the patents taken out by the Frenchman, but the sudden abatement of the craze did not allow him to make a fortune.

Strange to say, it was not American genius, but that of Englishmen, which evolved the bicycle from the velocipede. At the Centennial, in 1876, at Philadelphia, several English bicycles were exhibited, and they attracted great attention and interest. Arrangements were made by the company manufacturing these machines to have an agency in Baltimore, but the success attained in the Southern city was of an indifferent character. Boston was tried the following year, and the result was much more satisfactory. Colonel Albert A. Pope, who had studied the wheel shown at the Centennial, was a Bostonian, and with Will R. Pitman, known everywhere in cycledom as "Old Vet," as his instructor, he learned to ride. The Colonel immediately began to import bicycles, and in 1878 he started to manufacture them. It was in October of this year that Mr. Pitman, the Colonel's former teacher, was sent by him to New York to introduce the bicycle in the metropolis. He rode around Union Square, and his arrest, and subsequent release when Editor Dana took up the cudgels in his defence, are matters of history.



AMERICAN VELOCIPEDE, 1869.

It was in the July preceding this occurrence that Herbert W. Knight, of Newark, New Jersey, now chairman of the Rules and Regulations Committee of the L. A. W., signalized the advent of the wheel in the metropolitan district by riding one in his city.

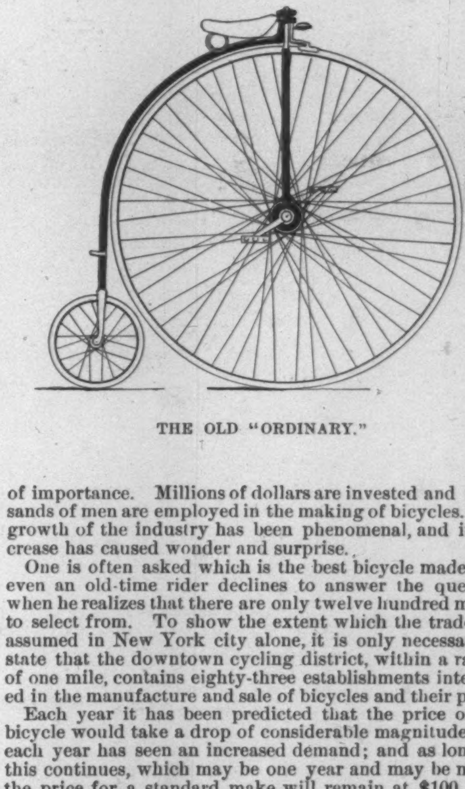
Though a vast sight better than the velocipede, the bicycle was far from perfect, and its crudeness was emphasized from tire to axle. New features and the improvements of old ones gradually added to its appearance and symmetry, and in a few years the "silent steed" made rapid strides. The number of manufacturers slowly increased, and so did the number of riders. The English machines were equalled by the home product, and the American makers began to hold their own, and more too.

In riding the bicycle at this time there was a certain element of danger from "headers" and other falls, and this led to the manufacture of a wheel in this country called the "Star," known generally as the "bicycle with the little wheel in front." In England the Kangaroo and Facile, predecessors of the present safety, were invented with the same object in view, as the "good old ordinary" was not considered particularly adapted for men of mature age, and of course not for women.

Finally all this resolved itself into the wheel such as we have to-day, and the high bicycle gradually disappeared, until it is now seldom seen. Up to the time when the safety made its successful début the wheel had been looked upon as a luxury, but with the advent of the "dwarf," which could be ridden by men of advanced years, as well as by women, cycling's growth assumed immense proportions.

Then came the perfecting of the safety. Cushion tires, which resembled garden-hose, preceded the pneumatic, which was the invention of Dunlop, an Irishman. Herbert Laurie, an English racing-man, brought to this country in 1890 a wheel fitted with these tires. He used it in a race at Niagara Falls during the L. A. W. meet in August, and won very easily. When W. D. Banker, who had borrowed the wheel from the foreigner, came out to start in a championship event no one else would compete. As the officials could find no rule which apparently covered the case, Banker was allowed to score a "walk-over." The advantage of the pneumatic made plainly apparent, there was a rush to secure these tires. As the supply was very limited, it became necessary in races to penalize those who used them. In a road race of twenty-five miles the penalty for those who were fortunate enough to possess the "wind-shod tires" was at least four minutes. This state of affairs did not exist very long, however, as the next season the supply equalled the demand made by those who were willing to put up with an occasional puncture, and its consequent bother, because of the luxury in riding or racing furnished by the new tire.

Though there have been changes in the machines manufactured during the last few years, the improvement has been steady, until the acme of perfection seems to be closely approached. It must not be expected, however, that inventive genius has exhausted itself on the bicycle, and while we may not expect radical innovations, the wheel is still susceptible to minor betterment.



THE OLD "ORDINARY."

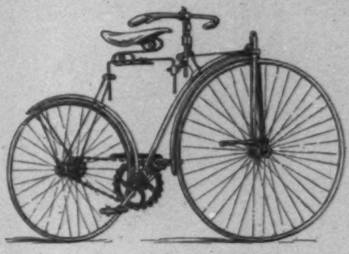
A conservative estimate of the number of wheels made last year in this country placed the figures at 400,000. This number will be exceeded by considerable this year, but the demand promises to more than equal the supply. Even this early in the season many of the makers are overrun with orders, and the predictions of a famine are not limited to a few. It is almost impossible to state positively how many manufacturers there are in the United States, but a careful count gives more than five hundred concerns of importance. Millions of dollars are invested and thousands of men are employed in the making of bicycles. The growth of the industry has been phenomenal, and its increase has caused wonder and surprise.

One is often asked which is the best bicycle made, and even an old-time rider declines to answer the question when he realizes that there are only twelve hundred makes to select from. To show the extent which the trade has assumed in New York city alone, it is only necessary to state that the downtown cycling district, within a radius of one mile, contains eighty-three establishments interested in the manufacture and sale of bicycles and their parts.

Each year it has been predicted that the price of the bicycle would take a drop of considerable magnitude, but each year has seen an increased demand; and as long as this continues, which may be one year and may be more, the price for a standard make will remain at $100. Of course there is a large call for medium-grade wheels, but the majority of people who are now taking to cycling want only the best wheel on the market. In estimating the cost of a bicycle the average person does not take into consideration the large expenditure necessary for a plant, factory and store rentals, and large advertising bills. When all these things are deducted, the profits of a bicycle are not disproportionate to the outlay necessitated.

That the large demand for wheels last year was brought about by the introduction into cycling of what is intangibly known as the "society element" and the increased number of women riders are facts plainly patent to any one who has made a study of cycling's increase.

In a résumé of the growth of cycling in this country, from its infancy up to the present time, an allusion to the League of American Wheelmen is a necessity. It was at Newport, Rhode Island, on May 30, 1880, that the national cycling body was formed, and one hundred and thirty-three riders took part in the first annual parade of the League. To Kirk Munroe, at that time editor of *Harper's Young People* and president of the New York Bicycle Club, must be given the credit for this pageant. Charles E. Pratt was the first president of the organization, which is now well on its way towards the fifty-thousand mark. Wheelmen owe much to the League, and especially was it valuable in the infancy of cycling, when their rights were often unjustly assailed, and recourse was necessary to courts and Legislatures. One of the principal objects of the League is to secure highway improvements, and for this one thing alone it deserves the support and encouragement of every rider in the land.



ORIGINAL ROVER SAFETY, 1884.

The competitive side of cycling has been well taken care of by the L. A. W., and at the present time the sport stands second to none. The present season promises to be the most notable ever experienced, and with numerous meets scheduled, and hundreds of fast riders, many of whom have decided to compete as professionals, the outlook could not be brighter and more inviting.

A. G. BATCHELDER.

FIRST LESSONS IN BUSINESS.

THE OLD MERCHANT TALKS OF NEW DEPARTURES.

"I UNDERSTAND Sigismith & Co. are going to start a grocery department the 1st of June," remarked the old merchant's son, turning toward his father's desk.

"We'll have ours under way the 1st of May," replied the old man, with a twinkle in his eye.

The boy looked surprised. "I didn't know you contemplated such a move as that," he said.

"Well, we put you in here on purpose to learn things you didn't know," observed the old gentleman, "and that's one of 'em."

The young man busied himself looking over a bicycle catalogue for a while, and then he said: "We're adding new departments pretty fast now. I wonder what 'll come next."

"Eye-and-ear hospital maybe," his father replied, laying a paper-weight on a lot of letters, and swinging round in his chair so as to face the boy. "That sounds ridiculous," he added, "but really there will be no limit to the expansion or, I may say, the transformation, of the dry-goods business, until every profession and every trade, from healing the sick to heeling a pair of shoes, is prosecuted under one roof.

"And why not?" he demanded, warming up, as he does occasionally when talking to the youngster. "Why should the people of a great city like this support twenty thousand incompetent, potterin' little shopkeepers, and a whole army of fake purveyors of one thing or another, and all their descendants, from generation to generation? They ain't going to do it. The burden's going to be lifted off their shoulders by—me partly, and by you, I hope, after I'm gone. I tell you, sir, the dry-goods men (so called) of this generation are exerting an influence for good of untold value. They are going to alter the domestic economy of the whole people. They are going to enable the masses to live better and easier by placing before them at the lowest possible cost every product of human skill and ingenuity.

"Yes," he continued, after a pause, "we're going to get ahead of that infamous old bankrupt concern down the street; we'll have groceries and liquors in our list in less than two weeks."

"Liquors?" said the young man, with a rising inflection of the voice.

"I knew you'd say that," replied the old man, "and I knew you'd say it in that tone, and I know what you mean just as well as though you unburdened your mind with a string of words reaching from here to the City Hall. Well, now, my boy, let me make you feel easy."

The old gentleman stood up and spoke impressively, giving the top of his desk a moderate blow occasionally with his closed hand.

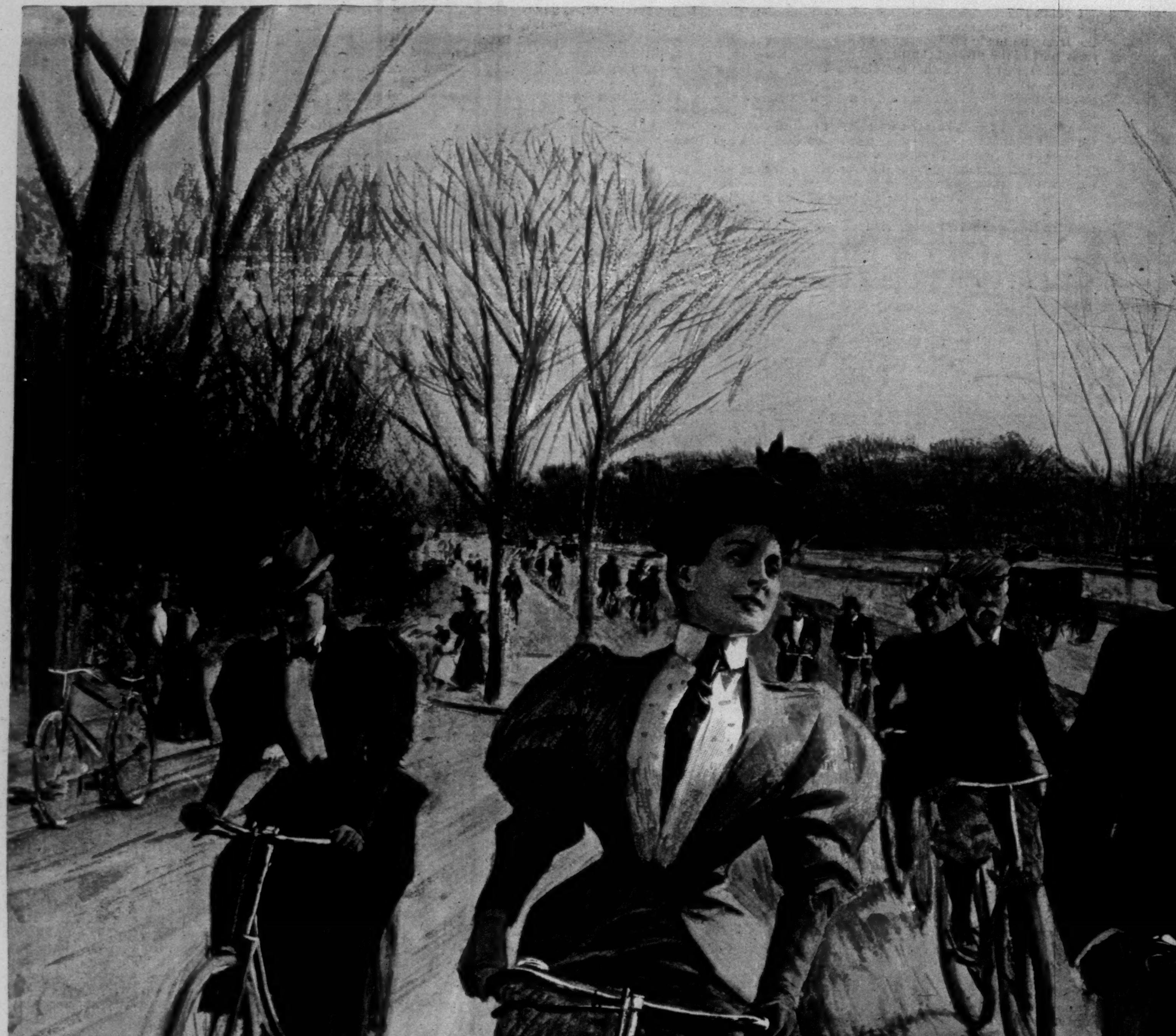
"My well-known sentiments regarding the liquor traffic," he said, "have not undergone the slightest change. I yield to no man in detestation of the devilish business. As I said at the convention a year ago, the liquor-seller all over this broad land is sowing seeds of crime, and death is reaping the horrible harvest. But"—he smiled blandly—"that is the liquor business *as it is conducted*.

"The man who enters a saloon to buy drink is abased in his own eyes, and rendered in a degree reckless of his further actions. That man may enter a dry-goods store on the same errand with entire self-respect. The saloon holds him amid vile associations until he is saturated with liquor, and then sends him home to his family drunk and penniless. The dry-goods store treats him with the greatest courtesy, gives him his merchandise attractively bottled, to be consumed openly in the bosom of his family; and, above all, he gets a dollar's worth for fifty cents, and has fifty cents left for the necessaries of life.

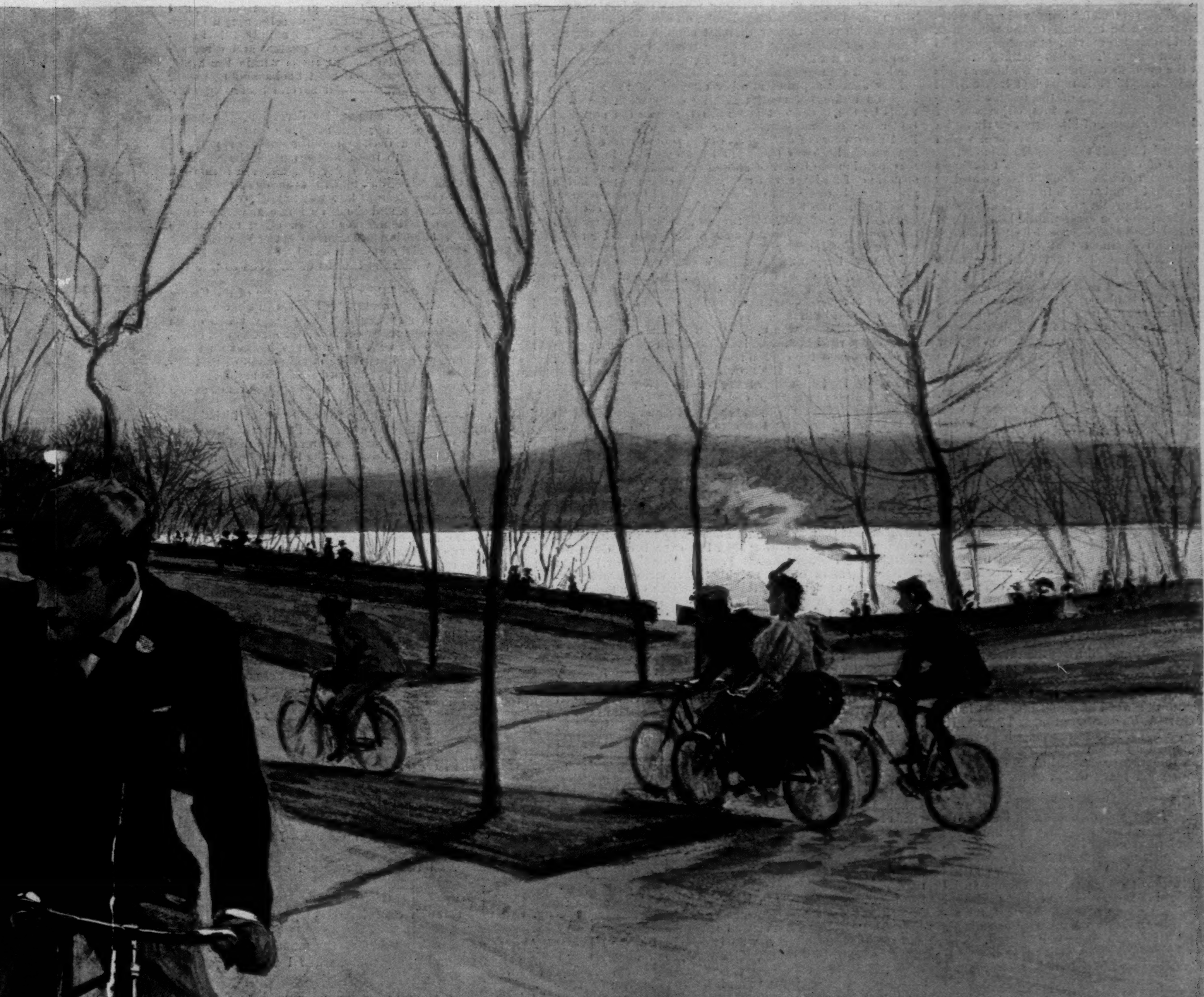
"I tell you, my boy, if this wonderful extension of the dry-goods business does nothing more than *close the saloon* it will have accomplished more than all the efforts of all the enthusiastic temperance advocates that ever lived. I have been blind not to see long before this the true way to wrest the liquor traffic from its vulgar and harmful associations and place it upon a solid basis of respectability."

The old gentleman sat down and gave his attention to the correspondence again. After a time the young man turned to his desk also. "Anyway," he said, while his face lighted up with a pleased smile, "you saw it soon enough to beat that contemptible Sigismith just one month."

CHARLES H. AUGUR.



AN AFTERNOON SPIN ON RIVERSIDE



IDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

THE BICYCLE'S RELATION TO GOOD ROADS.

The first concerted movement for improved roads within the United States must be credited to the wheelmen. It was a natural and inevitable movement proceeding from a logical and sufficient cause. Time has justified it. People have said that the cyclist's enthusiasm for better roads is not wholly unselfish, and yet it must be admitted that the peculiarly intimate knowledge of the earth's surface which every cyclist acquires in his first enjoyment of the sport has led to an amount of intelligent study and a well-directed agitation of an important movement which seem to promise material benefit to the entire country.

In the early years of cycling, "good-roads talk" was confined to the club-room circle. The old high wheel or "ordinary" bicycle was the only one in favor; the popular mind had come to regard cycling as the peculiar accomplishment of an athlete, and the great public had by common consent so fixed its limitations and its possibilities that no wheelman then dreamed that his ardent wish for better roads would some day be voiced by a multitude. Now and then, to be sure, a stray article appeared in some American newspaper in which a wheelman writer gave words to his belief in the general need of better highways; but it was not until 1889 that the League of American Wheelmen appointed its first committee on Improvement of the Highways, and adopted a by-law in which the duties of this committee were defined. The use of the safety bicycle and the consequent increase in the number of riders were by this time assured. The new committee went vigorously about its work by first publishing a convenient little hand-book on the general subject of road-making, of which the first edition of 20,000 copies was soon exhausted by free distribution. Following this came "The Gospel of Good Roads," an illustrated pamphlet containing a collection of half-tone pictures from photographs showing the marvellous contrast between the roads of Europe and those of our own country, with about sixty pages of text and statistical tables. In 1891 the movement had become so well established that the demand upon the League for road literature was found to be greater than its power to supply. Sixty thousand copies of the "Gospel" had been distributed, and several newspapers had reproduced it in their pages for special use among their farmer readers. The executive officers of the League came together in November, 1891, and after carefully reviewing the work done, and gauging the probable field of work for the future, established *Good Roads Magazine*, an illustrated publication, of which about a million copies were distributed during the three following years.

This brief and superficial sketch of what was most prominent in the early good-roads work of our wheelmen cannot be passed without a word of grateful acknowledgment to Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, and Mr. A. H. Overman, of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, whose generous contributions, added to the funds in the L. A. W. treasury, made possible the accomplishment of a great educational work for good roads which could not otherwise have been attempted.

What have been the practical results? Of what avail has it been that these thousands of wheelmen have made themselves educators in the great movement for improved highways? The results have been little less than marvellous. It is safe to say that no great movement, dependent on popular favor for its success, ever began with so little promise and progressed with such rapid and substantial strides as has the agitation for better roads in the United States. Its friends have been patient, persistent, relentless. In every populous State they have been organized, and every organization has grown and prospered. The wonderful growth of cycling has brought many thoughtful and influential men and women to aid the work, and the object-lessons supplied to the farmers and merchants by the newly made roads of New Jersey, Massachusetts, and certain counties of New York have done more perhaps than all else to demonstrate the industrial value of a hard, smooth, permanent highway.

Within the last three years sixteen of our States have passed laws looking to the betterment of their public roads. California has now a State commission, or "Bureau of Highways," appointed to visit the several counties, gather and compile statistics, hold public meetings, and publish information by means of periodical bulletins. Connecticut has a State Board of Highway Commissioners appointed to approve specifications, supervise road construction, and make reports. One-third the cost of construction of new roads is borne by the State, and a like proportion by the town and by the county. Iowa has passed a law providing that all unused building and refuse stone shall be broken by convicts in the State penitentiary, and that the broken stone shall be distributed among the counties in lots of ten car-loads each on application by the county supervisors to the warden. The new road law in Kentucky provides that all persons in county jails and workhouses under sentence of hard labor may be required to work on the public roads. In Massachusetts the Legislature of 1893 passed an act providing for a permanent State Highway Commission, and for the construction of State roads under its direction. The members of this commission are all members of the League of American Wheelmen, and have been prominent in urging the advance of the movement from its beginning. Their work has been thus far so admirably done as to excite the warmest approval, and their official reports for the last three years are of great value as works of reference.

It may be worth while to mention here the preliminary work that was accomplished by this commission before its permanent character was established. Its members made a careful canvass to determine the sentiment of the public officials in all the cities and towns within the fourteen counties of the State, on the questions whether aid should be given by the commonwealth at large to the general work of main road building, whether county aid should be so given, and whether a State Highway Commission should be established. The returns showed that of the towns voting about 73 per cent. favored State aid, county aid on main roads was rejected by a vote of about four to one, and a State Highway Commission favored by a vote of three to one. Pursuing the interesting conditions in Massachusetts a little further, it was related the other day that five years ago the farmers of that State attended at the Boston State House in a mass to oppose a proposed law for the improvement of the country roads, on the ground that such improvement involved the unnecessary expenditure of public money, while a like assemblage in the same building within the last month, when asked to indicate separately, on a slip of paper, the sum which each farmer thought should now be appropriated for improving the State roads, put down sums ranging from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000, the former being the lowest sum suggested.

New Jersey supplies another example of the splendid impetus and good results given to the work for good roads by the beneficent provision for State aid supplied under the general law. Under the New Jersey law of 1891 the owners of two-thirds of the property fronting on any public highway (being at least one mile in length) may petition the board of chosen freeholders for the construction of an improved road, and in case the petition is granted only one-tenth of the cost is paid by the owners, one-third by the State, and the balance by the county. On December 27, 1892, the State of New Jersey paid to the County of Middlesex the sum of $20,661 85 for road-work completed under the law, being the first money ever paid in the United States under a law granting State aid for the construction of public roads. In New Jersey, as in Massachusetts, the organized wheelmen include thousands of tax-payers and many public officers and citizens of repute and influence. Their power in the direction of reform legislation was most effective in the adoption of the present road law, as it has since been in securing the official action of the chosen freeholders in several counties that have profited by the provision for State aid.

Early in 1894 a circular letter was sent by the late Hon. Edward Burrough, then chairman of the New Jersey State Board of Agriculture, to various prominent farmers in that State, inviting them to state their opinions regarding the value of the improved roads constructed under the recent laws.

Copies of some of the answers received by Mr. Burrough are in possession of the writer, and a few brief quotations will be interesting to the cyclist and to everybody: "I would say that since having some of them improved among us, it is the universal opinion among farmers that they are of more benefit to the agricultural community than anything that has ever been done for them."—(H. Dornell, Mount Laurel, New Jersey.) "At first the farmers of the neighborhood were largely opposed to the movement, but within the past year they have become almost unanimous in favor of the extension of the system."—(S. L. Allen, Philadelphia.) "Property has almost doubled in value, and travel has more than doubled."—(H. H. Brown, Old Bridge, New Jersey.) "We have a country road in my neighborhood of which we are very proud, and near which property has advanced fifty per cent. of its value before the road was laid."—(Dennis Long, Union, New Jersey.) "Travel has already doubled over our road and property has greatly increased in value. .... I am of the opinion that the improvement would be cheap at five times the cost."—(Stockton Hough, Trenton, New Jersey.) "We find that good roads shorten distances one-half. They make good sidewalks. They are likely to hasten the free delivery of mail in the country, and they increase the value of real estate."—(Dennis C. Crane, Westfield, New Jersey.) "So far as the stone roads have gone they improve the value of land in which they are located, and relieve us farmers of a great worry and thought about our teams pulling through the dirt roads. One horse will do two horses' work with ease."—(William Jones, Medford, New Jersey.) "A good stone road enables us to haul larger loads at less expense for teams.... The farmers in this section are very much in favor of State aid."—(Howard G. Taylor, Riverton, New Jersey.) "I have interviewed several farmers, and very seldom have found one who is not in favor of better roads."—(J. C. Lippincott, Kirkwood, New Jersey.) "I would not sell my house and accept another worth $7000 as a gift and be obliged to live on it if two miles from a macadam road. No farmer in this neighborhood would buy a farm not located on a macadam road."—(Manning Freeman, Merchantville, New Jersey.) These will suffice to indicate the general sentiment expressed by the large number of letters received, as well as that which obtains among farmers in every part of the Union where smooth and permanent highways have been put down.

The relation of the bicycle to good roads is therefore a most direct and important one, and the influence of the bicycle has doubtless been more potent than any other factor in bringing about the results thus far obtained. Upon every essential point affecting good roads legislation and road construction all well-informed cyclists are substantially agreed, and more than ninety per cent. of the expert road-builders and successful agitators for better roads in America are found among the ranks of the wheelmen. On the less important questions of wagon-wheel construction and convict labor on public roads, cyclists are content to differ regarding these things as among the non-essentials, and feeling confident that each will work its own solution in process of time. Indeed, the convict-labor scheme has been already put to practical test in some States, and, notably in North Carolina, with results which do not seem quite to condemn the system, since it appears that by the employment of convicts in Mecklenburg County in that State macadam roads were constructed having a width of twelve feet and a thickness of nine inches (the full graded roadway being from 32 to 40 feet wide) at a cost of less than $2500 per mile.

Almost equal in value to the good road surface, and of great importance to the touring wheelman, is a knowledge of routes and distances. To supply this knowledge, as well as to indicate the quality and direction of each of the several different roads within the State, the wheelmen have prepared road books and maps for the use of the members of their several State organizations.

Touring is the cyclist's popular diversion. So popular, indeed, is it becoming that many a country hostlery, almost abandoned a decade ago for want of patrons, has taken new life to itself and assumed the vigor of a new prosperity. From every populous centre each Sunday and public holiday takes thousands of cyclists of both sexes into the pleasant highways and byways of the surrounding country, and the keen strife to which country innkeepers lend themselves in their effort to hold the wheeling patronage is shown in no better way than by the numerous special sign-boards and "official hotel" advertisements by which the host so often seeks to lure the touring cyclist.

The rejuvenation of the old tavern is one of the happy incidents of cycling growth. It insures to the country a greater joy and a stronger life, takes away much of its lonesomeness, brings many of the people of city and country into closer touch with one another, insures an interchange of benefits, and helps the development of that undeveloped section of every county which becomes only the more pronounced in its undeveloped appearance as one proceeds outward from the populous town.

The relation of the bicycle to good roads will hold its increasing importance for a period of time which no man can now compute. As long as human kind makes use of a vehicle of which the power of the human body is itself the propelling force, the study of the road surface will claim its due share of the rider's attention. The study is an interesting one, and, from the stand-point of the statesman, a profitable one, as the results have proved. Bicycle-riding increases apace. Every cyclist is an unswerving believer in the need of better roads. He knows no more of the misery of a mud road, perhaps, than all the horses and all the mules knew a thousand years ago, but the gift of speech has blessed him with the privilege of telling about it. And so it shall come to pass that when all our farmers ride bicycles the country road will reach the full splendor of its excellence, and when all our merchants and manufacturers are wheelmen the street pavements of the town will be made fitly to co-operate with the wagon wheel in the movement of merchandise. And then will the great mission of the bicycle have due acknowledgment, and the efforts of the wheelman for better roads be placed in the schedule of things that are not altogether selfish.

Isaac B. Potter.

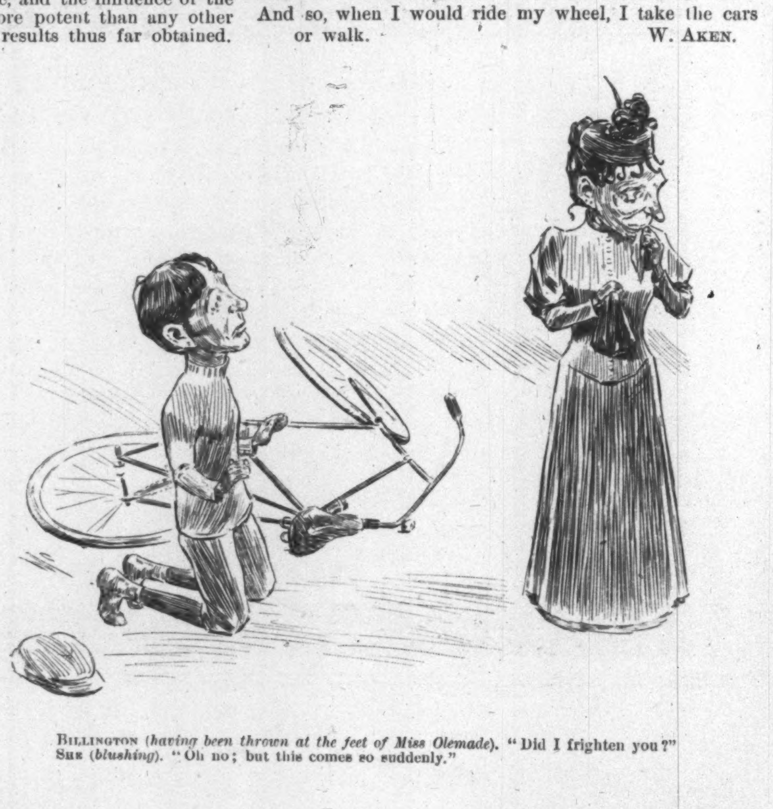
A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS AND NO SAFETY.

I am an ardent bicyclist, and so perhaps you'll feel
That it is rather strange that I was never on a wheel;
And yet the reason's plain enough—I cannot yet decide
On which of all the many makes I ought to learn to ride.

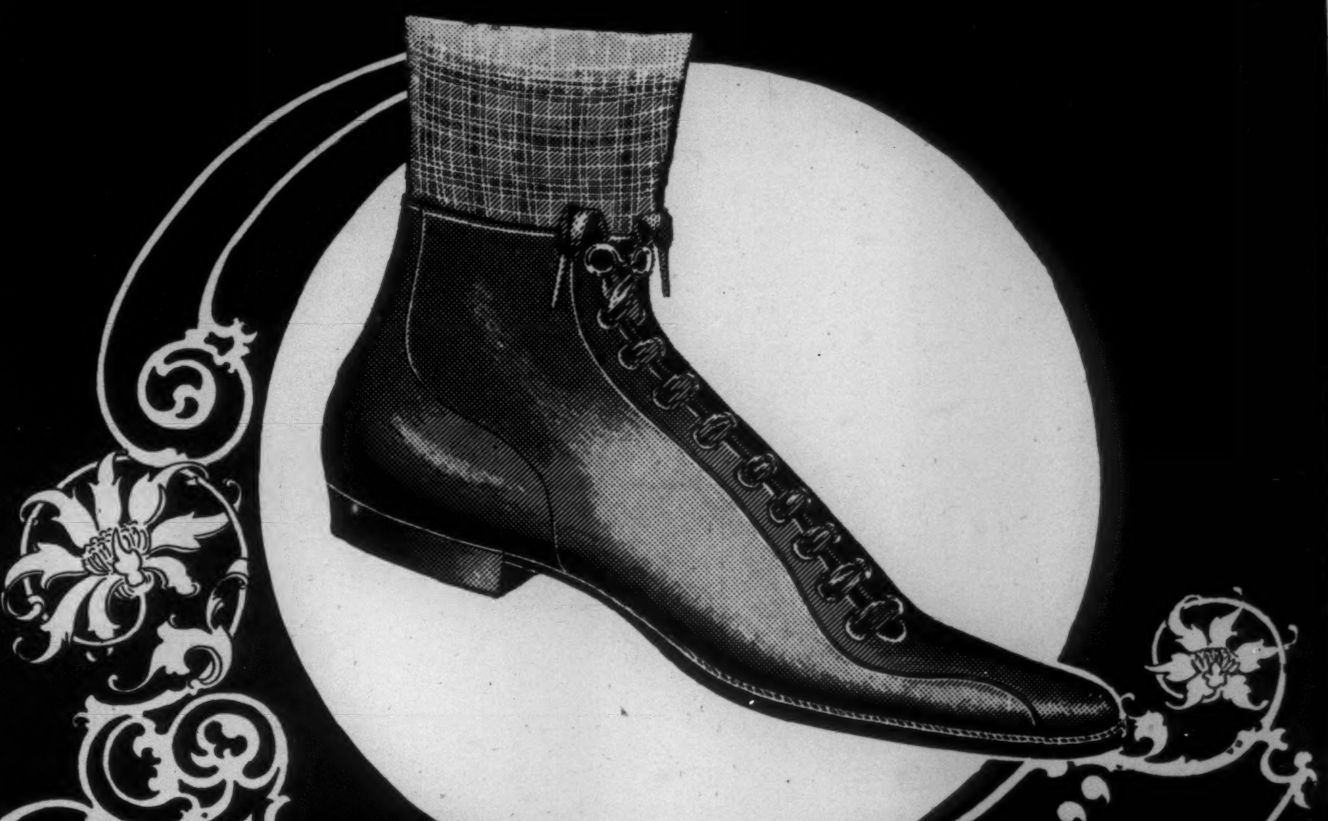
I've pored through countless catalogues descriptive of machines,
And the advertising pages of the monthly magazines;
And it's certainly perplexing, when I want to get the best,
To read that each has some advantage over all the rest.

I've questioned every man I know who rides upon a bike,
And though they all have different kinds (which all look just alike),
Each one about the merits of his own alone will talk—
And so, when I would ride my wheel, I take the cars or walk.

W. Aken.



Billington (*having been thrown at the feet of Miss Olemade*). "Did I frighten you?"
She (*blushing*). "Oh no; but this comes so suddenly."



"Ball=Bearing"

Bicycle Shoes

"BALL-BEARING" BICYCLE SHOES are made to Fit and to Wear. The lasts on which these Shoes are made are so formed as to represent as nearly as may be, the actual shape of the average foot, with the idea of producing a Shoe which will touch and support the foot at every point. A Shoe made in this way must be a comfort to wear. The "Ball-Bearing" name is used and copyrighted, because the Shoes are so constructed as to give the ball of the foot the greatest ease and freedom for action, and at the same time, embracing all of the superior features of well made Shoes. **Pratt Fasteners Secure Laces without tying.**

Number 972 as shown above is the Great Original "Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoe from which we have developed a large line, embracing over 100 styles of Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Misses' Bicycle and Athletic Footwear. The price of 972 made from our famous "Prince of India" Leather is $3.00: same in Tan (No. 975) $3.50: "Prince of India" Goodyear Welt, same as hand sewed (No. 995) $3.50: same in Chocolate Russia Calf (No. 1150) $4.00: Ladies Cloth, Leather Trimmed Knee Boots, $4.50 to $8.00.

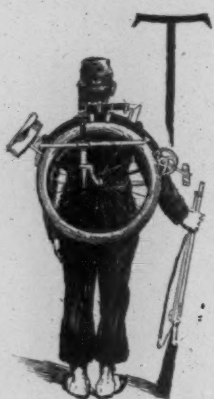
Every dealer is our agent and will take your order, but goods will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if you so prefer. Our "Ball-Bearing" Booklet is ready and will be mailed upon application. See that the trade mark is on every pair.

C. H. FARGO & CO.
Market & Quincy Sts.,
Chicago.

CYCLE SECTION EQUIPPED FOR PRACTICE MARCH.

THE BICYCLE IN THE ARMY.

BY MAJOR HOWARD A. GIDDINGS, C. N. G.

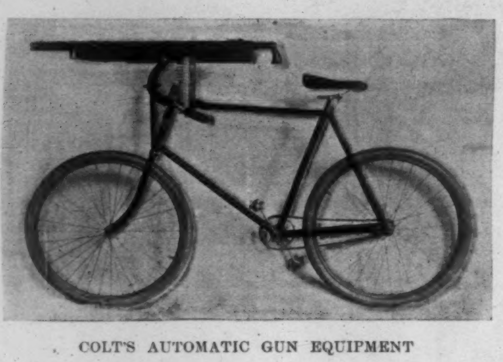


FRENCH FOLDING BICYCLE.

THE bicycle is to-day a permanent feature in the world's economy, and has become an essential element of modern life.

That its introduction into the military service is comparatively recent is owing, first, to the fact that it was not until it took its present form that it was practicable for use in the army; and second, to its being an innovation which threatened to revolutionize methods of mobilization, and as such was received with that conservatism which is always displayed toward any proposed radical change in existing military systems.

The military use of the bicycle, as already developed, may be considered under two general heads: first, employment by individual wheelmen, such as messengers and couriers, by patrolling or reconnoitring parties, and for topographical purposes; second, for the moving of bodies of infantry from point to point.



COLT'S AUTOMATIC GUN EQUIPMENT

It is in rapidly moving considerable bodies of infantry that the bicycle will find its highest function in time of war.

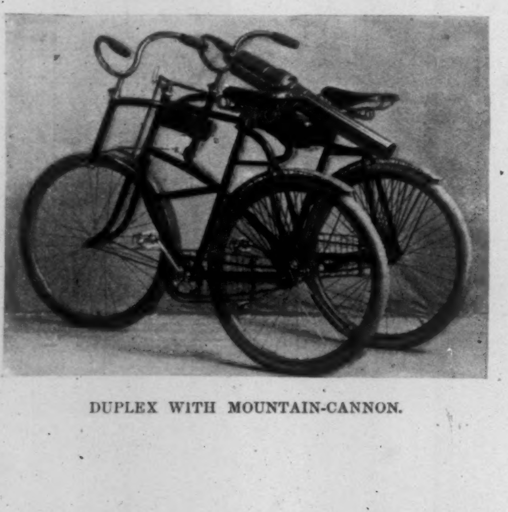
The problem of mounting infantry so as not to lessen their fighting power has always been a mooted one. The bicycle cannot, however, supply the solution until it has been tried in actual warfare.

But fancy a force of infantry, independent of boats and railroads, moving in any direction forty or fifty miles in one morning, and appearing on a field not weary and exhausted as after a two days' hard march, but fresh and prepared to fight.

The bicycle is essentially an infantry machine; but, aside from its use for transporting large bodies of infantry, it must be of the greatest value in advance-guard and outpost duties, for patrols and convoys, and to enable officers to make quick observations. In short, the opportunities are limitless which are open to a skilful and enterprising commander who understands the capabilities and limitations of the bicycle, and who is blind neither to its merits nor its faults.

The military bicycle was used in Europe as early as 1870, the Italian army being the first to adopt it. There are now furnished four wheels to each regiment of infantry, grenadiers, sappers and miners, engineers, and cavalry of the Italian army. The machines are provided with a brake, lantern, knapsack, rifle supports, and a leather pouch for orders.

In Belgium the Minister of War has established a bicycle school, which furnishes all the cyclists for the military service. Each regiment sends a number of men every year for instruction. Special railway cars have been constructed to carry the machines. Not only is the floor occupied, but as many more are suspended from the roof.



DUPLEX WITH MOUNTAIN-CANNON.

The bicycle was introduced into the French army by ministerial decree in 1887. Military cyclists are chosen from the troops of all arms, and are divided into two classes, regimental cyclists and staff cyclists. The efficiency of recruits of the first class is tested over a distance of forty-eight kilometres, and for the second class over a distance of ninety kilometres. These distances must be covered in six hours.

A portable military cycle is under consideration in France. The backbone has a hinge half-way between the two wheels which allows the wheels to be folded together, so that the cycle when closed can readily be slung over and fastened to a light pack. The machine weighs twenty-five to thirty pounds.

In Germany the trials of the bicycle have not come up to the fullest expectation, owing perhaps to the fact that the cheapest kind of machines was used, costing less than twenty dollars. In the future, however, the wheels are to cost seventy-five dollars. One hundred and two are already on hand, and 728 more are required. There are allowed to each regiment of infantry and cavalry four orderlies—one for the regimental and one for each battalion staff—and twelve cyclists, under command of an officer, at the disposal of the regimental commander.

Austrian soldiers in a five days' march, with full field kit, made, in 1884, seventy miles per day, and in 1885 one hundred miles per day. By tests during manœuvres it has been found that scouts on bicycles outdo in endurance those on horses.

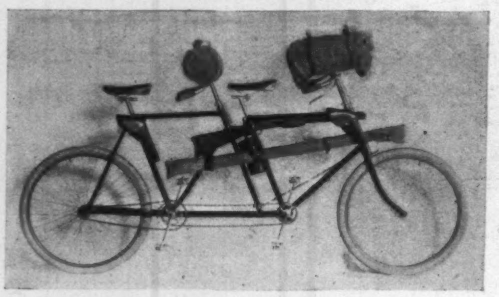
It would not be supposed that Russia is a favorable country for the use of bicycles, but after long experiment the War Department is satisfied as to the superiority of courier wheelmen over courier horsemen, and bicycles are being made at the government arsenals and introduced into all the field infantry troops of European Russia.

England did not have in 1893 a single cyclist in the regular service. Cyclist sections were, however, formed among the volunteers as early as 1888. There are now 5100 men in the cyclist sections of the volunteers. It is proposed to increase the number to 20,000.

In the United States, the most conservative of nations in military affairs, the bicycle was first introduced into the military service in 1891, in the National Guard of Connecticut, with a corps of forty men. From systematic experiments with this corps valuable results have been obtained. It has been demonstrated:

First, that a soldier can take a bicycle through the woods and over the most broken country, where a horse could not go, at very nearly as rapid a gait as he could go without the machine.

Second, that on fairly level ground or, on downward slopes the wheel can be ridden in fields or pastures.



MILITARY TANDEM—RIFLE AND REVOLVER EQUIPMENT.

Third, that the wheel is an assistance to soldiers fording rivers where the water is not over their heads, as it helps them to keep their footing.

Fourth, that a wounded man can be placed on a bicycle by one man, unassisted, who can then mount and carry both without serious inconvenience, the wounded resting in an easy position.

Fifth, that a wheel can be rendered useless to the enemy in thirty seconds by drawing a screw in the driving-chain and taking the chain away.

Sixth, that a bicycle lying in the bed of a river sustains less injury from rust than if lying in the bushes, being alternately wet and dried.

In 1892 General Nelson A. Miles directed some experiments with cyclists, which were the first made in the regular army. On May 18, 1892, General Miles sent a message from his headquarters in Chicago to General Howard at New York Harbor by relays of cycle-riders from the League of American Wheelmen. The distance, 975 miles, was made through severe rains in four days and thirteen hours. Several hundred miles were ridden on the Lake Shore Railway track. In August, 1894, General McCook, at Denver, Colorado, received a message from General Greely, at Washington, D. C., by bicycle relays, over 2000 miles being covered in six days, twelve hours, thirty-seven minutes.

Lieutenant Donovan of the army has ridden 530 miles in five and a half days, over some of the worst roads in the country, carrying a Springfield rifle, Colt revolver, rations for three days, blanket, canteen, dog-tent, and thirty rounds of ammunition.

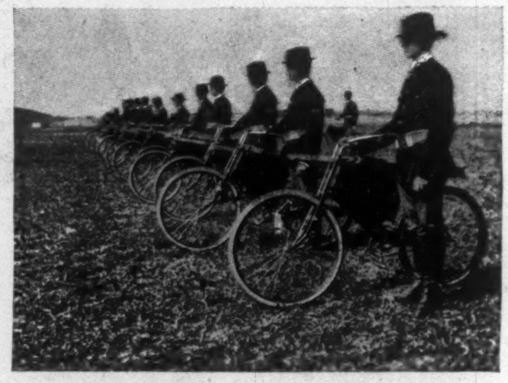
General Greely, Chief Signal Officer, has introduced the bicycle into the signal corps of the army, for which service it is particularly suited. General Miles in his last annual report recommended that a regiment be equipped with bicycles and motor-wagons, and undoubtedly this will be done in the near future.

Although it is believed that the greatest function of the military bicycle is to enable the infantry to have at hand, with slight expense and care, a convenient and swift means of transportation, its use for exploring, reconnoitring, and for harassing and expeditionary patrols must not be underestimated.

The bicycle is practically noiseless, raises little dust, can be hidden in any ditch or corn-field, lifted over any fence, ferried across a stream in any boat, and it is impossible to tell from its track which way it was going.

Men not especially expert can move at a speed of ten miles an hour without great fatigue, and keep it up for some hours. A small force could make a wide détour around the enemy's flanks for the purpose of cutting his communications, moving more quickly and with greater secrecy than cavalry. Important points, such as passes, heights, and bridges, could be seized and held. Cyclists could also be used as reserves to support threatened or weak portions of the line, either in the attack or defence, and in pursuing a retreating army, following on the heels of the cavalry to harass the enemy, and perhaps make him turn at bay and fight the whole army in a disadvantageous position.

The ordinary bicycle now manufactured is too light for military use. A military wheel should weigh not less than thirty pounds, and should have a diamond frame, steel-rimmed wheels, high handle-bars, and two-inch cushion tires. All parts should be interchangeable, and parts usually nickelled should be blued. A leather luggage-case, holding about as much as a knapsack, may be carried inside the diamond frame.

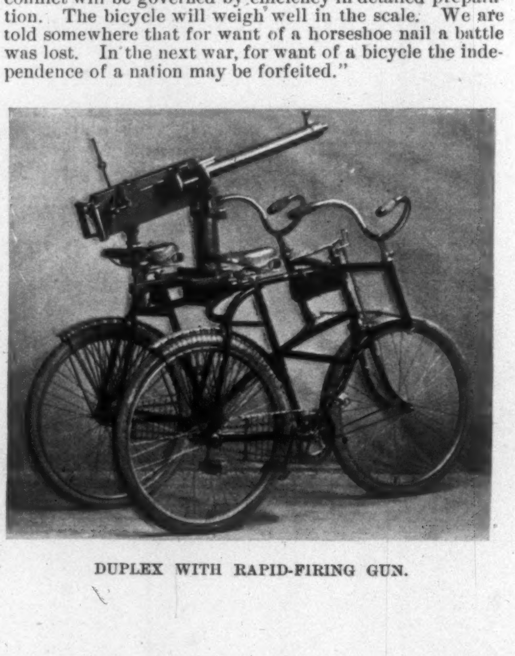


SIGNAL CORPS, C. N. G.

As between tandems and single wheels, the single wheels are less cumbersome, more easily mounted, and can go over worse ground. The tandem has the advantage of cheapness, lightness, and economy in depth of column. If 6000 men were to be moved six miles on single wheels, the rear would be delayed thirty-seven and a half minutes in taking the road. With tandems the delay would be but eighteen minutes, which is an important difference when one considers that the head would arrive in forty-five minutes. For moving large bodies of troops tandems will undoubtedly be found the more desirable machines; for scouts and messengers, single machines.

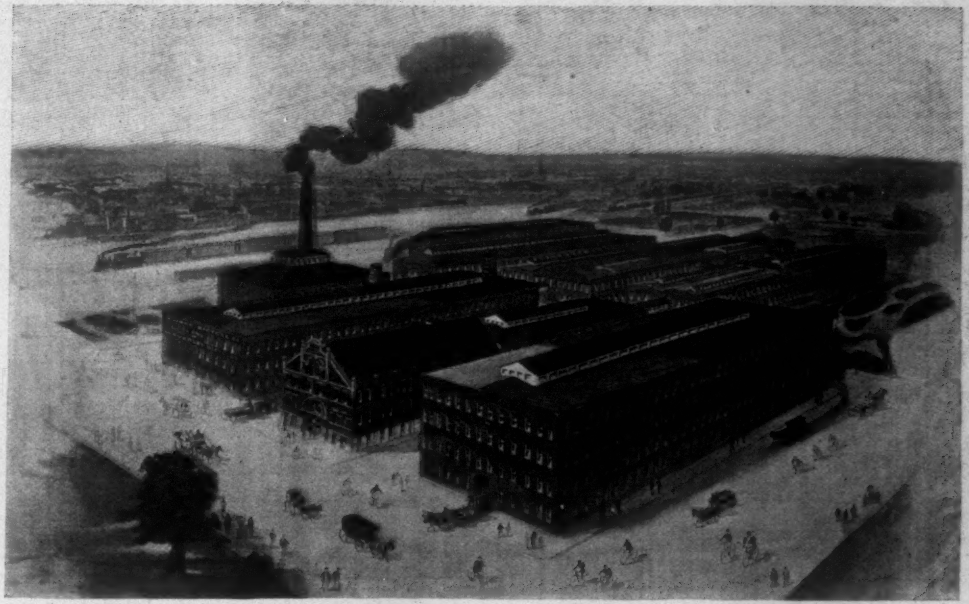
Suitable drill regulations for military cyclists in this country are now being prepared by the United States Military Wheelmen, a sort of volunteer auxiliary association to the National Guard, in which wheelmen who have a knowledge of military drill are associated together for the purpose of testing the practicability of manœuvring large bodies of troops with the bicycle. From this organization, of which Colonel Rice, U.S.A., is president, could be recruited, in time of war, large numbers of our best and most vigorous young men for cyclist troops.

"It is supposed to be a military principle with us," says Lieutenant Whitney, "that our army, though small, should be kept in the highest state of efficiency, so that in the event of war we shall have a nucleus that will compare, in organization at least, with any power with which we should be likely to come in contact. The balance of power is so nicely adjusted that the chances in the coming conflict will be governed by efficiency in detailed preparation. The bicycle will weigh well in the scale. We are told somewhere that for want of a horseshoe nail a battle was lost. In the next war, for want of a bicycle the independence of a nation may be forfeited."



DUPLEX WITH RAPID-FIRING GUN.

Where Waverley Bicycles Are Made



We build our bicycles in a thoroughly up-to-date factory of modern construction throughout, and so arranged as to insure the greatest degree of economy of handling both new material and finished product. We employ the highest mechanical skill and the best labor-saving machinery that ample capital can provide. Our methods of construction are along the latest and most approved lines of scientific mechanical work, and adopted always with the sole purpose of producing the best results. We are blessed with an abundance of "nature's free fuel," natural gas; and its use in all departments of our work where fuel is required is an important element in the economy of our establishment. We have availed ourselves of every possibility of construction and natural advantage, and claim, unhesitatingly, the most perfect and complete bicycle plant in the world, with a productive capacity second to none.

Our unequalled facilities enable us to build the highest type and grade of bicycle known at a

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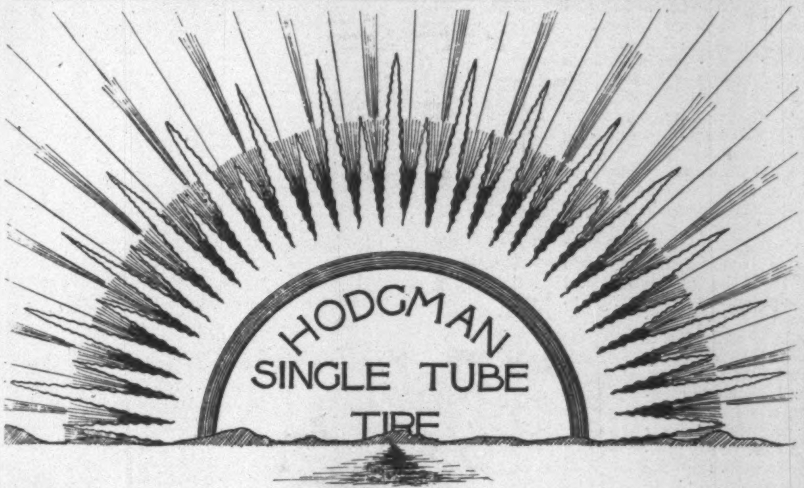

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the Bicycle and got it.

Women want the BEST Tire and can have it.

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While the famous "pebble tread" is an admitted advantage, yet the construction of the VIM single-tube tire is what makes it strong and fast.

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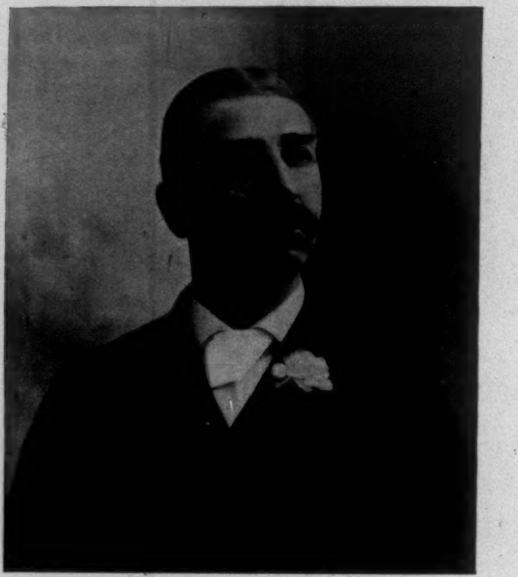
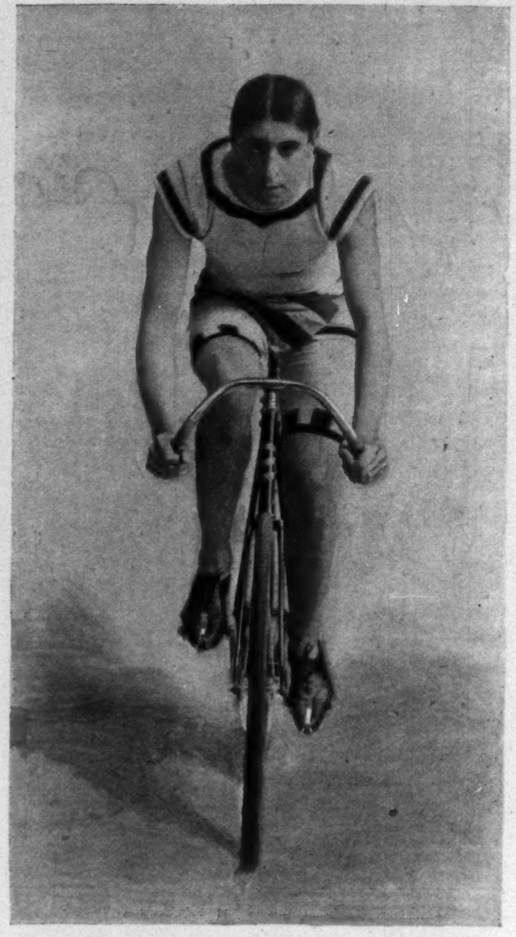
ARTHUR GARDINER.
Record for fastest paced five Miles, 9 min. 58 1-5 sec.



WILL R. PITMAN.
Winner first one-mile Bicycle Race in America (1878), 3 min. 57 sec.



E. C. BALD.
Record for fastest Competitive Mile, 1 min. 55 1-5 sec.

THE RACING SIDE OF BICYCLING.

An element in the fascination of bicycling is the fact that the rider produces his own speed, by his own physical exertions, and the higher rate that speed attains the more exhilarating is the sensation. As a natural sequence it followed in the early history of the bicycle that when two or more devotees of the wheel were on the road together even good-fellowship could not entirely obliterate the rivalry that always pertains to athletic recreations of whatever character, from the era of the Olympian games to the innumerable variety of contests of the present period. The rivalries of the bicycle begotten in this manner on the highways and byways led to gauntlets being thrown by the knights of the wheel that could only be satisfactorily settled in the field of athletic honor and on a course better adapted for the purpose.

One of the earliest to experience this rivalry was Mr. Will R. Pitman, of New York, who won the first mile bicycle-race in this country, in 1878, when it required three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of the most severe physical exertion to accomplish the feat. From that time to the past year, when Mr. E. C. Bald, of Buffalo, won the fastest competitive mile race in one minute fifty-five and one-fifth seconds, bicycle-racing has been in a state of evolution. In the course of this development racing has experienced every stage—from a contest for a trophy of victory in a laudable ambition to excel to a struggle for a prize for its intrinsic value, for the nearest approach to cash, and for money itself as a means of livelihood—from a primitive sport to a business enterprise; from crude regulations to elaborate rules for the government of the sport; and from contests too infantile to claim parentage to a dignified strife for athletic supremacy under the control of a responsible governing body. During this evolution the rate of speed, as illustrated by Mr. Pitman, seemed hopelessly behind the trotting-horse, but it overtook that noble animal, even distanced the more fleet pacer, until at last Mr. E. F. Leonert's mile in one minute and thirty-five seconds last year eclipsed the speed of the fastest running horse, and racers now view with jealous eyes the locomotive engine as the next time-annihilator to conquer.

The following comparative table shows the best time made by the fastest running horse and by the bicycle.

	¼ Mile.	½ Mile.	¾ Mile.	1 Mile.
	Sec.	Sec.	M. S.	M. S.
Salvator	23 3-4	47 1-2	1 11 1-2	1 35 1-2
John S. Johnson	21 2-5	46 4-5	1 11 4-5	1 35 2-5
E. F. Leonert	....	....	......	1 35

The prime factor in the problem of bicycle speed is the improvement in the vehicle itself. The racing-machine of 1878 was a heavy, crude, cumbersome affair, while the modern bicycle, less than one-sixth its weight, equipped with scientifically calculated gearing, pneumatic tires, and friction-annihilators, represents much of the difference in time between Pitman's three minutes fifty-seven seconds and Leonert's one minute and thirty-five seconds. The improvement in the art of bicycle riding and racing, the methodical training and regimen of the racing-men under competent professional handling, the improved surfaces and scientific construction of tracks, are also factors in the problem. But the main factors are the superior mechanism of the racing-machine and the assistance and encouragement produced by the comparatively modern art of pace-making. Pacing is used partially to overcome atmospheric resistance, as well as to draw out the last effort of the rider to "keep up" with anything ahead, when otherwise nature would shrink from the punishment and eventually succumb. Pacing is produced by sending immediately in front of the rider a bicycle, a tandem, a triplet, a quadruplet, a quintuplet, or a sextuplet—the latter being the latest type of cycle, and, as its nomenclature indicates, consists of one machine to be propelled by six riders. Besides mechanically multiplying speed, it follows that the machine ridden by the largest bulk creates a greater displacement in the atmospheric surroundings of the bicycle-rider immediately following it, and assists him in ratio with the number riding the leading machine.

The effect of pacing may well be illustrated by Mr. C. R. Coulter's performance at Louisville in October, 1895, as the conditions were all equal with the exception of pacing. The trial was for one-third of a mile unpaced and two-thirds paced, but it represented a difference of 18 seconds to the mile, or 972 feet—over one-sixth of a mile.

The following table illustrates the effect of pacing, and shows the greatest speed made on a bicycle in this country of which there is authentic knowledge, although not all these time trials are admitted to record by the Racing Board, on account of the omission of technicalities.

The development of speed in competitive bicycle-racing in this country, as shown by the records of the champions, is an interesting study. In 1878 W. R. Pitman started the racing fever by riding a mile in three minutes and fifty-seven seconds, as before stated. Pitman's reign lasted but one year, when a new star arose on the racing horizon, in 1879, in the person of L. H. Johnson, who did not suffer an eclipse until 1881, when W. M. Woodside held the championship. In 1882 and 1883 George D. Gideon, an all-round athlete, now chairman of the Racing Board, was hailed as possessing wonderful speed, and he defended his title to the championship for those two years. George M. Hendee in 1884 was the idol of the track, though C. A. Frazier disputed the honor with him. About that time W. A. Rowe gave evidences of speed development, but he did not succeed in his ambition until 1885, when

Miles.		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
1-4	John S. Johnson			21 2-5
1-2	John S. Johnson			46 4-5
3-4	John S. Johnson		1	11 4-5
1	E. F. Leonert		1	35
2	P. J. Berlo		3	43 1-5
3	Arthur Gardiner		5	55 3-5
4	Arthur Gardiner		7	58 2-5
5	Arthur Gardiner		9	58 1-5
10	W. De Cardy		20	45
20	F. J. Titus		45	08
50	L. S. Meintjes	2	11	06 4-5
100	B. W. Twyman	4	27	32
400	B. W. Twyman	23	40	02

(Continued on page 370.)

E. F. LEONERT.
Fastest paced Mile, 1 min. 35 sec.

P. J. BERLO.
Fastest paced two Miles, 3 min. 43 1-5 sec.

DRINK LIPTON'S TEAS

Supplied under Special Royal
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Direct from the TEA GARDENS

AWARDED THE HIGHEST HONORS
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR ❧ ❧ ❧

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LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS

possess that most delicate flavor and exquisite aroma peculiar to the choicest growths of Ceylon and India

They are put up in 1 pound and half pound packages, each bearing the seal, which is a guarantee of absolute purity.

Prices, 60c., 50c., 40c. per lb.

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The imports of Ceylon and India Teas for 1895 amounted to ...... **9,283,144 lbs.**
as against 5,379,542 lbs. for 1894—
The enormous increase of 72 per ct. in one year.

This increase is entirely due to the absolute purity of Ceylon and India Teas; they are positively untouched by the hands of the natives, each leaf being rolled and twisted by machinery.

Ask your Grocer for Lipton's Teas; you can't know how delicious pure tea is without trying them

If your grocer does not keep them, will send pound package free on receipt of price.

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"Lipton's Teas have the largest sale in the world."

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is invisible and weighs only a few ounces, yet it gives a rider absolute control of the wheel, on a tried and true mechanical principle. It applies to the crank-axle, and is operated by turning the handle. It is unbreakable. See it before buying your wheel.

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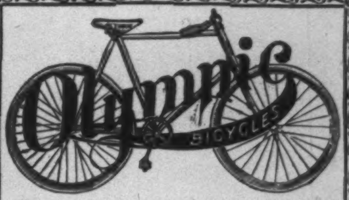

Represent the highest type of bicycle construction, and possess many extremely valuable exclusive improvements.

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ADULTS, $65, $80, $100. JUVENILES, $40 TO $55.

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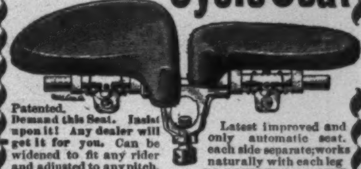
THE ONLY PERFECT Cycle Seat



Patented.
Demand this Seat. Insist upon it! Any dealer will get it for you. Can be widened to fit any rider and adjusted to any pitch.

Latest improved and only automatic seat, each side separate; works naturally with each leg **NO PRESSURE AGAINST SENSITIVE PARTS. YOUR DOCTOR WILL ENDORSE IT.**

Dr. M. A. Walker, Denver, Colo.—"Received your saddle and put it on at once. Am very much pleased with it as it certainly does away with the harmful pressure exerted by other saddles." **IT IS AN ESPECIALLY GOOD LADIES' SADDLE.** Every dealer should send for our circulars and price list. This is the coming seat. We make Cane, Wood, Leather or Padded Seat, with or without springs. Illustrated circulars explain why and how this is the only safe and perfect saddle on the market. Write us.

AUTOMATIC CYCLE SEAT CO.,
427 Rood Block, Grand Rapids, Mich.

REGISTERED. 13 TRADE MARK.

CLEAN your WHEEL

and keep **Bright** and **New.** Absolutely free from **RUSTING.** And the only Lubricant that oils and keeps your Bearings from clogging. To convince you, send 10c. in stamps for sample in this oiler.

G. W. COLE & CO., 113 Broadway, N.Y.

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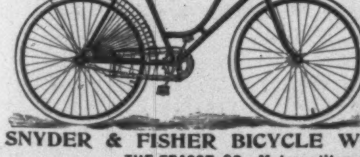

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THE BEST WHEEL EVER PRODUCED.

All fitted with our own Patent Adjustable Handle Bar.
'96 Models now ready.
Write for Catalogue and Discounts.

SNYDER & FISHER BICYCLE WORKS, - - - Little Falls, N. Y.
THE FRASSE CO., Metropolitan Agents, 19 Warren Street, New York City.
Kindly mention *Harper's Weekly* when writing.

BROKEN DOWN

Shall we try and push a wheel the harder when it is broken down? Its condition would soon be the worse for it—yours, too. Better stop and repair it.

If you are thin, without appetite; pale, because of thin blood; easily tired; easily exhausted; why push the body harder and weaken it by using tonics? Better repair the machine. Take something which will build up the tissues and supply force to the muscular and digestive systems. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites meets every demand. Cod-Liver Oil is a food for the body. Hypophosphites are a food for the nervous system. Every gain made by their use will be a substantial one.

☞ Scott's Emulsion has been for over 20 years the standard emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil. It cannot be duplicated by any substitute.

50 Cents and $1.00, at all Druggists'.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Manufacturing Chemists, ❧ ❧ New York.

A LONG ESTABLISHED CYCLE WITH A NEW NAME

I'VE A JOHNSON, AN IVER JOHNSON

and it's the best wheel I ever rode I examined them all and it excels in at least five ways : : : :

1. Fewer parts and fewer brazed joints than other cycles.
2. Fork Crown and Neck are a continuous forging
3. No "struck-up" tube connections, but drop forgings instead
4. Flush joints everywhere.
5. Every part interchangeable and exact.

The Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works of Fitchburg, Mass., have a world-wide reputation and experience as expert metal workers on an enormous scale, making their name on a bicycle a guarantee of perfection

Our line of **Fitchburg Cycles**—the best seventy-five dollars worth on the market—are also shown in free art catalogue

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SANGER on the ORIENT
made the competition mile record 2:00⅖.

Turn your **X $ RAYS** on the

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"LEADS THE LEADERS."

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COFFIN NAILS.

MILLIONS OF MEN ARE DRIVING THEM HOME DAILY. A CHAPTER FULL OF WARNING TO THOSE WHO WOULD AVOID MENTAL AND MORAL DECAY.

An English Courtier said during Walter Raleigh's imprisonment that he deserved freedom, for he had done more for mankind in introducing tobacco in Europe than had Columbus by the discovery of the new world.

Amid luxury, folly, and vice, the pleasure of the hour was enhanced and an affliction entailed on mankind that is now being realized, 400 years later, and all the mischief turned loose upon the world by that impish Pandora's Box—Tobacco—is coming home keenly to this generation.

The alarming growth of the cigarette habit in the United States is a sad commentary on our condition from an economical, as well as an ethical, standpoint.

We provide for our mentally and physically disordered, but we fail utterly to recognize the morally diseased or tainted, and it is this that leaves an impress on the generation more telling in future than either of the others.

The subtle relation of the mental and physical condition on which the moral depends, is not considered, yet the slightest intrusion or abuse of it leaves a penalty to pay. We confine the irresponsible and succor the bodily helpless, but to the moral coward who has not the strength of his convictions to flee the injurious habit of tobacco, we offer no helping hand to aid the mentally paralyzed slave. He is helpless to himself inasmuch as he cannot command his shattered force of will and energy, and exterior help is his only salvation.

Taken from a humanitarian standpoint, it is a great field for missionary work, because of the dread results of tobacco in any form, and particularly cigarettes, on our growing youth. Excessive indulgence immediately shows its effect on the victim, but the moderate use works out the same results in a given time. So it is a nice point of discrimination as to which of the two is preferable from a practical point of health—the sickness that kills quickly or the lingering death.

The excessive user is retarded in his growth mentally, morally, and physically, if not completely shattered—while the other attains only an abnormal development. Mentally and physically, they can be cared for, while morally they are the unbridled festering spots of the world.

Dr. Bremer, the leading Neurologist of the West, makes a statement without any frills or technicalities, that gives a sense of the feeling with which thinking people outside the profession are beginning to regard the habit. "The cigarette is often responsible for the worst sort of insanity—moral insanity; more than half the shocking crimes we hear of being committed by young lads are directly traceable to the cigarette habit. This is tobacco in the worst form. It deadens the sensibilities, wrecks the nervous system, weakens the brain, and all the evils of over-stimulation are the natural result. On my experience, gathered in St. Vincent's Institution for Insane, I will broadly state that the boy who smokes at 7 will drink at 14, take morphine at 20, and at 30 will wind up with the rest of the narcotics. It is like a pathologic moral version of Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress.'"

TOBACCO IMBECILITY.

It is not exaggerating to say that continuous use of tobacco produces imbecility of the worst species, for the juvenile cigarette fiend will lie, steal, and cheat, where, without tobacco, such habits would be foreign to him. This is not confined to youth, however, for the use of tobacco in adults is as frequently attended by all sorts of heart disturbance and nervous manias, that are nothing less than insanity. Softening of the brain is nerve and brain poisoning—nothing less.

The cigarette fiend inhales and thus multiplies the effect of the nicotine by exposing the throat to absorption, and possibly this accounts for the moral and intellectual blight that so often befalls the habitué, and this also increases the desire for alcohol.

Dr. Bremer ends by saying, "The best of all cures for the sufferer is to quit." Now, how under the sun is a man in that condition to "quit" unaided? Just as well tell the raving maniac to "quit," and it would be just as reasonable and effective to cure him. Better prescribe a cure that is placed on its merits honestly before the public, with an absolute guarantee and testimony of thousands to show that it will cure, as No-To-Bac is, and give the victim another show for life.

In proof of all that Dr. Bremer has stated, the three horrible murders committed within as many months, which are puzzling the world to find a motive, may be practically laid at the door of tobacco using.

Stop Naturally!

Tobacco users, think a moment of the state of your body; run a few steps and you are exhausted.

That's Tobacco at Work On Your Heart.

Hold out your hand and watch it tremble. Think how trifles irritate you.

That's Tobacco at Work On Your Nerves.

Your vigor, the power to do the right thing at the right time, is slipping away.

That's Tobacco at Work On Your Manhood.

KING NO-TO-BAC
NO-TO-BAC KILLS TOBACCO.
NICOTINE IS DEAD
NICOTINE

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY,

when you can easily and forever destroy that nerve-craving and eliminate nicotine from your system with NO-TO-BAC. Are you one of the tens of thousands of tobacco users who *want to stop and can't* for a day without actual suffering? To you we say, truthfully, you will find quick and permanent relief in

NO-TO-BAC

GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

What better proof than the sale of over a million boxes in three years. Start today and see how quickly **No-To-Bac** kills the desire for tobacco, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. The old man in feeling is made young again and—happy.

POOR MAN STOP wasting your money on the tobacco habit. You can't afford it. It will keep you poor—poor in purse and poor in health—stop it with the aid of **No-To-Bac** and quit

BURNING YOUR MONEY!

The poor men of America burned and chewed up $600,000,000 worth of tobacco-money last year. You helped. Great tobacco trusts absorb millions at the expense of your nerve force and manhood. Does it pay? Get cured. Buy **No-To-Bac** under your own **DRUGGIST'S GUARANTEE.** Any druggist is authorized to sell **No-To-Bac** under absolute guarantee to cure. Written guarantee, free sample of **No-To-Bac**, Booklet called "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away" mailed free. Address 88

THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

DRUGGIST

Any druggist in the U. S. and Canada is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under our

GUARANTEE

The public stood horrified and aghast when Klappke, in his supposed sober senses, coolly planned and carried out the murder of his mother, father, wife, two children, and himself. His home was well supplied and comfortable, his wife had always supported, and was supporting him uncomplainingly, and his co-habitués at the saloon testified he drank very little that day, but *smoked continuously*.

Another who bore many aliases deliberately asphyxiated his wife, himself, and four children, and his friends testified that he was an inoffensive man, and, though a saloon-keeper, he drank very moderately, but was an *inveterate smoker*.

Last, and worst of all, was the destruction and ghastly murder of Pearl Bryan by three young men, all of good family, and none of them yet attained thirty years, but all famous in their homes as cigarette fiends of the worst type. Scott Jackson, the presiding genius of the horror, was expelled from offices where he was employed and colleges, for the results of his cigarette parties, and Wood's family were disgraced by his notoriety in the same direction before the last blow fell.

Some years ago Tolstoï, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, wrote of practically that which has since proved true, and his theory of the nullifying influences of tobacco on the sense of moral rectitude is now seconded by our best physicians, and the

TOBACCO DEGENERATES

form a class in themselves that could be as successfully treated as any other class of monomaniacs; and though material is already at hand for their treatment, the hour is fast coming for that which, common-sense dictates, the man who is amenable will follow. Fortunately for the men of our day, few began so early as our young smokers or with the deadly cigarette, and no man of middle age can show the deleterious effects so plainly as the youth of our cities, where the

CIGARETTE FACE

is to be met at every turn, with the parchment-like skin, wrinkled as with age, the face lengthened by the poisoning and consequent reducing of the pancreatic gland and maxillary muscles, eyes hollow, haggard, and restless from nervous disorders, and lips and teeth showing constant contact with the dark ooze of the damp tobacco.

After all, there is nothing so convincing to a man who uses tobacco as when he attempts that which should be an easy pastime and he finds a once sound body is unable for the strain of ordinary exertion.

Talking over the subject with Julian P. Bliss, the professional cycling racer, he said: "No man is allowed to use tobacco when in training, and if he uses it up to the time of training, as many do, it will give that dryness of the throat and choking sensation the first weeks. Your wind is so short that you have to stop pedaling to catch your breath—the heart does not seem able to furnish the long breathing necessary to long-continued action. I always quit smoking (three) months before I begin training, and I have never gotten down to work in so short a time or done such good work as in the spring of '92, when I had used no tobacco during the winter rest. I never knew any one but Harry Wheeler who tried to continue smoking when riding, and he is dropping his record each year."

Geo. H. Barrett, of "Bearings," who has been identified with athletics for many years, and is quite an authority in all departments, said: "I am a cigarette smoker, but if I were attempting to do any athletic work I would not venture to smoke. No trainer allows the use of tobacco in any form, and the heart action is certainly injured by it, as we can tell after using, and when dropping it to train, the first weeks are made very hard by the choking sensation and shortness of wind. It would be difficult to get at the worst effects of tobacco among athletes, particularly riders, for they take no chances past the very moderate one of tobacco."

Osmond, who came over from England in '83 as the champion of that country, was a cigarette fiend. He lost the first two races he entered in Canada, and gave up his aspirations for the United States Championship.

If the observer will but go into a Chicago newspaper alley and chat with the boys who distribute the dailies of our big cities, the facts he will find written on their faces will be convincing. The bright, active, rosy-cheeked boy who is wrestling and romping is not a cigarette smoker. His garments show it, as well as his face; his childish look and good-natured way tell it; but take the lad who is sallow-faced, cranky, irritable, slovenly in dress—and, the boys say, mean-tempered, tricky, and unreliable—and you can tell he smokes, and if you want proof, ask him, or look at the first and second fingers of his right hand for the evidence, which will bear out the appearance each time. He cannot sell papers on certain corners or office buildings, say the boys, because of his appearance, and does not seem to be trusted in the brotherhood.

READ WHAT THEY SAY:

SMOKED 40 TO 50 CIGARETTES A DAY FOR TWENTY YEARS—KEELEY CURE FAILED, BUT NO-TO-BAC DID THE WORK.

Anadarko, O. T.—Dear Sirs: I had used tobacco incessantly for over twenty years, smoking from forty to fifty cigarettes every day. I tried several times to quit, and also used the Keeley cure and several others, but without benefit. Three boxes of No-To-Bac entirely cured me. I have now no desire for tobacco. You are at liberty to use this if you wish. Yours truly,

H. P. Pruner.

NO-TO-BAC CURES THE AUDITOR OF POLK COUNTY, MINN.

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C. U. Webster, County Auditor.

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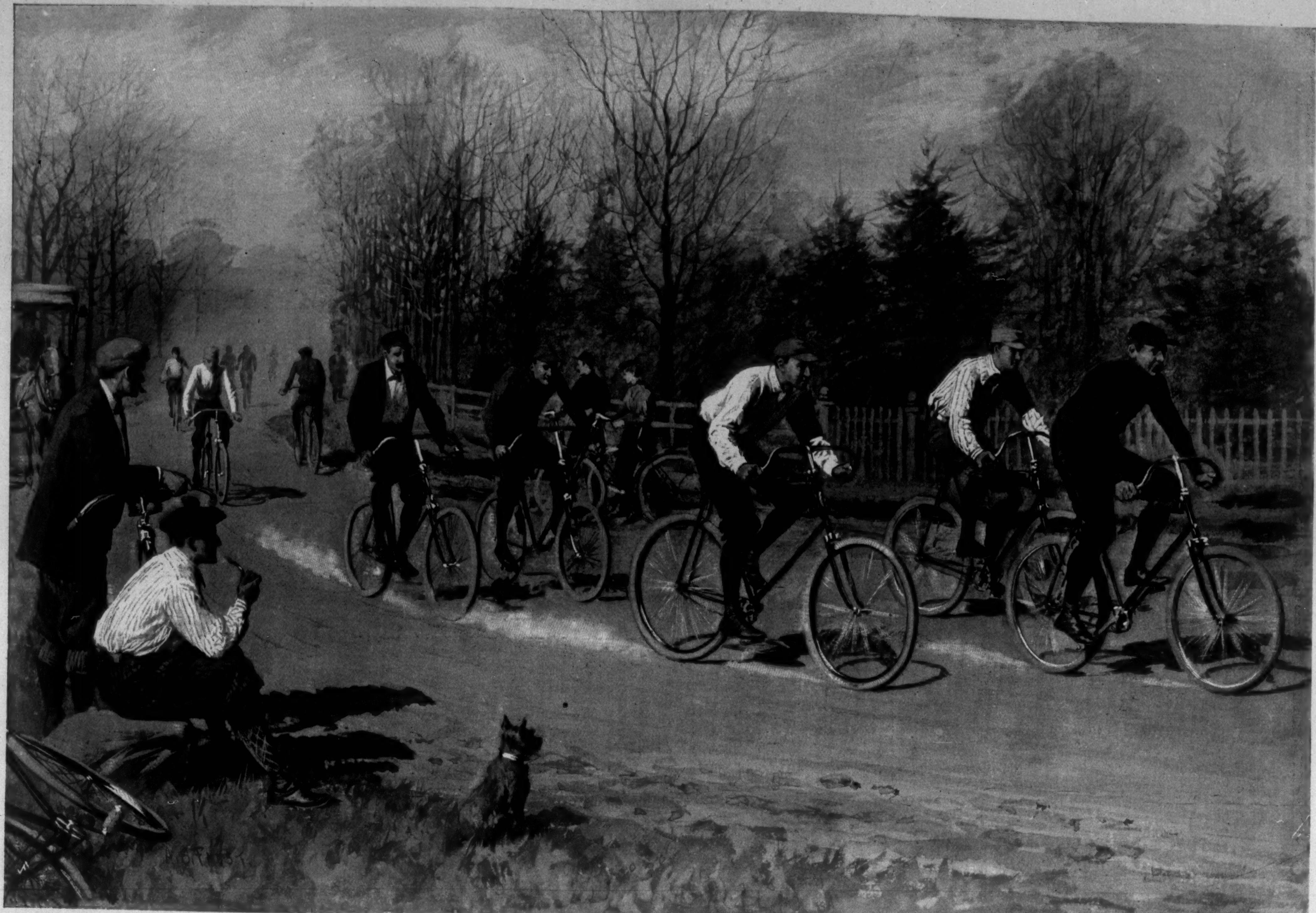
Kathryn Clarke Roe.



A CENTURY RUN—ON THE HOMESTRETCH.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

(*Continued from page 366.*)

he was without equal, having ridden the mile in two minutes thirty-five and one-fifth seconds. In 1886 Rowe startled the bicycling world by making the mile in two minutes twenty-nine and four-fifth seconds. Rowe reigned as king of the track until 1891, when W. W. Windle rode the distance in two minutes twenty-three and four-fifth seconds, which still stands as the ordinary or high-wheel record in competition. In the same year A. A. Zimmerman created enthusiasm by riding a half-mile on the ordinary in one minute ten and three-quarter seconds. About this time the low wheel, or safety, appeared on the track, and Windle made a record of two minutes and fifteen seconds on it. This was considered an unapproachable feat, until George F. Taylor surprised racing circles by riding the distance in two minutes and eleven seconds in 1892; but when Zimmerman returned from Europe he removed the laurel from Taylor's brow in 1893. In 1894, with Zimmerman in Europe, W. C. Sanger was the acknowledged champion, while the honor in 1895 was universally conceded to E. C. Bald, who now reigns as monarch of the track, with a competitive record of a mile ridden in one minute fifty-five and one-fifth seconds. However, the fastest mile made in the year, under the best possible conditions, and admitted to a record by the Racing Board, is one minute forty and three-fifth seconds, ridden by P. J. Berlo.

In many respects Mr. A. A. Zimmerman stands alone, as the greatest racer the world has produced. He has been for several years by common consent the champion of the world in competitive contests where brain, brawn, and muscle must necessarily combine for supremacy. He has proved his title in this country and in Europe. Probably no great racer was ever so successful while at the same time violating all laws of athletic training. Viewed from that stand-point Mr. Zimmerman was a phenomenon. He was, in bicycle vernacular, a "good fellow," and in that idiom many more qualities are implied than is the common impression. Perhaps the most wonderful feat ever performed on a bicycle track should have the circumstances surrounding it explained to have it appreciated. The fact that Mr. Zimmerman rode out on the track at Asbury Park last July and gave a good-natured exhibition of a flying paced mile in one minute fifty-seven and four-fifth seconds is not so astonishing as are the conditions under which the feat was accomplished. The occasion was the annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, when business is banished and jollity reigns supreme. Mr. Zimmerman roomed next to the writer at a hotel in Asbury Park, and with his jovial disposition added to his position as one of the entertainers, it may at least be said without offending the proprieties that all rules of training were by him held in abeyance for a week. Mr. Zimmerman was chatty—he was convivial. He daily and nightly joined with zest in every boyish prank and sport, until tired nature bade his companions seek their rest. In the small hours of the morning when they did so Mr. Zimmerman kept the pace by taking to the veranda and smoking cigars with whoever was enticed by his agreeable companionship to sit it out with him. On the night, or morning rather, of the day he performed his racing feat, he so far made a concession to it as to retire about four o'clock. With three hours' sleep, a hasty breakfast, "a spin with the boys," a heartier dinner, he appeared on the track in the afternoon, and rode that mile in 1.57⅘ without apparent distress.

Class racing—that is, classifying the contestants in accordance with their records for speed—has not met with popular favor, as it appeared to introduce a temptation for the men to "jockey" in a manner similar to "pulling" a horse in a trotting race. If the contestant's record made him eligible to enter, say, the 2.20 class, he was tempted to withhold his best effort in the race, if he could do so, and win without making better time than the class of the race. These tactics enabled him to remain in the 2.20 class on his record, while his ability might have transferred him to the 2.10 class. Some spectators and patrons of the sport were of the opinion that they had observed plain evidences of these attempts, and became correspondingly dissatisfied with such events. Promoters of races whose attention had been called to it refused to a great extent thereafter to put those races on their programmes, and few class races were ridden in 1895. Handicap races are deservedly popular with all spectators, and most contestants except the kings. The officials who make a business of assigning the distance handicaps to the racers become very expert with experience, and by following and taking into consideration the comparative ability and records of the contestants, they are enabled to start them from marks that constitute a field of equals. They are given such relative distances as will theoretically bring them all to the winning tape together. Quite frequently this object is practically accomplished. The most popular races, however, are the quarter, half, and one mile scratch, where the contestants of fairly equal ability start from the same mark. Indeed, the champion is usually associated in the public mind with the hero who has won the fastest scratch mile race.

The popularity of bicycle-racing naturally has been and will be in ratio with its reputation for cleanliness. If the public mind can be impressed with the opinion that the sport is without athletic blemish, absolutely pure, irreproachably spotless—that the contests are decided on speed merit alone—then, and only then, it will have a future commensurate with any other gentlemanly sport. With that desirable object in view, the governing body, the League of American Wheelmen, through its Racing Board, has formulated laws, rules, and regulations for discipline. That these are by no means perfect is a fault that time and experience will correct. That they should be severe, and that the practice under them should be strict, is justified by the indispensable and grand object to be attained. The minimum penalty for slight racing crimes is suspension from track racing for a short period of time. The maximum penalty for a vital racing crime is an absolute racing death under League government. There is no penalty short of a perpetual black-list that would restore public confidence should it once be openly outraged. To condone such a vital fault would be to invite a higher price for the crime. Nay, more, it would be a standing invitation to the pool-rooms and gambling element to enter the arena of this sport and contaminate the contestants. If the rules are considered too severe, nobody is compelled to ride under them. Racing under them is voluntary; embracing them is voluntary; but when that is done, the racer, when he enters for a contest, signs a contract to abide by and be governed by them. If the penalty for a vital racing crime deprives a rider of his means of livelihood in his chosen occupation, it is the result of a situation for which the League is not responsible, inasmuch as it denies no man or body of men the right to establish a similar enterprise. The League merely states in effect to the racing-man and race-promoter, "If you participate in our enterprise, you must abide by our rules and the penalties attached to a violation." These rules and regulations, legally made under competent authority, have all the force of law, and similar disciplinary measures of voluntary and incorporated organizations have been sustained in the courts. If the conditions create a situation of incipient slavery, it certainly is a gilded one, and the golden shackles are eagerly assumed in the face of a grim description of them.

It is frequently asserted that the Racing Board should publish evidence and identities when it acts in cases of discipline. This athletic court cannot compel testimony or authoritatively summon witnesses, and to make either public when solicited under the seal of confidence would be to perpetually blockade the channels of information necessary to guide in administering the rules of discipline. The problem is a difficult one already. Judicial silence is its prime factor. Without it the problem is unsolvable in the present stage of the evolution. Development and funds may bring the paraphernalia of the courts. Then the problem will be solvable.

In connection with the control of racing by the League, it may prove interesting to give some of the statistics of its Racing Board for 1895. Over 13,000 letters were written, and more than three thousand dollars were disbursed in official expenses in governing the sport. Nine hundred and fifty suspensions from track racing were made, four of them for life. At the beginning of the year there were two hundred and fifty racing-men of Class B and ninety professionals. At the close of the year there were five hundred and sixty-eight Class-B riders and six hundred and ninety-two professionals. The Racing Board serves without pay, emolument, or any compensation whatever except that to be found in the gratitude of a membership of forty thousand people for duties faithfully, conscientiously, and wisely performed.

The League of American Wheelmen is organized on the system of the United States government, and the divisions hold the same relation to the League that the States do to the general government. One of the reasons for the League's control of racing is that the interests involved in it, in common with a few other objects of the organization, are not sectional, but general to all the divisions, and thus become at least one ingredient in the cement of mutual interest that binds the national body together, without which it would crumble under the disintegrating effects of a parallel to the States-rights theory.

The League has been severely criticised for its linguistic *finesse* in the classification of racing-men. The organization has assumed an authority, common to most athletic bodies, of coining its own definitions for its classes. In yachting clubs amateurs may race for cash prizes. In gun clubs amateurs may shoot for cash prizes. The League draws the dead-line at cash prizes, and defines its own amateur as one who does not race for them. Cash prizes might, when time has elapsed, create a temptation to pool winnings on the track. It may be done for one race, one race meet, or for the earnings of a season. Pooling would interfere to some extent—limited or otherwise—with the results of contests always being decided upon their athletic merits alone. It is not a question of the honesty of the racer, but one of limiting temptations to the minimum. It may be admitted that one reason for this classification by the League and its definitions of them is for the purpose of accommodating about five thousand aspirants for racing honors, and affording them an opportunity to race without too much clashing. In other words, the situation is similar to one grand race in which there are too many entries. It has to be divided into heats. Two classes do not afford sufficient opportunity. Neither do three, and even more are desirable. ALBERT MOTT.

THE BICYCLE IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

MUCH that is extravagant has been written about the benefits of bicycling; almost as much that is equally extravagant has been written about its dangers. But the main body of the testimony presented *pro* and *con* is seen, when critically examined, to be of rather vague import. We are told, for example, that Mr. X has developed such and such of his muscles by recorded numbers of millimetres through use of the bicycle; or, on the other hand, that Dr. Y. has several patients who suffer dire afflictions from the same cause. But when we reflect that there is no form of exercise whatever that does not tend to develop the muscles it calls into play, and, contrariwise, none that may not produce injurious results if practised injudiciously or excessively, it is apparent that such citations, though having a certain value, do not in themselves prove anything as to the larger relations of the question at issue. That some persons will be benefited and others injured by active exercising required no proof; and no one questions that bicycling is active exercise.

But, in any event, these futile statistics appear to me to be as chimerical in purpose as they are vague in results; for if one views the matter widely there is no reason whatever, so far as I can discover, for setting bicycling aside and considering it an exercise generically distinct from that furnished by other sports. Bicycling has, it is true, one danger peculiar to itself—the possibility, namely, of injury through pressure of an ill-adjusted or improperly constructed saddle; but this is a danger that may be minimized if not altogether obviated by reasonable care in selection and adjustment of your saddle. That aside, the exercise of cycling falls easily into the same category with the exercise furnished by a score of other sports. Of course no two of these sports are just alike in the exact effects they produce on the system; but, details aside, their general effects are identical. All of them tend to develop certain sets of muscles; to stimulate the circulation of the blood; to whip up all lagging functions; to divert and healthfully to invigorate the mind. All of them may become harmful when carried to excess. Bicycling is no exception to the rule.

The exact form of exercise which bicycling is held to most closely resemble is mountain-climbing. Both bring rather an undue proportion of exertion upon the lower extremities, and both have a peculiarly exhilarating effect on the mind. But bicycling has two patent and very noteworthy advantages. One is that it enables you to breathe air at a normal pressure, and hence is permissible for a great number of people for whom mountain-climbing would be hazardous; the other is that it is available for pretty nearly everybody. Our door-yards are not all supplied with mountains, but more or less passable roads are within reach of every one.

This fact of general availability is, indeed, the very chiefest merit of bicycling—a patent fact which is sometimes overlooked in medical and other discussions. At a recent discussion one physician said that he considered rowing a better all-around developer. Well and good; perhaps rowing, under proper conditions, is a better developer than cycling. Boxing and wrestling are better developers than either. But for every single person who is so situated that he can advantageously row, box, or wrestle, there are a hundred—perhaps a thousand—who can advantageously ride a bicycle. Moreover, mere muscular development is not the only or even the chief end to be sought by the average bicyclist. Here, as with other pastimes, the ends sought are pleasure and health. In the nature of the case the entire system is invigorated, but the exact degree of muscular increase is an incidental feature, about which most riders do not trouble themselves in the least.

In point of fact, however, the degree of such development is greater in the case of the bicyclist, and its scope more general, than might be anticipated. The criticism has been passed on this form of exercise that it develops the lower extremities, which are relatively least in need of such development, at the expense of the upper. But in practice it has often transpired that the arms and body muscles show an even greater increase than the legs, demonstrating that the relatively light exercise to which arms and body are subjected is well adapted to their needs. A sport that subjected the arms to such vigorous exercise as the legs are subjected to in cycling could be practised for but a short time by the average person, because the average arm is so much less fully developed than the average leg. The slight but continuous activity required of the arms in cycling is precisely the kind of exercise best adapted for their development. Hence bicycling is capable of giving much more symmetrical muscular development than might at first sight appear, and for the generality of people it is a merit of the bicycle rather than a defect that it calls for more active exertion of the lower than of the upper extremities.

The greatest danger of bicycling, in common with other sports, results from the strain which active exertion necessarily brings upon the heart. That all-important organ tends, like other muscles, to lose tonicity under the sedentary conditions of the average life, and readily becomes embarrassed if asked to perform an unusual work, as any one who is not in training can assure himself by climbing a flight of stairs rapidly, or attempting to run a few hundred yards. Under such conditions the heart often doubles the frequency of its beat in attempting to dispose of the increased flood of blood that is driven into it by muscular contraction. With a diseased heart the strain thus imposed may be hazardous. Several cases are recorded where a person with such a heart has fallen dead while riding a bicycle. But then thousands of other cases are recorded where persons have similarly fallen dead while riding in carriages, or while sitting in easy-chairs at home. It does not follow, I presume, that we must all eschew easy-chairs, carriages, and bicycles, but it does follow that any one who has reason to doubt the normality of his heart may wisely consult a physician before deciding to undertake any active exertion, bicycling included.

Even the perfectly normal heart may suffer permanent injury if subjected to prolonged and excessive strain. This fact should be borne in mind by every novice in bicycling, for it is peculiarly easy to overdo under the exhilarating influence of this pastime. Presently the heart gains tone and strength, and is able to adapt itself to the new conditions; but until time has been given for this it is the part of wisdom to proceed carefully, "training on" gradually. Furthermore, the person who is wise will use reasonable discretion as to the amount of exertion he will undertake even when thoroughly trained. As we have inherent differences of strength, each one of us should be in some measure a law unto himself as to how fast and how far he shall ride, keeping well within the limits of his own strength and endurance, and remembering that healthful fatigue is one thing, complete exhaustion quite another. The person who rides for pleasure and health and uses reasonable judgment will not feel obliged to cover ten miles in a half-hour, or to pedal up every hill that some one else has managed to climb. Above all, he will eschew such inane and harmful performances as "century runs" and similar attempts to cover distance for the mere sake of covering it, regardless of consequences.

It goes without saying that similar exercise of common-sense in the original selection of a machine adapted to your particular needs will not be amiss. Most bicyclists, however, are human enough to follow the fashion rather than their individual predilections, and fashions in bicycles have gone to rather ludicrous extremes, particularly in the way of palming off racing-machines upon the general public of amateurs. Fortunately the reaction has come, and there are hopeful indications that feather-weight machines, with high gearing, light tires, and drooping handle-bars, are soon to be supplemented, or in large measure supplanted, by road machines of a more sensible pattern.

The bicycle has come among us with such volcanic suddenness as a new social force that it is not to be expected we should fully adapt ourselves to the novel conditions it imposes in a day, or a decade. It is much too soon to define precisely the exact resources or limitations of the new sport. But this much is already plain: the bicycle is inducing multitudes of people to take regular exercise who have long been in need of such exercise, but who could never be induced to take it by any means hitherto devised. A certain number of these carry the matter to a harmful extreme; but that bicycling makes for health with the great majority seems so clear that even to state the fact appears a work of supererogation.

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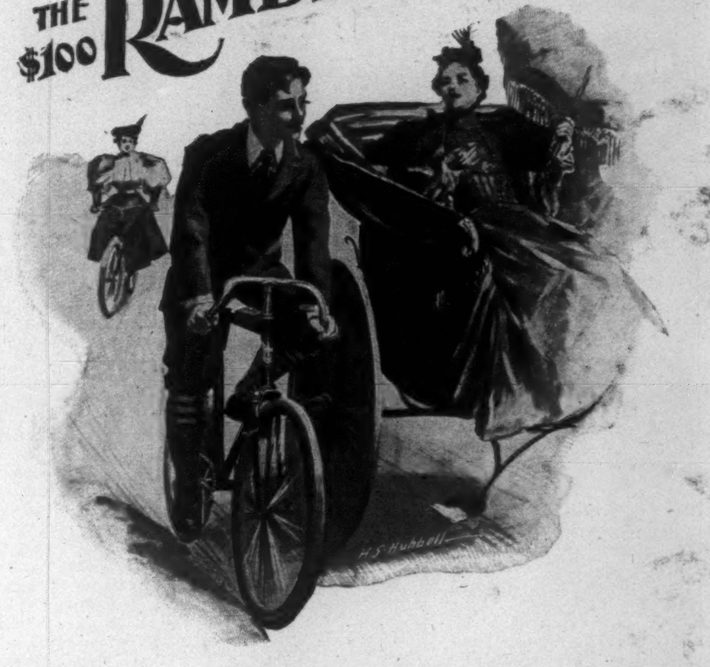

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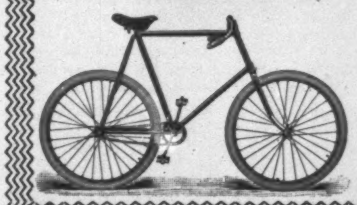

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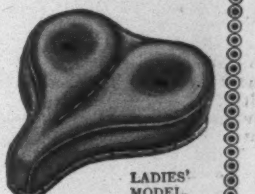

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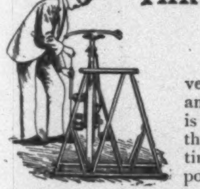

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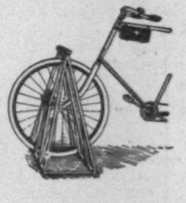

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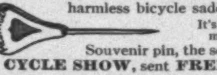

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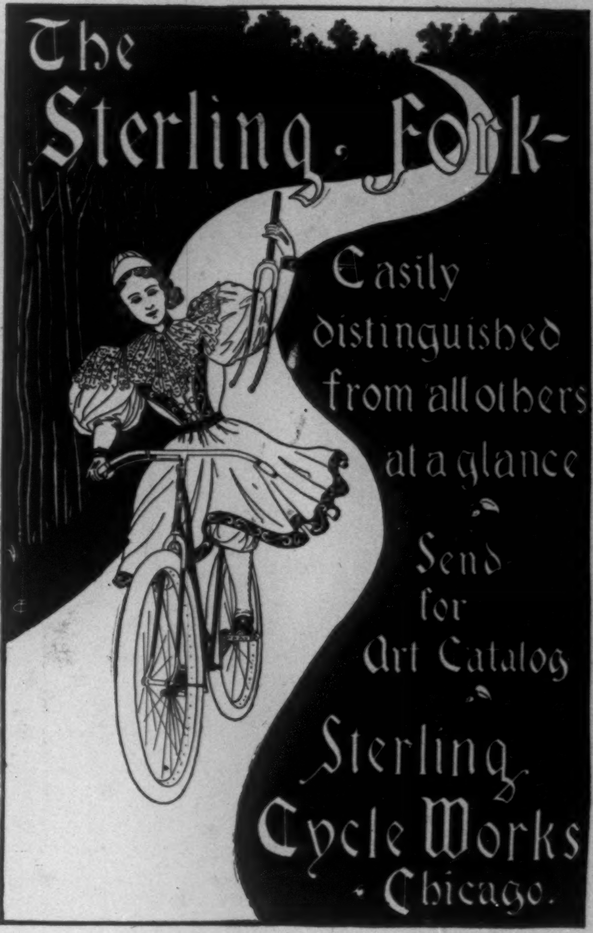

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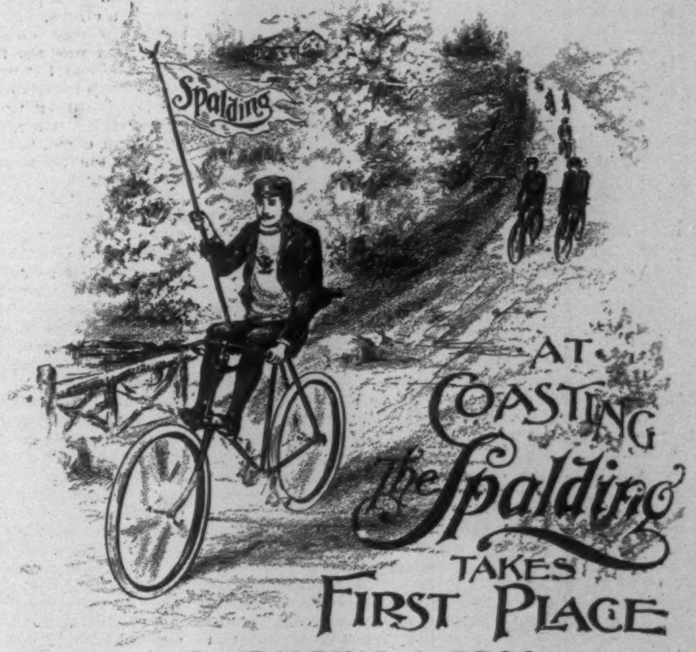

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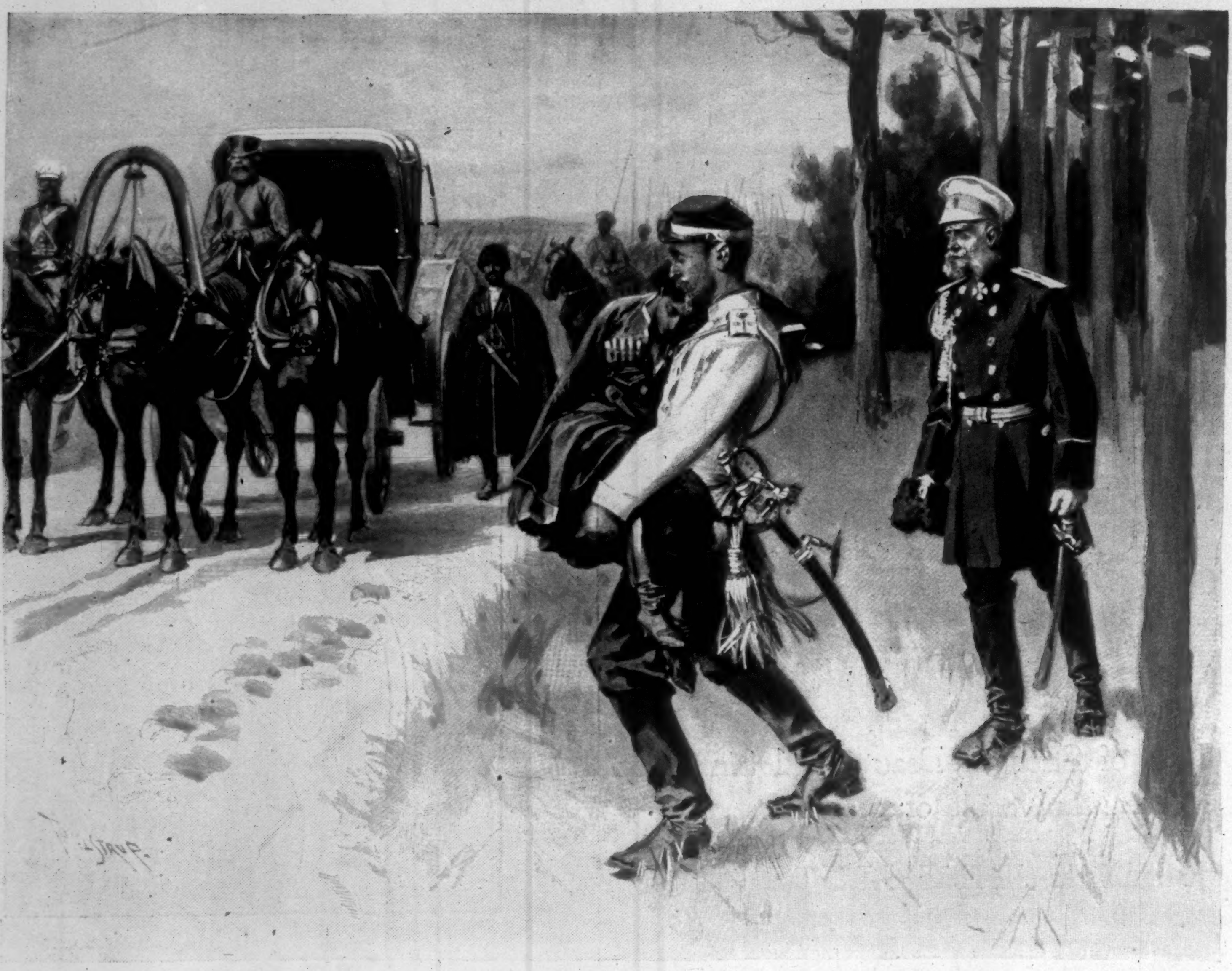


A NATURAL PROTECTOR.

BY THOMAS WHARTON.

IN April and May of 1877 the townsmen of Giurgevo, on the Roumanian bank of the Danube, were in all haste to get away from the city before it was bombarded by the great fortress of Rustchuk, opposite. But June came, and Giurgevo had not been bombarded, nor had the Russians crossed the swollen muddy river, still nearly a flood from the spring rains; and half-deserted as it was, there was still life, and a merry life, in Giurgevo, and no one minded the shells which the Turkish monitors sent whirling over every now and then in their soft white cocoons.

One warm June evening there sat at a table on the esplanade overhanging the Danube, now bare as the Deluge, save for the Turkish monitors, a young Russian officer, tall, slim-waisted, and broad-shouldered, his cap raking over a gay open countenance, and a bronzed and bearded Englishman, a war correspondent, who might—indeed, who should—himself have written this story. The Englishman was just from Bucharest; his companion, Lieutenant Prince Kischenow, was at his wits' end to learn where the Russians would make the crossing, with expectations of which the air now throbbed. Braila? Galatz? Giurgevo? Simnitza? He canvassed them all, and the Englishman smiled grimly.

"What difference does it make to you where they cross?" he said. "You'll be over in Bulgaria soon enough, and then mind your eye, for the Turks will make trouble for you!"

The big young lieutenant shook his head dolefully. "They must cross soon," he said, "or I shall go insane from solitary confinement. And the devil of it is that I never foresaw all this delay, and brought no money with me. Every time I see Dragomiroff, or think of him, I emit volleys of envious curses."

"Your general!"

"God forbid! Oh no, I mean the other Dragomiroff, the thin Dragomiroff, my cousin, of the suite. They follow the Czar, you know; he travels in a calèche, with a cook and a groom, always half-asleep, and waking up with a bright Satanic smile when he meets his friends. He is an old rascal. He says that the bureaus keep the Czar's conscience, the army keeps his honor, and the suite his appetite—each to its function. See here; come to dinner, and after dinner I will take you to the circus."

"A circus? Good heavens, and you complain that Giurgevo is dull!"

Lieutenant Prince Kischenow burst into a huge guffaw.

Relic of the piping times of peace, at once melancholy and absurd, the travelling circus which now found itself stranded at Giurgevo was in nearly as evil case as if the town were actually under bombardment. Once cast upon the shoals by the sudden dwindling of its audiences after the declaration of war, it remained where it was for simple lack of money to get away. When Kischenow and his companion entered there were not more than a dozen people in the house. The performance consisted chiefly of acrobatic feats and horseback riding; the stars of the show were two young girls, bareback riders, dressed, the one as a Cossack the other as a Turk. Their riding, though nothing very novel, was well executed and graceful. Kischenow, suddenly attentive, leaned his sunburnt face on one hand, and, elbow on knee, seemed to be sunk in recollections of the Hippodrome at Paris, where he had doubtless seen the famed Mlle. So-and-so, who was the more noted originator of the very poses and contortions now under exhibition. The rapid beat of the hoofs upon the tan-bark even awoke a temporary liveliness. The master's chest inflated with pride. There are consolations in the darkest hour of all professions. All at once one of the horses stumbled and threw its rider, the Cossack.

Ring-master and clown were by her side at once; both horses stopped, and the uninjured sister leaped down and ran to join the group. Kischenow and his friend were on the spot almost as soon, accompanied, in fact, by the whole audience; for the mishap dispelled the last miserable shred of a pretence at the mystery and professional state of a circus, and with that went the only barrier between performers and spectators.

The girl was not hurt. Before the Englishman,—who of course had his pretensions to a sort of field surgery, could finish his examination she had recovered consciousness, and sprang up with a sudden bound. The ring-master threw his arm about her, and she leaned against his broad chest, panting and frightened, her face pale, and the tan thick upon her caftan and breeches. The ring-master took in the little assembly with a sweep of his hand. "Messieurs—Mesdames," he said, mournfully shaking his head, "we make no apology for this untoward detention of our programme. We bow to destiny. All honor to his Gracious Majesty the Czar! We are proud to suffer that he may advance the cause of Christianity. But, messieurs, for twenty days past we have not taken in enough to pay for the hay for our horses; and now this accident to Mlle. Célestine, of the far-famed Tzara sisters—" He took off his hat and stretched it forth with an irresistible gesture—"Messieurs, a collection for Mlle. Célestine!"

The next morning, fairly early, Kischenow made his way back to the circus, accompanied by an orderly, who carried such supplies and delicacies as Giurgevo could furnish, though their purchase left the prince with very few rubles in his pocket. The gaunt and hungry artists crowded about him to thank him for their breakfast; but Mlle. Célestine, for whom the breakfast was principally designed, stood back, until her sister, a black-browed girl of full figure, pushed her forward. Even then it was not without difficulty that he persuaded her to come for a walk on the esplanade.

But when at last he got his young protégée out into the street, his blue eyes beamed with pleasure. "Now, then," said he, "we are going to be two children. We are going to play a perfectly delightful play. What do you suppose it is?"

"I do not know," said the girl, gravely.

"We are going to play we are in Paris." And Kischenow laughed with all his lungs. He put his hands on the belt of his canvas blouse and shook his head, and Célestine herself smiled. "Where shall we go?" he said. "To Bougival? Or shall we breakfast at the Café Riche?"

"The Café Riche? I have never been there!" cried Célestine, with an anxious little thrill in her voice, which the experienced lieutenant noticed at once.

"You don't dine at cafés with *ces messieurs*, mademoiselle?" he inquired.

"No; no, indeed," she exclaimed.

"Well, then," he said, "we will go sit in the Tuileries garden, and perhaps you will permit me the distinguished honor of offering you a sirop. This is the way, round by the Madeleine and into the Rue de Rivoli—and here you are." And they debouched into the esplanade.

He sat her down at one of the tables, and drawing up his own chair opposite, permitted the gallant youthful frankness of his nature to express itself in an amused stare at her. There are young natures to whom the discovery of anything beautiful, anything sublime, like virtue in unexpected quarters, is not awful, but inspiriting and joyous; in spite of the saying that life is a comedy to those who think, it is a comedy to them because they feel, and a comedy of great beauty, to which they pay the respect of a hearty and generous applause. "See this *bête* little good girl here!" the lieutenant's candid eyes seemed to say. "What a treasure to find in a circus on the banks of the Danube in war-time!"

"I will tell you one thing, my child," he observed: "You would rather have your mother with you than your sister. Isn't that so?"

"Why do you say that?" said Célestine, turning on him. Her face paled, and Kischenow was sorry for his frankness.

"There! there!" he said; "I don't mean to make you cry. I promise not to know too much about your troubles. But I am the very devil for guessing, you know. But since we are in Paris, tell me what you would like to do, or, rather, what would you do if you were at home?"

"Ah, my father!" said Célestine; and she sat rather blank and silent, with those small strong hands still clasped in her lap.

"Hang it!" said Kischenow to himself, "this is growing tragic! What is your father, *ma petite?*"

"He is a scene-painter," said Célestine, rousing herself, and giving him a mournful smile. "Only, you know, he is unfortunate in that they will not allow him to paint scenes—poor papa—they permit him to go no further than to shift them—at the Châtelet."

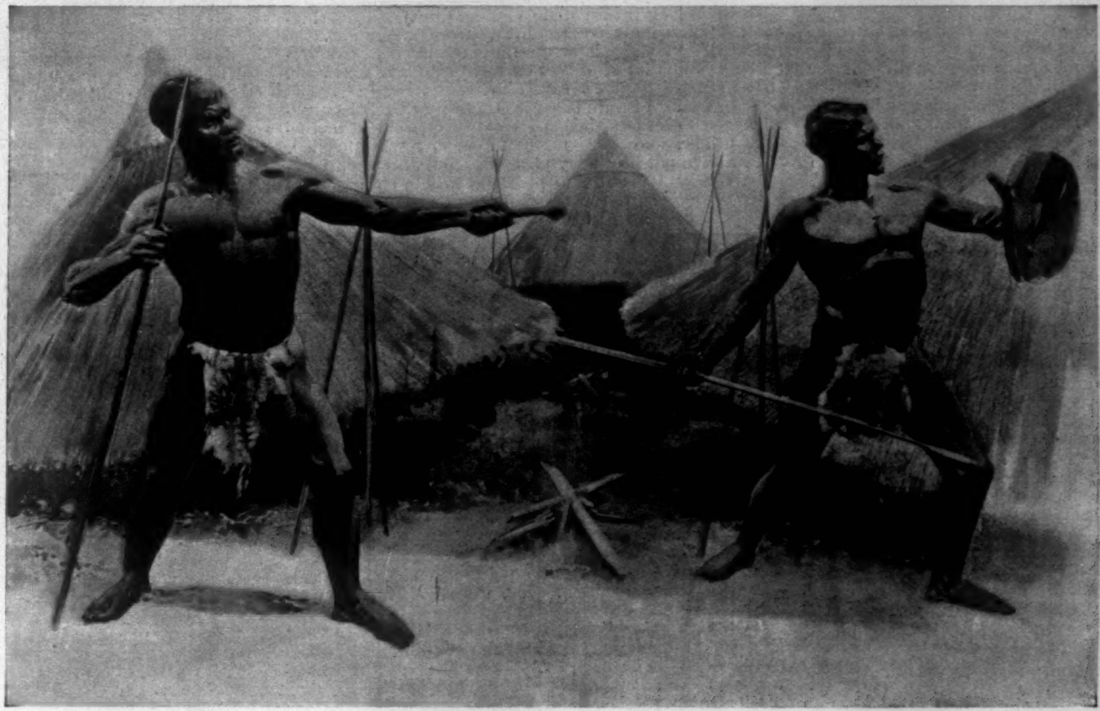
"And you and he are great friends?" said Kischenow.

"When I am in Paris I go with him to the Louvre. He adores David. He loves to talk to strangers about the pictures," said Célestine, her color rising faintly, "and to

(*Continued on page 374.*)

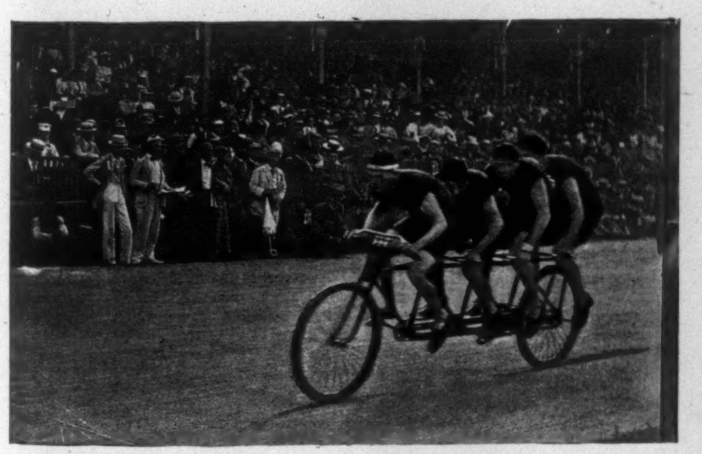
THE BANISHMENT OF FATIGUE

ONE of the most serious problems of modern civilization is that of which two factors are the rapid pace of life and the limitations of human endurance. A man who would keep up in the race must go with all his might and never stop; otherwise he is sure to lag behind, and be regarded by his friends, before he reaches middle life, as a failure. Then, again, unless his success has been most unusual and extraordinary, the race is not over when middle-life is attained; on the contrary, as a usual thing, with diminished strength, a man must keep on doing tasks beyond his strength and endurance so long as his life lasts. The artificial expedients to which men very often resort when thus crowded beyond their natural pace almost universally do infinite harm and the smallest amount of temporary good. Therefore, when we see a man fortifying himself with liquor or with drugs, we generally regard him with extreme pity, and look forward to his break-down as quite inevitable. But for very, very many of the workers in this busy and bustling world some kind of stimulant is, at times at least, absolutely required. The difficulty has been to find a stimulant which serves its purpose without any ill effects, and the taking of which does not become a fixed and pernicious habit. It is the purpose of this article to show that such a stimulant has been found, and to convey, at the same time, the gratifying intelligence that this stimulant is now easily and cheaply accessible to all who may feel the need of it.



KOLAFRA CHEWERS DEFENDING A CAMP.

Sojourners in the West Indies and travellers in Africa long ago remarked that the natives who chewed the nut of the *Sterculia acuminata* tree were able to perform great feats of endurance with little food and without injury or inconvenience to themselves. The quite natural inference was that this nut had some unusual virtue, and so scientists and medical men with a taste for original research have experimented with it in its natural state, and with extracts and tinctures made from it. This has resulted in the introduction of that stimulant, the need of which was spoken of in the preceding paragraph. The products of this Kaffir nut are known to civilization as Kolafra, the standard preparation being the Vino-Kolafra of the drug-stores. Two qualities possessed by this article have arrested world-wide attention, and have caused the adoption of Kolafra in one form or another by governments for the use of soldiers during long marches, by the athletes of our leading colleges, by those who minister to the sick, and those who lack strength for the battle of life. The qualities referred to are its marvellous sustaining power and its property of stimulating without the corresponding unpleasant reaction or depression that follows the use of all other stimulants. The medical men of the army and navy have been particularly interested, as it is desirable in those services to have just such a stimulant to use when work is hard and exhausting, and rations are scarce and irregular. It is interesting to see what Medical Director A. L. Gihon, of the United States Navy, has said of the medicinal properties of the nut from which Vino Kolafra is made. In a report to the National Medical Society he said: "I have had occasion to use it in the treatment of neurasthenia. The patient was a lady. Her nervous system was seriously deranged, she suffering with excruciating headache, nausea, insomnia, great despondency, palpitation, inter-costal neuralgia, and imperfect secretions. After treatment with quinine, arsenic, iron, bitter tonics, guarana, etc., the symptoms were not mitigated." He then administered a prescription made from this nut with remarkable effect. The headache disappeared entirely, the appetite was recovered, muscular vigor regained, and mental dejection relieved, refreshing sleep produced, and the secretions became normal. The remedy caused no gastric disturbance or constipation, as had attended the prior use of chocolate. The remarkably satisfactory results of this case induced him "to recommend the remedy as a nerve stimulant and an invigorating and waste-preventing agent in other neurasthenic cases. It produced its effects without marked excitation of the circulation, and consequently with no after-effects of depression or exhaustion. It is a mental exhilarant, overcoming despondency and brightening the intellect without resultant languor. It imparts tone to the muscular apparatus and secreting organs."



A WORLD'S MILE RECORD ON THE "QUAD."

Similar suggestions as to the medicinal value of this plant have been made by Dr. Léon Ernst Monnet of the Faculty of Paris and Chief of the Clinic Staff of the Faculty of Medicine at Lille; by Dr. Edouard Heckel, Professor of the School of Medicine in Marseilles; by Professor R. Du Bois, of the Faculty of Science, Lyons; by Dr. Dujardin-Baumetz, editor-in-chief of the *Bulletin Géneral Therapeutique*, Paris; by Dr. Bernard Schuchardt, Privy Counselor in Government Medicine, of Gotha; by Dr. William C. Wile, editor *New England Medical Monthly;* by Dr. N. Hudson, United States Navy; by Dr. James Neish, Port Royal, Jamaica; by Professor John V. Shoemaker, Philadelphia; Professor Woodbridge, of Philadelphia, and many others. Recognizing the immense value of a tonic made from this nut, those skilful chemists, Johnson & Johnson, after exhaustive experiments, have succeeded in manufacturing, in accordance with the suggestions above alluded to, Vino Kolafra, which is put up in convenient form, and which is as palatable to take as port, sherry, or Madeira. The favorable reports that have been made have been based on the results of the use of their preparations. Not only have the medical men who have tried it on their patients indorsed it, but those who have felt the need for some such thing and have tried it on themselves, have also testified with gratifying enthusiasm to the benefits which result from its use.

The athlete in training frequently suffers from exhaustion, and then from an inordinate desire or thirst for intoxicating beverages. Such beverages at such a time retard his training and do him infinite harm. All trainers of experience recognize this, and those who have tried this new wine on their men say that it answers the purpose admirably, preventing the exhaustion and also the dangerous thirst alluded to. Mr. M. C. Murphy, trainer for Yale University and for the New York Athletic Club, has said:

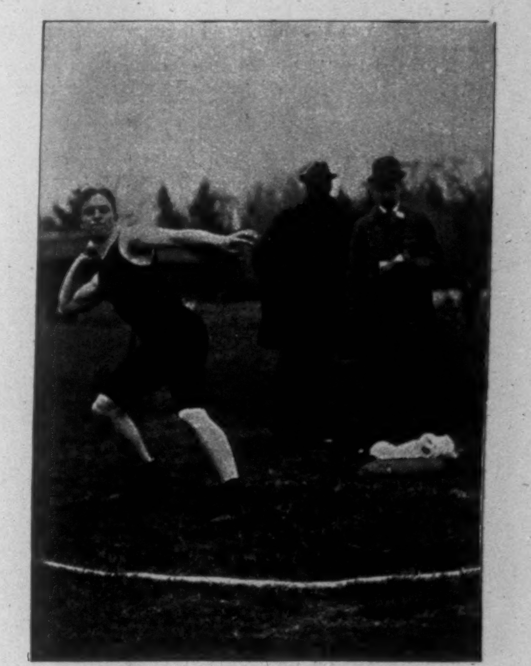
"I used Vino Kolafra freely myself before giving it to my men. It acts at once on the nervous system, and in this way braces up the muscles. More, it keeps them braced, and, besides giving the system an immediate lift, improves the general health. I know of nothing except Vino Kolafra, besides food, sleep, exercise, and good habits, which can be conscientiously given by a trainer to his men. It certainly is a remarkable drug, or food, I leave others to decide which. I can only speak as to its effects."

Mr. Murphy then went on to enumerate the benefits which resulted from the use of Vino Kolafra. He said that when a man used it he could not train him tired, as the wine appeared to kill fatigue. He found it also an aid to digestion and an alleviation of thirst. "It gives," he said, "staying power. A man can run harder and longer; a crew can row faster and longer. The simple fact is, it adds as much power to the muscles as coal does to an engine. Again, in keeping the pulse even, the heart regular, the temperature normal, the nervous system properly keyed up, it is a wonderful help in discipline. Over-drinking and over-eating are the two principal factors adverse to health with which the trainer has to deal."

Other trainers, notably Mr. William C. Bryan of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. William Robinson of Cornell University, and Captain Charles White of the Clinton Athletic Club of New York City, coincide with Mr. Murphy in all that he has said. Indeed, the English athletes who were here at the international games last autumn marvelled at the condition of the American contestants. Their training appeared to be perfect, and the result was a long line of world record-breaking victories. The trainers who had the Americans in charge do not hesitate to say that the use of Vino Kolafra by their young men was what made the wonderful difference in condition between them and their English cousins.

The use of Kolafra is beneficial in other directions than those hitherto mentioned. It is a most satisfactory antidote for alcohol, opium, cocaine, and the other stimulants to which people become addicted. Dr. James Neish, an eminent physician of Jamaica, says: "For inebriety it is a specific. A single dose will cause all signs of intoxication to disappear in half an hour." That surely is an admirable thing to know, for to many a man an efficacious "pick-me-up" after an indiscretion at the wrong time is invaluable. But there is something better still about Kolafra. It is an entirely satisfying substitute for alcoholic stimulants and other narcotics. The morbid person who feels a desire for liquor or for opium need only take a wine-glass of this new tonic, and almost instantly the desire for an intoxicant or a narcotic vanishes. This surely is a good thing to know, and if Vino Kolafra did nothing else than this it would be an invaluable addition to the remedies science and nature in combination have provided for the ills of men.

The world was much excited, a few years ago, by the announcement made by Dr. Brown-Séquard that he had discovered a kind of elixir of life which would make the old young and restore the ravages of time. He announced that he had experimented on himself, and in his seventieth year he had all the vigor of early middle life. It may have been that Dr. Brown-Séquard was experimenting on correct scientific lines, but he died before perfecting to the satisfaction of medical men generally the value of his discovery. While awaiting the results of the investigations of Brown-Séquard's successors, if there be any, it is pleasant to be able to announce that Vino Kolafra will do almost what this elixir of life was designed to do, for it is an admirable tonic in strengthening those organs of life which first suffer in the process of decay when a man has passed the meridian and starts down the hill on the other side,



PUTTING THE SHOT.

During the past twenty-five years many chemists in different parts of the world have endeavored to make a preparation from the fruit of the *Sterculia*, but never till now has there been placed on the market a preparation which contains to the fullest extent the properties of the Kaffir nut which have been found so valuable in Africa. These repeated failures have been due to the volatile nature of these principles. Messrs. Johnson & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists of 92 William Street, New York, are to be congratulated on being the first to solve this pharmaceutical problem. They began their work not with the mildewed and exhausted nuts previously exported, but with nuts plucked fresh from the trees on the spot where the trees grow, hence their success in supplying to the world such an admirable tonic—a tonic that tones and strengthens the whole frame, a tonic that banishes weakness, whether physical, mental, or moral, a tonic which, when tried, will prove a priceless boon to all of the human family who struggle under adverse conditions against the heavy tasks of life.

have them think he is a painter. But I am in Paris so seldom. It is hard to get an engagement in Paris.”

“I know—I know,” said the prince, sympathetically. “Yours is the mischief of a life. Poor child! Did they beat you when you were being trained?”

“Ah, no!” exclaimed Célestine, mingling a laugh with a grimace of resentment. “I was trained by my uncle, who is in the profession for thirty years, monsieur le prince, and except that I have not the ability—”

“*Mazette!* you ride admirably,” said Kischenow.

“At least I have never had a chance to show Paris what I could do,” said Célestine, with a sigh.

“Did you notice me in the audience before you fell the other night?” inquired Kischenow.

“Yes,” said his companion. “I even went so far as to count the spectators. It did not take long.”

“We could not very well help seeing each other, could we?” said Kischenow, with a laugh.

The day broadened as they sat and talked together, growing every moment more confidential. When Kischenow discovered that it was time for luncheon, Célestine did not refuse to accompany him.

“You need not be afraid of the respectability of the hotel,” said the prince, with much gravity.

“Ah, prince,” said the girl, a shadow falling on her face, “you must misunderstand me, or you would not misconstrue me.”

Kischenow opened his eyes at the reproof, and began to smile; but then he frowned like a leviathan at himself.

“I beg your pardon,” he said. “I don't understand at all. I am only wanting in tact, because I can't get over to Rustchuk and eat up the Turks. That's the trouble.”

“Ah,” said Célestine, grave in her turn, “I know what your life is. Did they beat you when you were at the military school?”

The young prince stared wide, and then burst into a peal of delighted laughter. “My most respectful homages!” he cried. “Mademoiselle, we are quits. I am happy to inform you that I was not beaten, because I was trained by my aunt, who has been lady-in-waiting at court for a hundred and fifty years, and who got me my commission by the exercise of her dangerous influence over the Czar. Do you know what I thought? I thought you had no imagination. *Farceuse, va!*”

They lunched; the repast went to the lieutenant's debit at the hotel.

“Are you not glad,” said he, with frank cajolement, “that you met me?”

“I do not know,” said Célestine, looking away.

“Look here,” said Kischenow, who was puzzled, “you are an enigma. And what is more curious, you are not a French enigma.”

“My mother was a Pole.” And the girl's voice trembled a little. “They do not laugh in Poland as freely as they do in France.”

“Do they love as well?” asked Kischenow. He could not help philandering.

“Do you really wish to know?” said Célestine, her lips still unsmiling.

“Heaven bless you,” said Kischenow, with fine breadth; “tell me what you think about love, and let us leave Poland and France to settle their own differences. You cannot regard it as an unimportant matter that we shall never see each other again.”

“I suppose not,” said Célestine—“I suppose not.”

“For the main point,” said Kischenow, with sudden seriousness—“the main point, you know, for all I care for you so much, my dear child, is to get you away from here and home in safety—”

He was interrupted by a quick gasp. “You must not,” cried Célestine, quivering—“you must not think that I am in need of help. I am not, and you do not really care. You have only seen me this once, and what am I to you?”

“Nothing at all,” said Kischenow, who was a diplomat in other walks beside those of diplomacy. And he assumed a cheerful aspect, and hummed a tune.

“If you did care,” the girl went on, in a low tone, and speaking as if in spite of herself, “it would distress me. I am not the sort of woman you are likely to understand, and—you, a Prince, young and gay, brilliant, brave, self-willed—it is well that we meet as we do here, and cannot see each other again.” She broke off. “Bah, why am I talking like this to you? Prince, will you take me back to the circus?”

“Now, that I will not do,” said Kischenow, warmly.

Célestine sat silent a brief space. “I will stay a little while longer,” she said.

That night Kischenow lay awake a long time, and in the morning he sought out Célestine as early as might be. In his own eagerness he did not notice perhaps the mingled timidity and warmth of her greeting. He took her to the esplanade, and sat at the same table as before. He ordered beer and a sirop; he crossed his boots, lighted a cigarette, and turned on his companion a sunburnt face darkened to a yet deeper shade by profound meditation.

“You look tired,” he said. “You had better tell me what the trouble is. Is it the old story—no receipts?” Célestine was silent. “Very well, then, you convict yourself of ingratitude, for I have been keeping myself awake thinking what to do for you.”

“I told you not to think of that!” cried Célestine. “I will not have it! I cannot take anything from you!”

“Indeed, you cannot,” said Kischenow. “And that is perfectly true, for the treasury is empty, my dear girl, and I haven't a ruble. But there are more ways than one of quitting an ally's country.” He dropped a little pile of cigarette ashes on his boot, and studied the effect. “Now, where do you want to go?”

“*Voyez vous,*” said Célestine, with an imploring gesture. “You must not trouble yourself. My sister and I can manage. Just now we do not know where to turn, it is true, but—”

“But a woman can take care of herself,” said Kischenow. “Oh, of course. Only, you know, she won't. My dear, women are born dependent. We men, on the other hand, especially Russians, are put into the world for the very purpose. Look here!” He pursed up his lips, gravely unbuttoned his tunic at the throat, and from their hidden resting-place pulled out, one by one, half a dozen or more miniatures which were ranged like a string of medals, albeit undisplayed, upon his broad chest.

Yet if curiosity is the first infirmity of gentler minds, Célestine did not seem to be wholly feminine. She looked at the miniatures, but merely said, “They are portraits.”

“One of them is the portrait of my mother. The others are ladies to whom I have been of service,” said Kischenow, with composure. “Some of them are countrywomen of yours. Now you see how profitable a thing is my devotion to your sex, for thus equipped I am perfectly bullet-proof, and can defy the best marksman in Abdul Kerim's forces. So it is no credit to me to be in such a devil of a hurry for the fighting to begin. But it isn't on that account that I wear the miniatures.” And he beamed upon her fraternally.

“Are you not afraid,” said Célestine, slowly, “that some one of the miniatures may be jealous, and move out of the way when it sees a bullet coming? You have too many pretty women there.”

“I have as many as I can,” said Kischenow, amiably. And he replaced the miniatures. “Now, my child, you would like to see Paris, wouldn't you?”

It was a long breath that Célestine drew, and she shivered. “You must not trouble yourself about me,” she repeated. “Such misfortunes often happen in our profession. We find ourselves on our feet again somehow. *À la vie comme à la guerre,* you know.”

As human affairs are ruled it is not every French equestrienne who refuses the purely chivalrous aid of a Russian prince, and once more Kischenow was puzzled. “You have not heard my plan,” he said, gazing curiously at her. “I propose to place the whole circus on its feet, my poor child. You shall all of you have money enough to travel to Paris in coupé lits, if you think you can procure those luxuries on these brutes of railways. I tell you, I have an idea of the first magnitude, and if there is a Jules waiting for you in Paris he may bless me for it.”

“There is no Jules!” she flashed out.

“Jules or no Jules,” cried the young Prince, “the Czar shall come to see you ride!” Célestine gave a cry of incredulity. “And we will fill the circus with the officers of the Russian army.”

As the girl sat silent, her color coming and going, Kischenow went on, playing fugleman to his own speech with delighted chuckles. “It is the simplest thing in the world. Here is where the forces are concentrating. The Czar comes down to Giurgevo, and makes his headquarters here. Well, then, if you fancy that between me and my cousin, the venerable Count Dragomiroff, of the suite, the affair cannot be managed, you know very little of the inner workings of the Russian court.”

Doubt him? What circus rider would, in whose profession the caprices of fortune play in just such magical, spectacular coincidences? Yet Célestine still sat with saddened eyes.

“Oh, *mon prince,*” she cried, “what shall I say to you? How shall I thank you? If, indeed, you think these things can be done—if we have found such a wonderful protector—you—you could speak to the manager—”

“The manager!” broke out Kischenow, in heat. “On my word, I'm not thin-skinned, but this is too much. Do you really suppose that I'm taking all this trouble for your manager, or that I care a copeck for him and his—”

But he stopped, for Célestine had grown white. “Look here,” he said, “what is the trouble—wait a minute, now, for I think I have it. Is it your sister?” For answer Célestine grew whiter still, and looked away. “She's told you to make all you can out of me, and you are ashamed,” said the prince, with brutal directness, but in a gentle voice. “Well, the pride of women is sometimes equal to their cunning. I was right about your imagination. If you had not enough to see that I—”

“My imagination!” said Célestine, hoarsely. “My imagination! It will kill me some day.” And she rose quickly, and hurried off.

Kischenow leaped to his feet and hastened after her. “Do you think I shall let you go like this?” he said, impetuously, as he overtook her. “Come back! Whatever we have to say to each other, we are not the sort to be afraid of it. Célestine!”

“Go, I tell you, go!” And she hurried on. Kischenow, at her side, quickened his own pace, but a sudden shock threw him back as his shoulder was struck by a tall man, dressed like himself in white canvas, with dusty boots, who came plunging along, his countenance fierce with all the furies of wrath. It was Hardy.

“Hullo, what's the matter, in goodness' name?” cried Kischenow.

The correspondent wheeled about. “Oh,” he said, “that you. Haven't you heard? Galatz!”

“What about Galatz?”

“They crossed there yesterday, that's all. Pontoon bridge, boats, fighting, splendid success, and that. Bah! just my luck. Both of us in the lurch, eh? Hah! sorry.” He turned and strode away, muttering angrily in his beard over his discomfiture in failing of first news.

As Kischenow, pulling himself together, was about to follow for a more detailed account of this military catastrophe, he was aware of somebody beside him. It was Célestine, who had turned back. “What is it?” she cried. “What is it? Are you ordered away?”

“I suppose so,” he said. “I suppose so. God knows where, though. There'll be a movement of some kind. My poor little girl, I—”

“Are you still thinking of me?” she cried, tempestuously. “Why do you do it? Isn't it enough for you to be going?”

“Célestine!”

“Oh, go, go!” she broke out, “and let us see the last of each other! If I could follow you—” She stopped and met his eyes with a strong fierce gaze. “Yes, you must think what you will—it is so! My sister? She could not move me a hand's breadth! Oh, if men knew what women feel, they would not be kind, they would not be chivalrous, they would be brutal and merciless, and then we could defend ourselves!”

In the surprise of this great emotion Kischenow forgot time and place, and caught her hand in his, but she pulled it away. “Go, go,” she repeated. “Do you suppose if I ever thought to see you again—? What do you want? My picture to hang with your other trophies?”

The Prince tore open his tunic, and breaking the clasp of the gold bar with its row of miniatures, detached his mother's portrait, which he put in his pocket, and then thrust the rest into Célestine's hand. “Take them,” he said. “You are worth them all. You are the only woman I ever saw who loved a man. I must go to headquarters, but I shall see you before we march.”

The Russians had indeed crossed at Galatz into the Dobrudscha, but this advance was in reality only a side blow. The main army had still to be ferried across the swollen river to pour into Bulgaria on its way to the deadly intrenchments of Plevna and the frozen defiles of the Shipka pass, and this work it began four days later, at Simnitza, which is west a two-days' march of Giurgevo, where Prince Kischenow had been chafing and longing for glory.

It was a Tuesday of the week when the Czar's suite passed through the little village of Lissa, making toward the river. Staff officers rode before it; the cavalry escort which guarded it was detailed from regiments of the most brilliant uniforms. Nearly the last among the long line of equipages, cunningly contrived so as to provide beds, kitchens, larders, wardrobes, and whatever the soul of an archduke or a noble might demand, came a great old-fashioned heavy-wheeled carriage, on whose box sat a flat-faced Russian coachman in his heavy overcoat, and by his side a Circassian valet, fearful and magnificent in sheep-skins, his row of cartridges across his breast. Within, an old man reclined half-asleep upon the cushions.

Kischenow, standing by the gate of a little villa, bounded across the road, called to the driver to stop, pulled open the door, and flung himself inside. Count Dragomiroff opened his eyes and yawned. “That is you, Dimitri Paulovitch, I suppose?” he said.

“Fedor Ivanovitch, it is.”

“I am glad to see you,” said the old man, sweetly. “I had no idea that we should ever meet again before you were shot in some inconvenient vital spot for the benefit of England. Pray, what is the trouble now?”

“It's about a woman,” cried Kischenow, appealingly.

Dragomiroff's heavy pallid eyelids lifted an insignificant yet significant distance. “Stupendous!” he said, nodding his travelling-cap. “Out of a quarter of a million men, all marching at the top of their speed over this Roumanian dust heap, you are the one to find time—” He pulled at the rope that warned the coachman. “Stop, pigs.”

“I suppose it is my fault,” said Kischenow, with a deep breath. “It was one of those things which flash up—you don't understand how; you don't know there is any powder there; you only see that all of a sudden it flames out. I made love to her without knowing it. Then afterward it couldn't be helped. It was pure sympathy. I wanted to help the poor child, and I had a fine plan to raise money for her, only after Galatz—well, then it was all knocked on the head, and we had an hour to say good-by; you can hardly blame a man for an hour, you know, when his company is waiting, and marching orders—”

“You are uncommonly lucid,” said Dragomiroff, “but you neglect to give the scene of this painful tragedy.”

“Giurgevo, of course! You see, after Galatz—”

“We have had Galatz.”

Kischenow swore. “We left Giurgevo on Sunday night—did I tell you that? No? Well, then, the thing is perfectly clear. We marched here to Lissa, and she followed me.”

“The fair Roumanian follows you to Lissa,” said Dragomiroff, nodding again. “Accept my sympathy. She drove in a barouche, I presume?”

“Roumanian? She's a French woman! And do you want to know how she got here? She rode. Dressed as a Cossack.”

Dragomiroff sat bolt-upright. “You take my breath away,” he said. “Upon my word, this is a mediæval romance. As a Cossack! Pray, did she kill one?”

“Kill a Cossack? Certainly not. The dress was easy enough. She took it, with the horse, from the circus.”

“The circus?”

“I told you all about it,” said Kischenow, despairingly. “I've been telling you ever since I got into this infernal hearse of yours. She came from the circus, and that was where I first saw her—riding bareback. She knew my regiment, and found me this morning—after riding all night. How she managed it I can't tell. And now I want the money to send her home.”

“You do not propose, then, to allow her to make the campaign with you?”

“Listen to me, Fedor Ivanovitch,” said the Prince, flushing. “I want the money. I went to Prince Mirsky to get it, but he's lunching with the Grand-Duke, and I daren't disturb him; then I heard that the suite was coming, and thought of you.”

“Where is the young lady?”

“About half a mile from here; I picketed her horse for her in a little grove. She has had no breakfast.”

“Take me to her.”

Kischenow's eyes were troubled. “Don't you think it would be simpler for you to count out the money to me here and leave the poor girl alone?”

“My dear young cousin,” Dragomiroff replied, “an old diplomat can be as determined in his way as a lovesick circus rider in hers. If I am to help you, you must not refuse me the mild curiosity of wishing to see a young lady who revives the times of the Crusades. Do you fancy that I cannot treat such a remarkable being with respect?”

“In God's name, then!” said Kischenow.

They found Célestine sitting leaned against a tree trunk, her Cossack cap laid aside, her slender form shapeless in her heavy, tawdry accoutrements. She rose unsteadily when she heard their footsteps, and her pallid cheeks, her newly cropped hair, hanging in pitiful ragged bunches on her small head, her trembling lips and burning eyes made her incongruous dress seem even more unnatural and repellent in its poor theatrical imitation of the omnipresent reality of war. There was in her look something so wild, so fixed and lonely, that Dragomiroff took off his cap.

“I have brought you something to eat,” said Kischenow, in a loud and cheerful voice. He had pillaged Dragomiroff's stores.

“You are tired of the regimental soup?” said the Count, with an impassive countenance. “I do not wonder. It is watery, very.”

“I promised you the Czar,” said Kischenow. “The best I can do is to present to you Monsieur le Comte Dragomiroff; but, after all, he is of the suite.”

“Monsieur is very good to come,” said Célestine, hoarsely.

“Monsieur has come to see if he cannot assist us,” said Kischenow. “He is my cousin, the Count Dragomiroff. He is a person of great influence.”

"You wish to add monsieur's arguments to your own?" said Célestine, supporting herself against the trunk of a tree.

"Célestine!" cried Kischenow. "Something must be done for you."

"Why do you not let me do as I will? I told you that women can dare more than men—and it is true."

"It is only true, mademoiselle," said the old Count, "when men are weak, and lay by the strength which Heaven has given them to use for both."

"You too wish to send me away!" Célestine cried. "Yes, that is right—that is what a woman must expect. But why? Life is as much mine as it is yours! What is there in war to frighten me, or that I cannot endure more readily, more willingly, than to have my heart broken? If he would even say he does not love me! but he does not—he cannot! Am I the first woman to choose a man's risks and a man's part? Are the dangers of a man's life any more inevitable than ours? What has given you the right to say that I must obey?"

"Do you hear her?" said Kischenow, in Russian, to his companion. "A woman who can speak like that—who feels like that—is it any nobler to leave her and go to war than to love her? Good God! what can we do?"

Dragomiroff did not reply for a while. "Soldiers need to eat," he said, at length. "Even Cossacks."

The girl put her hand to her throat and choked. Her Cossack dress was heavy enough to stifle, yet she shook as if in a chill. "Good God!" cried Kischenow, in an access of despairing pity. "My poor little girl, to think of you among the Turks!"

"Do you suppose I have no strength?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Give me!" and she grasped at the bread and pâté which he held out to her.

"I have often thought," said Dragomiroff, in Russian, "that the Asiatics are right. In God's name, why meddle with fate—why stop to save life? A few hours of physical pain, and the sufferer is mercifully relieved of the intolerable burden of existence. My dear Dimitri Paulovitch, the kindest thing we can do, and the most sensible, is to leave this young lady to starve here in this singularly sultry clump of trees. She insists on treating the world as a Juggernaut, and throwing herself under its wheels—let her. And I am always sorry for people who have no appetite for Périgord pies."

"Célestine," said Kischenow, "listen. You hear this good gentleman, my cousin? Do you know what he is saying? He begs me to draw on him for the money to send you home to Paris. Come, now, thank him, and cheer up."

"I will not take the money," cried Célestine, throwing down loaf and tin together.

"What? what?" cried Kischenow.

"Permit me to point out that the lady is fainting," said Dragomiroff, shrugging his shoulders.

Kischenow caught her in his long muscular arm, which tightened about her slender frame. "What nonsense are you talking?" said he, roughly.

"I cannot take the money—from you! I cannot," she whispered, thickly. "Because—I love you."

The blare of a bugle sounded shrill and harsh just outside the copse. Another bugle replied, and drums began to beat. No bees had ever boomed so loudly in that dense warm summer air. Célestine did well to start and catch her breath, for Kischenow wheeled quickly about, gripping her tightly to his breast. "Good God!" he exclaimed. "It may be my regiment!" Dragomiroff stroked his chin. The lieutenant listened a moment. "Do you understand what it means?" he said, between his teeth. "My darling, take the money—take the money! The Count will give it to you; he will help you; I must go—do you understand? Célestine, look up! The Count will see to your safety."

"Really," said Dragomiroff, in his calmest tones, "that is a modest proposal."

"Dragomiroff, look at her!"

"My dear fellow, I am quite as anxious to get to Turna Maguerelle as you are to get to Simnitza. But if the young lady likes, I will have my valet put to work on an ammunition train—I trust he may be blown up—and she can have his seat on the box of my carriage, and accompany us to the river."

The blood rushed to Kischenow's face. "By heavens!" he said, in a low voice. "Monsieur le Comte Dragomiroff, what do you mean?"

"Softly—softly," said the elder, whose parchment countenance remained unmoved. "Allow me to manage on the principles which I have never found to fail—least action and least resistance. If the young lady will not take the money, she shall have the box-seat. When we reach the river I devoutly trust I may find some ladies in the hospitals to whom I can intrust her. In either case my carriage is waiting, and I beg she will decide at once."

But Célestine had swooned.

Kischenow bent over her and kissed her pale cheek. A soldier's love is like his courage—high, unalloyed, and noble. Brief it may be, but while it lasts it is both natural and supreme. The young prince was saying good-by to the whole of womankind and to everything that is dearest in love in that parting kiss. Then, lifting her in his strong arms, he strode quickly through the wood to the road-side, Dragomiroff following. Officers and aides galloping by stared curiously at the prince as he placed his unconscious burden in the calèche.

The young man looked into Dragomiroff's eyes, but said nothing. The two shook hands, and Kischenow turned and hastened away, his sword clanking by his side.

The crossing at Simnitza was effected by the Russians with brilliant and well-planned audacity. Further up the river, at Turna Maguerelle, the Czar and his suite and the Grand-Duke Nicholas were officially presiding over a feigned attack, to meet which the Turks withdrew their forces from Sistova; and at gray dawn the Russians began to ferry over, landed, cleared the heights, and established themselves triumphant on the soil of the Ottoman. All day long the boats plied back and forth, and regiment after regiment of Radetzky's splendid corps disembarked. All day long Simnitza watched the pageant and the tragedy of war from that lofty amphitheatre of the bluffs; and over the country roads the young, sturdy, iron-muscled soldiers of Russia marched down to the river, singing, laughing, and cheering. It was nearly evening, and the Russian advance was still moving on, when a travelling carriage, its horses panting, its driver half buried in his great-coat, its wheels and body covered with dust, rattled into the little town. Near the telegraph office an elderly man wearing a military cap thrust his head out of the window and made a keen survey of his surroundings. Blocked by a passing regiment, the carriage came to a halt. Just then a horseman came up the street at a quick trot and reined in near the carriage.

Dragomiroff, whose quick eye recognized the non-military function of the rider, threw open the carriage door and alighted.

"Pardon me," he said, in French, "but I think I am not mistaken in believing you to be a correspondent. Can you give me a few words of information?"

The correspondent nodded. "By all means, monsieur, while I wait to reach the telegraph."

"We have crossed?"

"Yes, easily. The Fourteenth Division is over long since. Skobeleff crossed among the first. Very little loss."

"Thank God!" said Dragomiroff, piously. "Or praise be to Allah, whichever is proper," he added, with a shrug. Hardy laughed. "I am just from Turna Maguerelle," Dragomiroff went on. "Our bombardment there was only a blind, and I was sufficiently interested to drive here to Simnitza. Thank you, monsieur." Hardy bowed, and was about to ride on. His questioner added, "I am Count Dragomiroff, of the suite, monsieur, and perhaps may have an opportunity to return your kindness on some future occasions."

Hardy reined in again. "You are Count Dragomiroff?" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry to be the bearer of sad news. Your cousin, Prince Kischenow, he was speaking to me of you the other day at Giurgevo; I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance for some years—"

"What of him?" said Dragomiroff, quickly. A Cossack valet on the box of the travelling carriage was apparently listening, for he leaped to the ground and hurried toward the pair.

"He is badly wounded," said Hardy. "I saw him an hour since in the field hospital out on the flats, and then—"

"You mean that he is dead?"

The correspondent bowed.

"Good God!" said Dragomiroff, sadly. The Cossack valet gave a faint moan, and dropping to the ground, buried her face in her hands.

"What is this?" said Hardy.

"An incident," said Dragomiroff, quietly. "A boy—a family servant—greatly attached to Kischenow—"

"Why, good heavens!" exclaimed Hardy.

Célestine rose to her feet. "You recognize me, monsieur," she said. "Oh, tell me—is there no hope?"

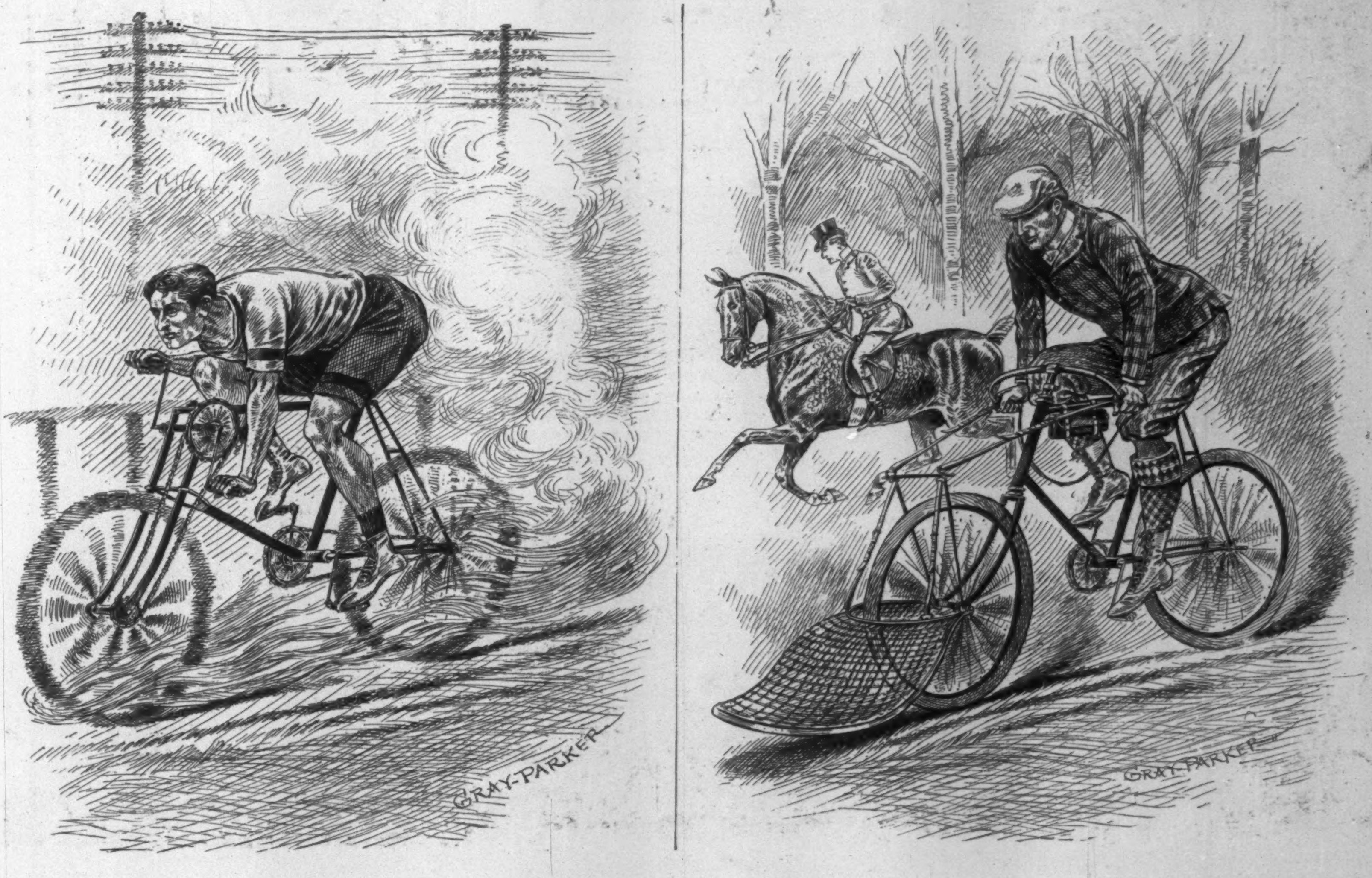
"None whatever, mademoiselle, I am sorry to say."

Célestine turned to Dragomiroff. "I thank you," said she. "You have been very kind. Give me the money," she went on, in a dull voice, "and let me go back to Paris."

"To Paris? I thought you said the hospital—"

"I was deceiving you. I meant to follow him across the river. Now there seems nothing for me to do but go back to my sister." She paused, and let her hand fall by her side. "I am sorry to have troubled you," she said. "It was all imagination—all imagination."

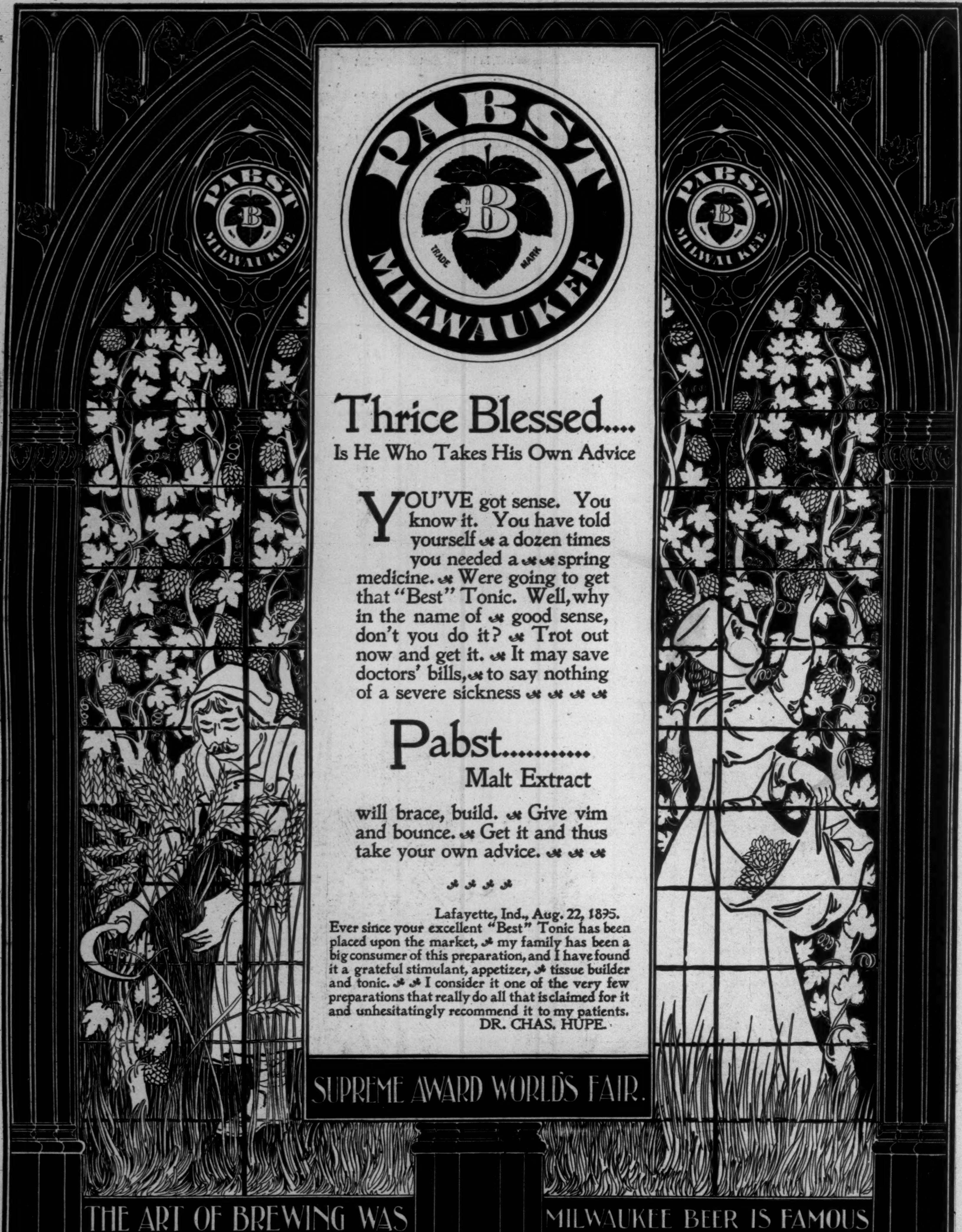
Dragomiroff looked long at her face, almost ghostlike in its unearthly despair. "Imagination!" he said, in a low voice, in his own tongue. "She complains of the only thing worth possessing in this life. If I had any, I would marry her."



TIMELY BICYCLE SUGGESTIONS—

FOR A RECORD-BREAKING WHEEL—THE FOUR LIMBS ACTING IN CONCERT;

FOR A FENDER, IN VIEW OF RECENT ANTI-BRAKE LEGISLATION.


PABST
B
TRADE MARK
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PABST
MILWAUKEE
SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR.
THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS.
MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO.
BINNER CHI.

Thrice Blessed....

Is He Who Takes His Own Advice

YOU'VE got sense. You know it. You have told yourself a dozen times you needed a spring medicine. Were going to get that "Best" Tonic. Well, why in the name of good sense, don't you do it? Trot out now and get it. It may save doctors' bills, to say nothing of a severe sickness

Pabst..........

Malt Extract

will brace, build. Give vim and bounce. Get it and thus take your own advice.

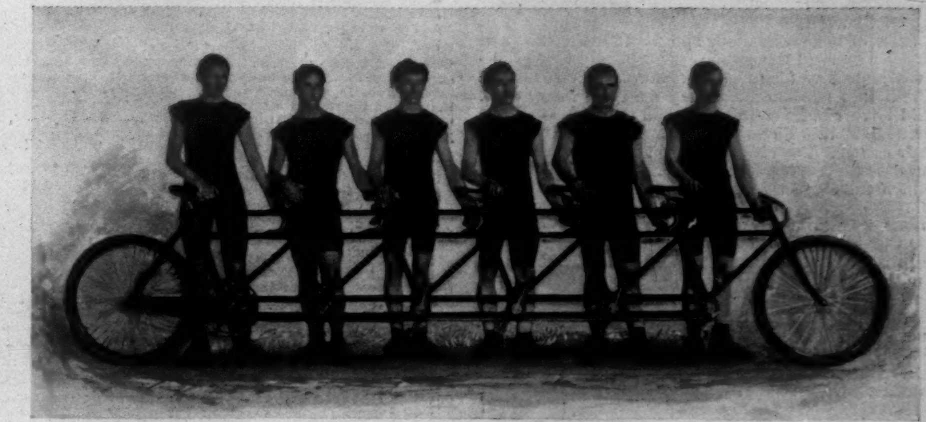
* * * *

Lafayette, Ind., Aug. 22, 1895.

Ever since your excellent "Best" Tonic has been placed upon the market, my family has been a big consumer of this preparation, and I have found it a grateful stimulant, appetizer, tissue builder and tonic. I consider it one of the very few preparations that really do all that is claimed for it and unhesitatingly recommend it to my patients.

DR. CHAS. HUPE.

AMATEVR · SPORT



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR SIX.

THE ABOLITION OF CLASS B by the National Convention of the League of American Wheelmen, at Baltimore, marked an epoch in American bicycle-racing. We might say, indeed, it inaugurated a new era in that sport the world over. Already the Canadian Wheelman's Association has determined to take up the question at its approaching annual meeting, and in England a very strong sentiment is setting in against the salaried rider who masquerades as an amateur. It is only one more illustration, of which we have had many in the last year or two, that dishonesty in sport cannot thrive. Sooner or later it must run its course.

There is solace in the example, but disappointment in the realization that reform comes about because of policy rather than from first intentions. So long as we have the actual reform, however, we need not concern ourselves very seriously regarding the cause. In this matter it is the end which occupies us rather than the means to that end. Class B was never anything more elevating than a refuge for young men with professional tendencies—and a backer. It was born of a, in my judgment, mistaken idea to further the interests of racing, pure and simple, and to retain the good-will of the manufacturers. It was an effort to serve two masters—the young man of professional tendencies and the dealers who gave those tendencies life. The ethical side of the sport became inconsequential arrayed against the other two interests.

THE EXISTENCE OF CLASS B was a violation of every principle of amateur sport from first to last. It permitted men to pose before the world as amateurs whose connection with the manufacturers was notorious. It gave a clean bill of health to men who made the round of the national racing circuit, exploiting the wheels of manufacturers and drawing salaries for doing so. It took all the essence of sport for sport's sake out of racing cycling, and made of it instead a game for gain.

That eventual dissolution awaited a sport so distorted was to be expected. That disgrace was certain the closing months of the class proved in the exposure of dishonest collusion and sharp practice generally on the track by some of the Class B members. Had it not been for the extraordinary work of the L. A. W. Racing Board such a scandal would have arisen as American bicycle-racing could not have lived down in years. As it is, the general public was too ignorant to discern and too indifferent to care very much for the condition so long as it did not become noisome, and the Racing Board kept the men in exceedingly good control.

THE L. A. W. RACING BOARD'S WORK has been one of the bright spots in competitive cycling. Too much credit cannot be given it for the masterful manner in which it has handled a most vexing problem and for its successful issue therefrom. The amount of work necessitated by the supervision of the entire racing field, the difficulties by which its path was beset, the avaricious obduracy of the men with whom it had to deal, are scarcely to be appreciated by the average sportsman. In the history of American sport no body has had so many and so puzzling tangles to unravel nor has carried forward its work with greater credit than this board of the L. A. W.

The League has been exceptionally fortunate in the choice of its Racing Board—and particularly so in the chairman of that board. In the days, three or four years ago, when the "makers' amateur" (as the manufacturers' hireling was sometimes called) began first to make his pernicious way into racing, the vigorous, indefatigable labor of Howard Raymond, then chairman of the Racing Board, saved the sport from instant and widespread degradation. In more recent times George Gideon, the present chairman, has stood steadfastly on the nearest approach to amateur lines that the rules of the L. A. W. permitted.

THIS IS NOT TO SAY that the League of American Wheelmen has been above criticism, or even pursued the best course it could easily have followed in its adjustment of the racing situation. This Department and all good sportsmen earnestly protested at the time against the making of Class B. We considered it, and it was, in fact, nothing more nor less than the establishment of a class to harbor the men whom the L. A. W. lacked either the courage or sympathy with amateur sport to cast into the professional ranks, where they rightfully belonged. The plea that evidence could not be obtained to justify expulsion from the amateur ranks was hardly tenable, since it would have been simple to formulate rules, such as now exist, for instance, making suspicion sufficient ground for suspension. The toleration of the "makers' amateur" can be viewed only as a tacit acknowledgment by the L. A. W. of its inability or lack of desire to cope with a troublous situation.

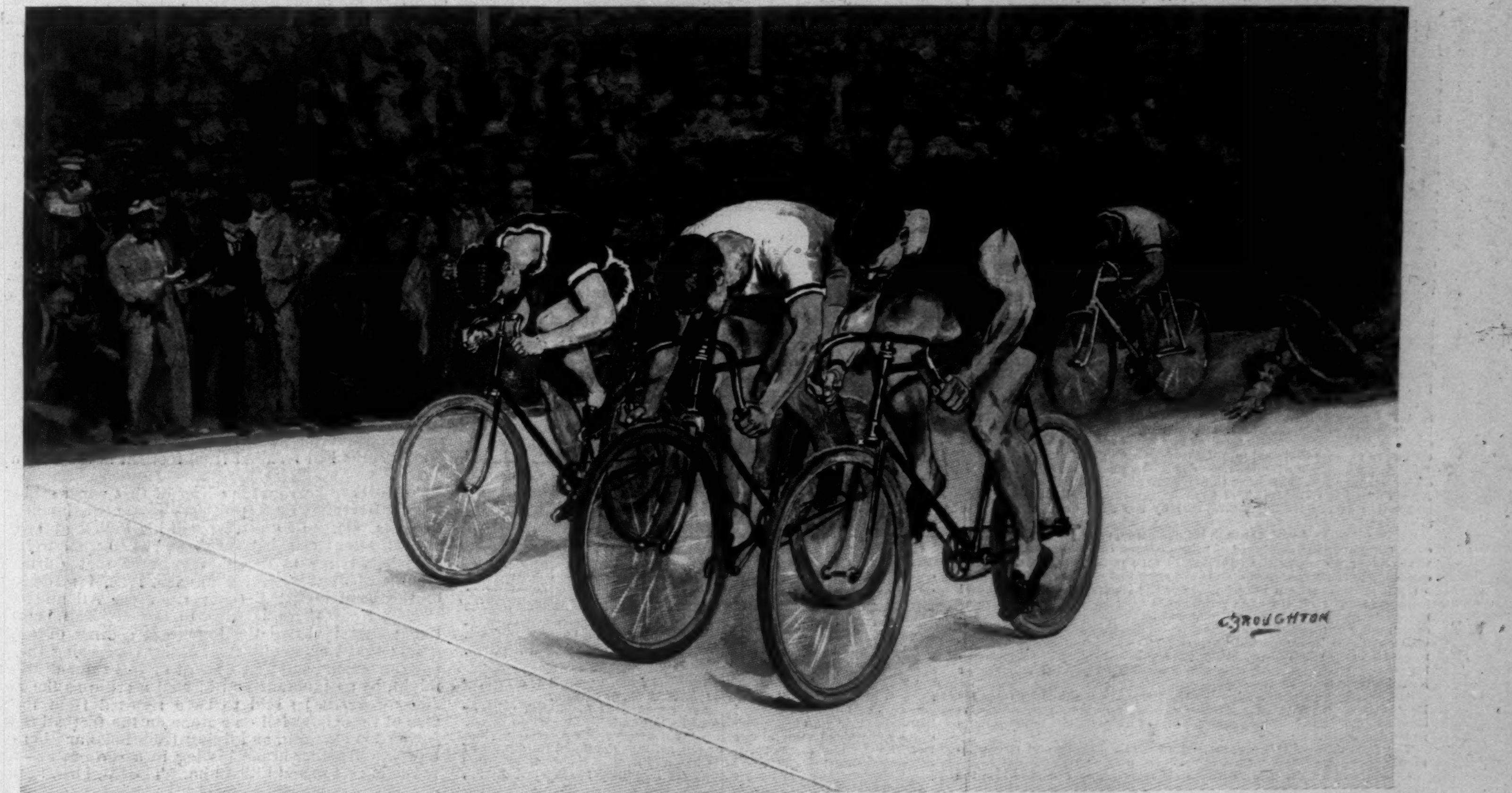
Probably the chief reason for this attitude may be found in the exaggerated importance of racing over the really more valuable and certainly more wholesome field of good roads and general wheeling. By some means or another the executive board of the L. A. W. seemed possessed of the idea that the very life of their body depended on the success of the racing end of it. So all else gave way to the propitiation of racing, and the organization, with upwards of 40,000 members on its roll, utterly ignored the wishes of the many and the health of the sport, to the unsavory maintenance of a comparative handful of "scorchers"—for their especial benefit, and that of a few manufacturers with advertising and prize-giving favors to bestow.

THE RIVALRY BETWEEN MANUFACTURERS, which made the strife to advance their respective wheels keen, and sometimes unprincipled, was of course the root of all the evil. It led to the seduction of many a rider, whose desire to gain was much stronger than his regard for sporting ethics, and it waged an unremitting warfare against the principles which the L. A. W. made effort to inculcate. It was not long, indeed, before the manufacturer practically defied the L. A. W. and the wheeling press generally. It could hardly be expected that the wheeling press would oppose the concerns whose advertising patronage gave them life, but no such excuse may be offered for the L. A. W. in submitting to such dictation. Therein, it has always seemed to me, lay the first and greatest and most culpable error of the L. A. W. on this broad amateur question. There was no need for accepting such humiliation; the life of the L. A. W. was not dependent on the good-will of the manufacturer. But beyond all this was the fact that the L. A. W. owed to itself and to its several thousand members the protection of the sport of bicycling, and not the mere supervision of a small racing class that had no claims upon its consideration. Class B, in other words, was substantially thrust upon the L. A. W. by the cupidity of the manufacturers, and the L. A. W. was recreant to its trust when it permitted itself to be thus imposed upon. The L. A. W. became the tool of trade, no more—no less. It is on that score sportsmen have criticised the League. Had the L. A. W. not been so fortunate in the *personnel* of its Racing Board there is no telling to what depths racing might have degenerated.

Active competition between rival tradesmen is certainly natural and desirable, but when that commercial rivalry endangers the purity of sport it becomes the business of our Amateur Athletic Unions and our Leagues of American Wheelmen, our baseball and football clubs, to resist its advance and to punish its trespass, or to go to pieces in the attempt. That is the most important trust vested in the organizations which assume the sponsorship of amateur sport.

AND YET SOME GOOD has come out of the toleration of Class B. It has brought the issue between amateur and professional, between honest and dishonest sport, to a quicker and very likely more certain settlement. It has proved an object-lesson to the public on the displeasing consequences that are the inevitable accompaniment of unwholesome sport. It has defeated the very end which it was promised to further, viz., increase of an honest amateur class of racers throughout the country. Not that the amateur class has failed to increase—it has, of course, to an extent—but in no such proportion as predicted, nor as the general spread of pleasure wheeling would seem to indicate. The touring of the country by a band of professional experts in any sport never yet did much towards increasing the class of amateurs in the different localities visited. What will tend to increase the class of amateur riders is the new rule, just put forth by the L. A. W., prohibiting riders from competing in meets held 100 miles or more from their State.

The chief good Class B has done may be seen in the revulsion of popular feeling against dishonesty. The tide of public opinion is everywhere turning against athletic deceit; I found it in every section of the country I visited on my recent tour of the United States. People have become weary and disgusted. That is the good Class B—the "club amateur," the football "rounder," the colleges



WHO WINS?—DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.

and clubs that have "gathered" and "induced" athletes to play on their nines and elevens—has accomplished in the interest of honest amateur sport. It has at last and effectually disgusted the public. Specifically Class B became too expensive for the very manufacturers who first brought it into existence, and they too grew weary of it. It would have run its course even had the L. A. W. failed to rule against it. These dishonest methods always do run their course. The class is gone, at all events, officially and actually. We commend the League of American Wheelmen for correctly interpreting the trend of public opinion.

IT DOES NOT FOLLOW, HOWEVER, regrettably enough, because Class B is abolished and the methods it supported are proscribed, that the professional sentiments which ruled in the breasts of the erstwhile Class B members are not cherished by individual racers that are now, and are to come, in the different sectional centres where the sport is most active. There is always and everywhere a class of men who need only an opportunity or an accomplice to reveal the viciousness of their desires. The inclination is not wanting. Of this kind of man or boy the fields of sport are not free—and racing bicycling less so, because of its universal vogue, probably, than any other. The toleration of Class B, the vitiating influence of manufacturers' agents, the spread of a spirit that regards everything and anything as all right so long as you are not found out, have largely augmented that class throughout the country, or rather, I should say, have brought it into evidence—for such men, I believe, are born in the majority of cases, not made—have created in many directions a set of young loafers that hang about the shops of the local, manufacturers' agents, too ready to practise the "tricks" of the trade suggested by the agent, and too zealous in influencing others of their own ilk.

THERE IS NO NEED of my commenting on the undesirability of such a class existing, to say nothing of growing, or of what such influences, such practices, may and do mean to boys. There is opportunity here for the formation of such habits as may one day bring disgrace upon the boy and all those near him. I am writing here for fathers and older brothers. I warn them to look carefully into the relations their sons or brothers bear to athletic and bicycling clubs. The character of the boy is moulding during his athletic days; the slightest distortion in sport must have its influence on the disposition and habits of that boy. Parents are far too indifferent to this fact, which is as patent as it is potent. Athletics in the broad sense may be for good or for ill; it rests absolutely with parents and schoolmasters and college faculties to which end they may work. It is not the mere running or riding for a prize; it is not even the mere value and character of the prize itself, important as that is; it is the surroundings, the influences, the examples, the training, moral (for there are morals in athletics) and physical—it is the atmosphere in which the boy develops. That is the meaning of amateur sport. Let the full significance of that meaning be borne in mind by parents, and let us have some evidence in our towns and cities of the appreciation of that significance by a more careful supervision of the boys' athletic connections.

The revised rules and entry blank form are published in this issue as much to inform parents as to guide their sons.

A FEW IMPORTANT EXCERPTS from the revised racing rules—published for the first time:

AMATEUR RULE.—An amateur is one who has never competed in cycling for a cash prize or gate money, or who has not engaged in, nor assisted in, cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise, for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description; or who, after having forfeited his amateur status, has had the same restored by a unanimous vote of the National Assembly, L. A. W. A cyclist ceases to be an amateur by:

(a) Engaging in cycling or other recognized athletic exercise, or personally training or coaching any person therein, either as means of obtaining a livelihood, or for a wager, money prize, or gate money.

(b) Competing with a professional or making the pace for, or having the pace made by, such in public or for a prize.

(c) Selling, pawning, exchanging, bartering, or otherwise turning into cash, or in any manner realizing cash upon any prize won by him.

(d) Accepting, directly or indirectly, for cycling, any remuneration, compensation, or expense whatever.

(e) In this class no prize shall exceed thirty-five dollars in value.

(f) Racing-men in the employ of cycle establishments may be transferred to the professional class by a vote of the Racing Board.

(g) An amateur may not compete in any race outside of his own State, at a distance greater than one hundred miles, by the usual line or route of travel, from his legal residence, except at national championships or closed college race meetings, or by special permission from the member of the Racing Board in charge of his district.

(h) License may be granted by unanimous vote of the Racing Board for a special competition in any year between the recognized champions of the amateur and professional classes, the prize rules of the amateur class to govern the contest.

(i) Any amateur who neglects or refuses to answer questions touching his status to the satisfaction of the Racing Board, and within thirty days, shall be transferred to the professional class, and shall have no further opportunity for hearing or appeal.

(j) A professional is any rider other than an amateur.

(k) The League recognizes as athletic exercises, in addition to cycling, all sports over which the Amateur Athletic Union, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and other amateur athletic organizations have jurisdiction.

(d) The Racing Board shall have the right in considering and determining questions that affect the amateur status of any cyclist, to act upon any kind of evidence, circumstantial or direct. At the termination of the investigation by the member in charge, his findings shall be submitted to the chairman, who, upon direct evidence, may expel, and upon circumstantial evidence order a vote of the entire board, a majority vote of which shall expel.

(e) Whenever permission is granted to an amateur to compete at a greater distance from his legal residence than is allowed by the rule, the member of the Racing Board shall require a certified, itemized statement of expenses, with receipts and vouchers, and shall notify the chairman at once that said permission has been granted.

(f) Any wheelman who has been declared a professional, or suspended for misconduct, shall have the right to appeal only to the National Assembly of the L. A. W., and shall be reinstated only upon recommendation of the Racing Board, and by the unanimous vote of the assembly.

(g) The Racing Board, through its chairman, shall have the right of censorship over the character of prizes offered in cycle races, and may withhold or withdraw the sanction to race promoters, providing its decisions in excluding any prize is not complied with.

(h) It shall be within the province of the Racing Board to suspend from the race-track, for such a time as it may deem proportionate to the offence, any wheelman guilty of unfair dealing in connection with cycle racing or ungentlemanly conduct on the track, or any wheelman who competes in a race not governed by the rules of the L. A. W. or those that may be approved by the Racing Board. Any wheelman who knowingly competes with one who has been suspended will render himself liable to a like penalty.

(i) The Racing Board shall have the power to make such rules for its government, and the government of cycle-race meetings, as may be deemed expedient, and may appoint one or more official handicappers at its discretion.

The following will be considered as unfair dealing and ungentlemanly conduct, and render the offender liable to a suspension:

1. Entering a class race to which his record does not give him the right of entry.
2. Suppression of true figures or rendering of false figures to the official handicappers.
3. The use of obscene language on the track.
4. Swearing at other competitors and at race officials.
5. Any other act which tends to disturb or obstruct a race meet.
6. Failure to pay entry fees.

SECT. 3. A member of the League charged with being a professional wheelman may be protested in writing by any member. In case of such protest the charges and specifications shall be sent to the secretary, who shall make a record of the protest and forward all papers to the Racing Board. In a case of this nature the Racing Board shall proceed as provided in Article IV., Section 7, of these by-laws, and its judgment shall be final and without appeal.

SECT. 4. An applicant for membership may be protested in writing by any member, but the protest must be in the hands of the secretary within two weeks from the date on which the applicant's name is published in the official organ. All such protests shall be regarded as confidential, so far as a disclosure of the protesting member's name is concerned. The secretary shall make a record of the protest, and forward all the papers to the Membership Committee. If after a full hearing the committee shall find that the protest is a just one it shall sustain the charges and deny the applicant admission. If the protest charges the applicant with being a professional, the committee may refer the protest to the Racing Board for investigation, and in such case shall abide by the decision of the board in its finding for or against the applicant.

In case an applicant is denied admission his fee shall be returned.

SECT. 5. Expulsion from League clubs shall entail expulsion from the League, provided the Membership Committee concur therein. When a member has been expelled from a League club and the club desires his expulsion from the League, the secretary of the club shall forward to the secretary of the League a full statement of the circumstances which led to the expulsion. The secretary shall make a record of the case, and forward the papers to the Membership Committee. If the Membership Committee shall find that the offence against the club was also an offence against the League, or if they shall find that the best interests of the League call for the expulsion of the member, they shall direct the secretary to expunge the name from the books.

THE NOTABLE CHANGES IN THE REVISED RULES which have just come from the L. A. W. press are:

(1) Teachers of cycling (that is, employés of cycle schools, etc.) are not necessarily professionals.

(2) The prize limit for amateurs has been reduced from fifty dollars to thirty-five.

(3) The distance at which an amateur may compete away from his own home is 100 miles (instead of 200), except within his own State, or at closed club championships, or at the national championships of the League.

In the by-laws changes are made in the sanction fees, and the charge for sanction is removed from closed college or school events.

In the general rules of the board the announcement is made of the control of all cycle-racing on the track by the League.

It is prescribed that all entries must be made on the official entry blank, and it is specified particularly that each entry "shall further constitute an agreement that all persons concerned will submit all questions and disputes arising out of such entry to the authority and judgment of the Racing Board, and will abide by any ruling upon the disputed question made by said board."

A clause is adopted that indicates "that by violation of the rules of his class an amateur instantly forfeits his status, and subsequent entries to amateur events may be punished by suspension from all racing." Which very wisely touches professionals as well as amateurs.

Official referees are established, as the following clause shows—this being quite a departure from the old rule:

F.—OFFICIAL REFEREES.

An official referee who shall be required to officiate at National Circuit meets (for which proper compensation will be allowed) may be appointed by the chairman of the Racing Board. The chairman, members, and representatives of the National Racing Board, and the handicappers in their respective States shall be ex officio official referees, and the chairmen and the members of Division Racing Boards shall be ex officio official referees within their respective divisions. When it is impossible to obtain the services of an official referee, then the referee may be named by the member of R. B. in charge of the district.

One-third-mile championship is established in addition to the one-quarter, one-half, one mile, two mile, and five mile.

The list of records to be considered by the board will be cut down materially, as the board will consider flying start only in records against time, and standing start records only in competition records.

A further provision is made for fining professionals, such fines to be administered by the referee, with all the power given to an umpire in professional baseball.

The lately adopted entry blank form which follows is very complete and satisfactory to sportsmen, and should be carefully considered by all racing wheelmen.

ENTRY BLANK.

Enclosed find $......for which enter me in the Races marked **X** in the space to the left of the list of races below, L. A. W. Rules governing. Sanctioned by L. A. W. Racing Board.

MARK HERE.	RACE NO.	DISTANCE. CLASS.—PRIZES AND VALUE.
....	....	....

(To be filled out and enlarged as desired by promoters.)

NOTICE TO RIDERS.—Races scheduled above are defined as follows:

Amateurs.—Men who ride only in their own State or 100 miles from their legal residence, for prizes not exceeding $35 in value, and who are not allowed any expenses whatever, or payment from manufacturers or others.

Professionals.—All other riders: they may compete for cash prizes or prizes of greater value than allowed amateurs, but may not compete for a prize value of over $100 unless special permission for greater prize values has been given to this meet.

An Amateur must hold a special permit to ride outside the 100-mile limit.

Entrants to Handicap Events must fill in the following blanks:

Distance of Race.	Date and Place.	Name of Scratch Man or Virtual Scratch Man.	Start you received from Scratch.	Result of Final Heat. Where were you placed?	NAME OF WINNER.	Winner's Time.	Your Time, if known.
Enter here last three handicap events in which you competed.							
......	......	......	......	......	......	......	......
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Give below your three best performances in scratch races.							
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Every Competitor must fill up this form with the particulars required; such statements as "Known," or "Known to the Handicapper," will not be accepted as equivalent for the information required. No exception will be allowed to this rule.

AMATEURS.—*I hereby declare (1) That I am an amateur according to the definition of the L. A. W. and the A. A. U, as follows:*

"An Amateur is one who has never competed for a cash prize or gate-money or who has not engaged in, nor assisted in, cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description; or one who after having forfeited the amateur status has the same restored by a competent authority having jurisdiction over the sport."

(2) That I will abide by the L. A. W. Rules of Cycling, and in case of any dispute or protest I will accept the decision of the L. A. W. Racing Board.

(3) That the particulars given are correct.

(If an Amateur, *sign here*)..

ADDRESS (*legal residence*) ....

PROFESSIONALS.—*I hereby declare that I am a professional according to the L. A. W. definition, and that I will abide by the L. A. W. racing rules, submitting any protest or dispute to the decision of the L. A. W. Racing Board, and I agree to accept such decision as final.*

(If a Professional, *sign here*) ....

ADDRESS..

THE MANUFACTURERS' LOCAL AGENT, too, often furnishes both opportunity and accomplice to the youngster of the avaricious eye and professional heart. He begins by paying entrance fees, then expenses, then a bonus for riding the agent's particular wheel. And so it goes on, until the boy's degradation is complete; not merely that he is a professional, for there is no disgrace in honest professionalism, but because he is a dishonest amateur. It ought to be that our large manufacturers would unite in an agreement to forbid, and punish on disobedience, local agents from pursuing their nefarious advertising. I say such prominent business men as compose the companies responsible for the Columbia, Spalding, Victor, Sterling, Humber, Remington, and the dozen other wheels whose names do not come to me at the moment of hurried writing, ought to stand aloof from such methods of selling their wheels. There ought to be enough sportsman's blood in them to suggest working with the L. A. W., to strengthen and build it up, rather than to try to undermine its foundation and belittle its legislation. And the folly of it! If the bicycle manufacturers are not interested in the prosperity of wheeling, who are? And if honesty in racing is not necessary to its continued success, what is?

IT IS GOOD POLICY for the manufacturers to stand together and with the L. A. W. for clean, honest bicycling, putting the question of decency of purpose aside altogether.

Already some manufacturers' agents are carrying their dirty procuring methods into the ranks of the fastest amateurs, or what were known as Class A men. The Racing Board is making strenuous efforts to discover and punish the riders that succumb to the agent's temptations, and every sportsman and every man who believes in honesty over dishonesty should aid in the crusade. Nor should the punishment stop at the rider; the agent, and, if at his instance, the manufacturer represented, should be exposed and held up to the contempt of all decent people. This Department calls upon parents and sportsmen generally to lend their aid in this good work, not only as it touches upon bicycling, but upon all amateur sport. The athletic reform which has set in throughout the land cannot be carried forward with the fullest measure of success without the co-operation of all those that know its importance. I ask for that co-operation in the name of honest amateur sport.

IF CO-OPERATION BY SPORTSMEN generally is necessary in carrying forward the athletic reform, certainly co-operation and harmony are necessary to the L. A. W. legislative bodies if the best results are to attend their efforts. It has hitherto been too frequently the case that the disagreements of members of the same board found their way into the newspapers, enlivened by the sensational treatment of the reporter. It is bad enough that there should be disagreements; certainly it is inexcusable and undignified that those disagreements should be exploited in the daily press. It is extraordinary what an itching men have for seeing their names and opinions printed. It is trying when their confidences have to deal only with themselves, but when they touch unwisely that in whose preservation and good offices we are all interested it is exasperating.

If two members of the Racing Board disagree, by all means, for the good of the sport, settle the matter behind closed doors, and thereafter hold your peace. If Chief Consul Potter, of the L. A. W., desires to criticise Chairman of the Racing Board—Gideon—he should write to Mr. Gideon, and not pour his displeasure into the reportorial ear. The good of the sport demands it, and, truth to tell, every one of us is wearied unto death with the parade of grievances in the newspapers.

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

NEXT TO THE ENFORCEMENT of its amateur rules, probably the most important questions to demand attention from the L. A. W. are those of pace-making and the holding of racing meets by organizations that have no reason for doing so other than that revealed in the gate receipts.

Unquestionably pace-making by tandems should be forbidden. It is not fair to all, because the bicycle built for two can easily draw away from the field, and some one of the racers must get an advantage in getting the nearest place to it. Pacing by one man is not so unfair, nevertheless it has such elements, because some one must necessarily get an advantage. Pacing in ordinary races seems undesirable from every point of view. It has a corrupting influence, is apt to lead to deals before the race and dissatisfaction afterwards.

Race meets should never be permitted to be held except by regularly organized clubs. To tolerate meetings provided by speculative individuals or concerns for their own aggrandizement is a gross violation of the principles of amateur sport. There is no saying to what unwholesome limits such schemes might be carried.

The Ladies' Home Journal last winter published an hysterical attack on football calculated to appeal to the aged and infirm, in which it was asserted that forty-eight deaths had resulted from football in the season just closed.

AT the time I wrote the editor of that paper asking for some information on the subject—some acquaintance with his data, etc. In reply, he said his data had been destroyed after the melodramatic story had come to its end.

I should like to record here now that during the months of January and February, 1896, I made a tour of the United States, going from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian to the Mexican boundary-lines; that I visited the important centres of amateur sport; that I made diligent inquiry concerning the *Journal's* statement, and that I heard of just three deaths that might, by so ignorant and biassed a critic as the *Ladies' Home Journal*, be said to have resulted from football. One of these boys fell on a stone on the football field, injuring his stomach, and dying from inflammation of the bowels. Another broke his leg in a scrimmage—blood-poisoning set in and killed him. The third had heart-disease—had been forbidden by his physician to play, disobeyed, went into a scrimmage, and dropped dead. It is possible to be viciously good. CASPAR WHITNEY.

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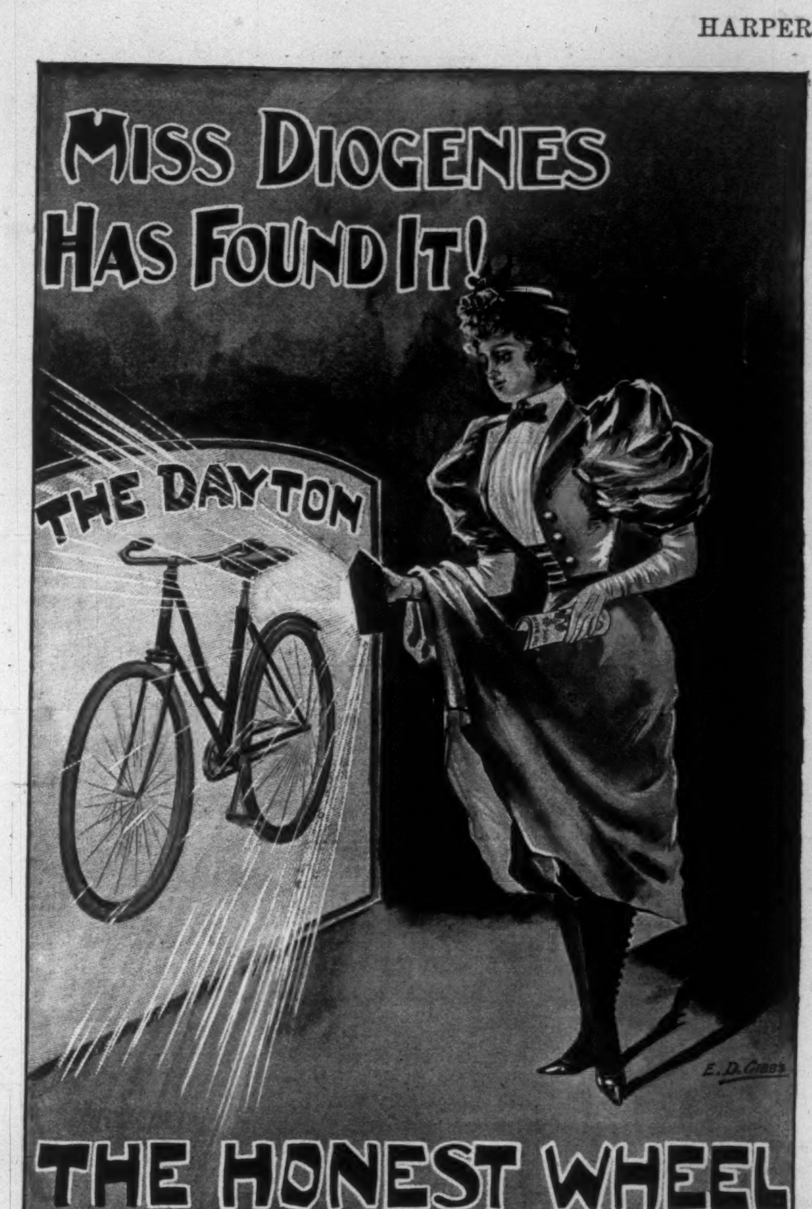
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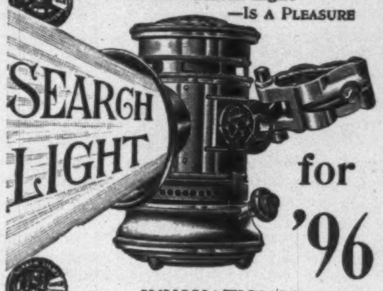
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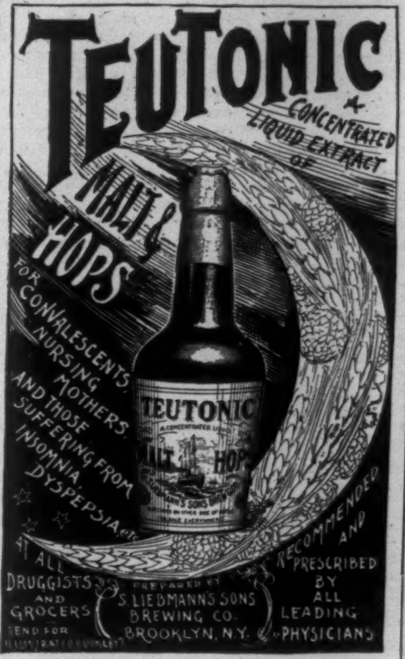
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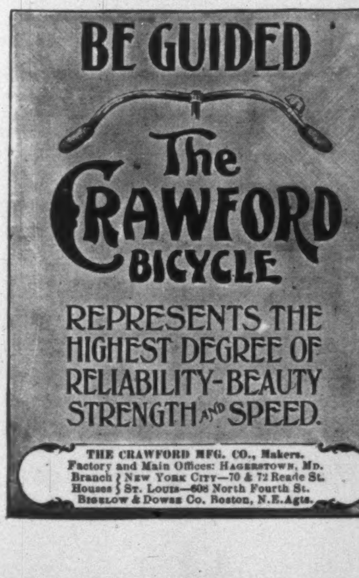
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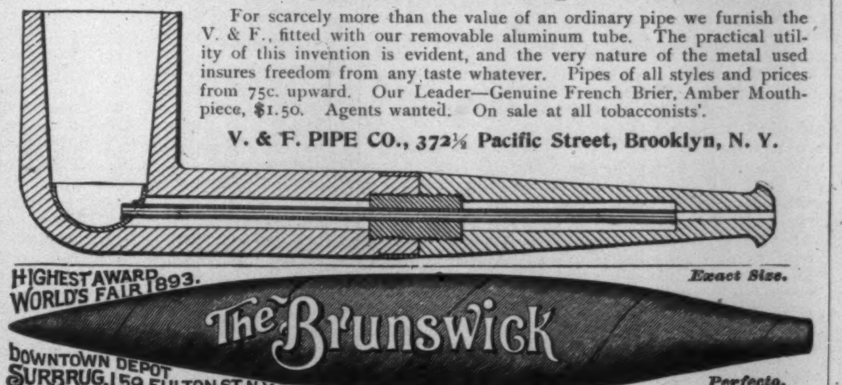

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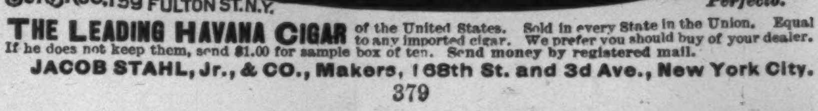
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THIS BUSY WORLD

It has taken Mr. George H. Boughton seventeen years to gain his promotion from A.R.A. to R.A. He became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1879, and has just now become an Academician. It is said to be an unusual thing for a foreigner to become a full Academician, but Mr. Boughton had two American comrades, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey, on the list of Associates, and it will be surprising if both of them are not R.A.'s in due time. Mr. Boughton was born in England in 1833, but came to America when he was three years old, and staid here seventeen years. He went to London in 1853 to study art, but returned to New York, and settled there, and made a reputation as a landscape-painter. He may fairly be called a cosmopolitan, as also may Mr. Sargent, who is indebted to the United States for his parents, and for many friends and customers, but not much for education or shelter.

The scope of Bishop Potter's enviable gift of being all things to all men appears in two invitations which came to him almost at the same time. On one day it was announced that he had been asked to be umpire for an arbitration board which was to settle the strike of the lithographic artists. On the next day, or the next but one, the newspapers told of his being invited by Cambridge University in England to be select preacher to the university during the month of May, 1897. The Bishop's humanity is as much complimented by the former of these invitations as his divinity is by the latter one.

So far as appears, no American clergyman has ever before been invited to be a select preacher at either of the English universities. An example was set to Cambridge by Columbia College in 1891, when, through Bishop Potter himself, it invited the Bishop of Derry to deliver certain discourses in New York. In one particular Bishop Potter, if he accepts the invitation which has come to him, will have a decided advantage over the Bishop of Derry, since to spend May in Cambridge must be a happy experience, whereas March when spent in New York, as it was by Dr. Alexander, has a penitential flavor meet for Lent.

Dr. Playfair, of London, who was called to attend his wife's sister-in-law, and formed impressions as to her character which he promptly disclosed at home, has been held in New York as well as in London to have been righteously dealt with by the verdict which directs him to pay £12,000 damages. The obligations of physicians are about the same in America as in England, and the verdict in Dr. Playfair's case has excited almost as much interest in New York as in London. It seems to be approved here not only without dissent, but with an enthusiasm that is rather notable. Every one who is liable to have a doctor in the house seems to exult instinctively in the punishment of a physician who abused his office. What is novel and extraordinary about the case, as Americans read of it, is not that a doctor betrayed a patient's confidence, for that of course is bound to happen sometimes, but that the unfaithful doctor not only admitted and sought to justify his treason, but that numbers of his professional brethren, eminent in their business and respected, stood up in court and testified that he had done nothing more than was his duty and his right. It is interesting and reassuring to observe that no American physician, so far as appears, has given any sign that he shares this opinion.

Some rather grave statements about the condition of the health of Mr. H. C. Bunner gave place last week to the information that he was so much better as almost to be ready to start back home from San Francisco. Another American poet, Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, has caused his friends anxiety and got his name in the newspapers by having what was reported to be brain-fever in Indianapolis. Happily the news is that Mr. Riley also is getting well. So also as to Mr. Clemens, whose recent illness in India gave his lecture tour a temporary set-back. He seems to have fully recovered and gone on his triumphant way.

Another item of literary news concerns the visit of Mr. William Waldorf Astor to New York. Mr. Astor, as is well known, conducts a newspaper and a magazine in London. No doubt he has come out to the States on a quest after stories and marketable poems, thereby reversing the custom of those American editors who make periodical business trips to London and Paris and bring manuscripts back.

The battle-ship *Iowa* was christened at her launching on March 27th with champagne, as is customary, and not with buttermilk or raspberry vinegar, as some of the folks in the State of Iowa seem to have desired. Something might be said in favor of breaking a bottle of Congress water, for its name's sake, on the nose of a new battle-ship, but champagne seems to have done good service at ship christenings heretofore, and doubtless it was felt to be safest to stick to that. We are told, however, that sundry officials of the W. C. T. U. of Iowa remonstrated at the use of it, and that Governor Drake's daughter, who did the christening, received many letters of expostulation. These signs of an abstinent spirit encourage the apprehension that there will be no punch-bowl in the *Iowa's* silver service (if she gets one), and no spoons either, for they might be used to stir toddy.

Mr. Smalley, in his discourse in Harper's Magazine on "Mr. Lowell in England," does not attempt to acquit Mr. Lowell of the charge of being friendly with the English, or of having done what he could to promote good-will and kindness between them and the Americans. Mr. Lowell has been accused of these offences, and of neglecting good opportunities to make mischief. Mr. Smalley, who probably knows more about Mr. Lowell's feelings and behavior while in London than any one else, finds himself obliged to admit that both accusations have a basis. He says that when Mr. Lowell gave place to Mr. Phelps and came home, he brought with him the good-will of the English people—a good-will which "was in great measure of Lowell's creation," though Messrs. Phelps, Lincoln, and Bayard, each in turn, have added to it since. Mr. Smalley seems to feel that this service done by Lowell was useful and important, and of course, there are some Americans who will agree with him. Of the quality and size of the service done he ought to be a good judge, for he knew London and English sentiment well when Mr. Lowell came there, and he remained after Lowell left; and if Lowell's presence in England made a difference, no one was better situated than Mr. Smalley to detect that difference and size it up.

Interest attaches to the announcement that Mr. D. O. Mills is about to spend $700,000 in building a big hotel in Bleecker Street for the poor. The poor whom Mr. Mills has in mind are doubtless those whose business compels them to visit New York, and not permanent residents of the city. Of course for such of the poor as have given up all hope of solvency hotels like the Waldorf do very well, but to working people in the earlier stages of destitution, who still aspire to thrift and purpose to pay their bills, a cheap hotel in New York which was also good would doubtless be a benefit and an attraction. Recent hotel building in Gotham has run so much to excessive and high-priced splendor, that an experiment in the development of a different branch of the business is welcome if only for its novelty.

Inasmuch as Mr. Albert Lee's juvenile romance entitled *Tommy Toddles* (Harpers) has been spoken of in public prints as "reminiscent of Mr. Bangs's *House-boat on the Styx*, and whereas it has been suggested that Albert Lee is not the true name of a real person, but is an alias of Mr. Bangs's, it seems proper to state that Mr. Albert Lee is himself and no one else, and that his story of *Tommy Toddles* was printed in Harper's Young People in 1894, before Mr. Bangs had disclosed the tale of the House-boat, of which narrative, therefore, it cannot well be reminiscent. But nothing in this statement may be understood to imply or suggest that Mr. Bangs himself ever assumed to be the real Mr. Lee or the author of *Tommy Toddles*.

E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO.

The news that flashed across the Atlantic two weeks ago telling of the death of Thomas Hughes brought to many Chicagoans a keen sense of loss. All the English-speaking world knew the author of the "Tom Brown" books, but we knew him besides as the real founder of our Public Library. Shortly after the great fire of 1871, at the time when messages of sympathy, to say nothing of more substantial forms of encouragement, were flowing in upon us from every quarter, it occurred to Thomas Hughes that a gift of books to the city might be no less appropriate than gifts of food or clothing or money. So he set about persuading a number of the most important English publishers and authors to contribute copies of their books to start a free public library in Chicago. His efforts proved so successful that several thousands of volumes were collected for us. Many of them were autograph copies, the Queen herself sending her life of the Prince Consort. Oxford sent several hundred volumes of works issued by the University Press, all bound in full calf, with the seal of the university. Chicago was naturally grateful for this generous and thoughtful gift, but was at first puzzled to know what to do with it. There was no provision in the city government for a public library, and the legislative machinery of the State had to be set in motion before such an institution could be established. At the instance of a number of influential citizens, one of the earliest and wisest of the library acts now spread upon the statute-books of so many States was framed, and became a law in 1872. From this dates the legal beginning of the library that has since grown to such dimensions, and that really originated in the gift prompted by Thomas Hughes. Judge Hughes visited Chicago in 1880, and, at a little reception given him by the Library Board, was most cordially welcomed. He made a few simple remarks, saying: "I wished to send you a contribution from our side of the best spiritual thought. I knew others would care for your temporal needs, and that in the rush of material life the peace and repose of the spiritual man are apt to get into the background." He then pointed his moral by a singularly happy quotation:

"Lord of our spirits, make it mine
To feel amidst the city's jar
That there abides a peace of Thine
Man did not make and cannot mar!"

A portrait of Thomas Hughes has, from the beginning, occupied the place of honor in the director's room of the library.

That Chicago has a large music-loving population is evident enough from the support given to the Chicago Orchestra and other praiseworthy musical enterprises. But it can hardly be admitted that the two weeks' season of opera under the management of Messrs. Abbey & Grau has attracted a music-loving audience, for such an audience would not tolerate a number of things that seem to have been found acceptable by those who went to the performances. Libretto-boys shouting their wares after the music has begun, and loud chatter among the occupants of seats and boxes, for example, are things that no audience that really cared for music would stand. Nor would a music-loving audience submit to such atrocities as bilingual or trilingual performances, or the truncation of works by omitting entire acts. In *Traviata*, for instance, the third act was left out, and, worst of all (although the custom has become so prevalent in this country that one despairs of seeing it reformed), *The Huguenots* was given without the closing act, although the omission leaves the whole work meaningless, and is an affront of the gravest sort to the art of the lyric stage. But we endure this thing and others like it year after year, until both managers and singers come to feel that the American public does not want art at all, but only some kind of a show.

The proverb about Satan finding mischief still for idle hands to do is peculiarly applicable to the various legislative and other governing bodies of this country, and never had a more signal illustration than was given it the other day by the grand jury of Champaign County, Illinois. One of the most foolish pieces of our recent legislation is an act that requires every school in the State to fly the American flag all the year round. The flag must be not less than four feet by eight in size. This is supposed to stimulate patriotism, and make good citizens of our children when they grow up. The State University has complied with the law by flying the flag from a staff on the campus, but this was not patriotic enough to satisfy the local Dogberrys. So the grand jury of the county in question has indicted the Governor of the State, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the whole body of university trustees, two of whom are ladies. The unspeakable idiocy of this proceeding has caused a good deal of indignation throughout the State, and given the grand jurors of Champaign County rather more notoriety than they anticipated.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A happy faculty of "making shots" at answers to questions is possessed by some English school-children, *e. g.:*

"What are the chief mountains of Scotland?"
"Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond, and Ben Jonson."
"Give one proof of the world being round?"
"It says in the Bible, 'World without end.'"
"How many senses have we—name them?"
"We have two senses—right and wrong."

These answers may be capped by one given by a Harvard student nearly twenty-five years ago.

"Why did the Romans call the wind blowing in a certain direction 'Niger'?"

"Because it blew from the abode of the Ethiop."

Police Commissioner Roosevelt has recently visited Cambridge to talk to the boys, and by his eloquence to fire the Harvard heart, and it is interesting to note that a large football squad of green hands has at once turned out to qualify themselves to "play for Harvard" in the good old way. When Congress adjourns, and the election is over, the people will take to the football field with a sigh of relief, knowing that in these contests nothing more serious than a collar-bone or two or the friendly relations between two colleges can be broken.

It is now proposed by the clever man of affairs who introduced the last trolley system into Boston to give the inhabitants of Massachusetts all the benefit of "natural gas" by distilling the Cape Breton coals into fuel gas. There is, however, a duty upon soft coal, and the gas produced by the pauper labor of the planet and distributed in some parts of this country is not subject to any tariff. So that cheap fuel gas may be a long time in coming to our coalless New England.

The wreck of the *Venetian*, a large iron steamship, very close to the main ship-channel furnished a strong argument in favor of the necessity of deepening and widening the channel to the Congressional Committee on Rivers and Harbors which visited Boston to investigate the needs of the harbor.

And Mayor Quincy's dinner at the Vendome "lubricated business" very successfully. It would be a great deal of money in Boston's pocket if its citizens had devoted themselves years before to the commercial needs of the city, instead of investing extensively in Western railways of the kind described as consisting of "two streaks of rust and a right of way."

Some one has on exhibition here an Alaskan totem-pole, an elongated cluster of wooden ancestors, much prized by our Indian fellow-citizens on the Pacific slope. This literal representation of the family tree may yet be erected in front of fashionable establishments. Certainly Mr. T. B. Aldrich's people, who have developed the habit of "shinning up their ancestral trees" to get out of the vulgar herd, will be accommodated by the "totem-pole."

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Harry de Windte, special writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has stopped here for a breathing-space before starting on a land journey of 22,000 miles from New York to Paris. He has just come up from Venezuela, where he reports all serene and stagnant, and will leave here this week for New York, from whence his overland trip to Paris will begin. He will cross the continent to Victoria, and thence proceed northward to Alaska and the head-waters of the Yukon. He purposes making a short stop at Fort Selkirk, and from there will press northward to Circle City, which is inside the arctic circle. He will make his way to the port of Fort Saint Michael on foot. There a sealing-schooner will pick him up, and carry him across to Anadyr, in Siberia. This is the only stage in the journey made by water, and as the distance traversed in the schooner is less than 300 out of the 22,000 miles, it can hardly be said to count. Mr De Windte will have to remain upwards of four months at Anadyr, waiting for the light. When it begins to come, toward the end of February, he will start out to travel by dog-sledge to Okhotsk, and thence to Yakutsk—800 miles—by reindeer. From there onward the journey becomes easy, the traveller entering upon the regions of railways and steamers. In May, 1897, Mr. De Windte expects to reach Paris, having travelled steadily for a year and one month.

The Salvation Army have planted their banner in Chinatown. A Chinese branch has been started where the joss and the Great Dragon have heretofore reigned alone. Every evening the Salvationists hold street meetings in the very heart of the quarter, and later on give an in-door séance in their new barracks, the walls of which are adorned with texts from the Bible in Chinese. Two Mongolian converts have been brought to the city especially for the invasion. The Rev. Joe Kin is an ordained minister and a zealous Christian. He has spent most of his life here, speaks excellent English, and knows the ins and outs of Chinese custom and character, having, before his conversion, been secretary to a company of Highbinders. The other convert is a woman called Sister Mary. She has been brought to the barracks for the especial purpose of gaining access to the Chinese women, who are owned and live as slaves in the quarter. They are not allowed to attend the meetings of the Army, and Sister Mary is detailed to hunt them out and Christianize them. The Mongolians crowd the barracks every evening, and, whatever they think, are quiet and respectful in their demeanor. The converts, of which there are already quite a number, carry torches in the procession and seem to enjoy it.

G. B.

"Taken from the Enemy."

The following is a translation of part of a speech delivered in Switzerland, November, 1876, by M. Edw. Favre-Perret, the chief Commissioner in the Swiss department and member of the International Jury on watches at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and is worthy the attention of every good American.

"Gentlemen, here is what I have seen. I asked from the manager of the Waltham Company a watch of a certain quality. He opened before me a big chest. I picked out a watch at random and fixed it to my chain. The manager asked me to leave the watch with them for three or four days, that they might regulate it. On the contrary, I said to him, I want to keep it just as it is to get an exact idea of your workmanship. On arriving at Locle I showed this watch to one of our first adjusters * * * who took it apart. At the end of several days he came to me and said literally: 'I am astonished; the result is incredible. You do not find a watch to compare with that in 50,000 of our make.' This watch, I repeat to you, gentlemen, I myself took offhand from a large number, as I have said. One can understand by this example how it is that an American watch should be preferred to a Swiss watch."

The watch movement M. Edw. Favre-Perret picked out at random was a "RIVERSIDE," and all that he said of it then, and a good deal more, is true to-day.

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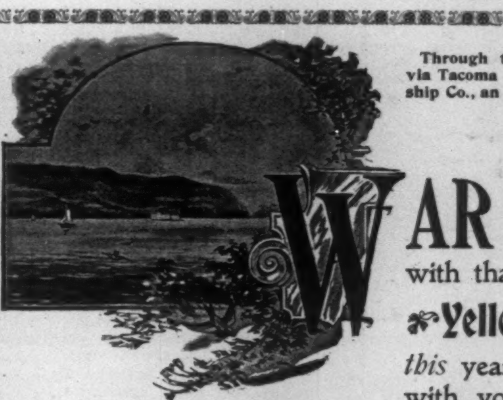

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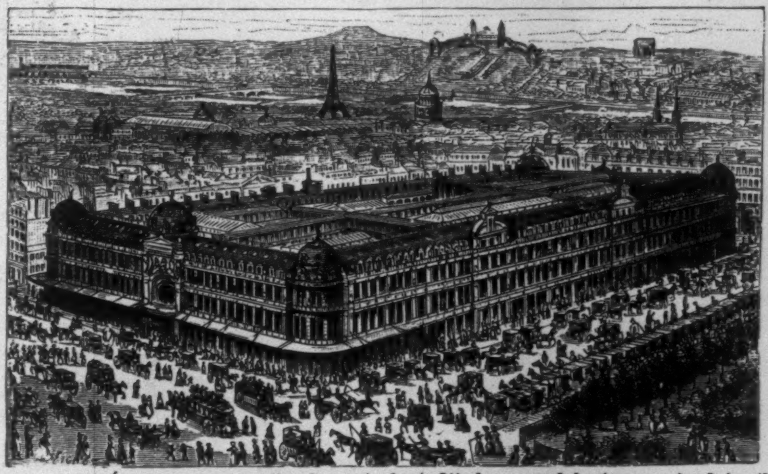

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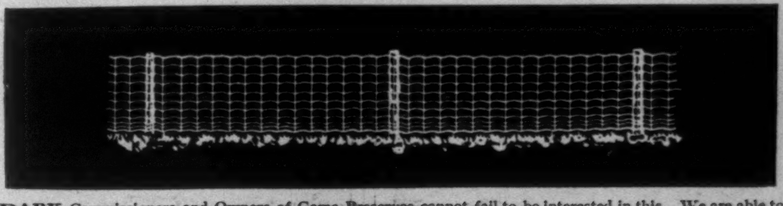

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